THE BREVIARY TREASURES

Issued for Subscribers only

By

NATHAN HASKELL DOLE

Privately Printed

BOSTON MCMIII

THE
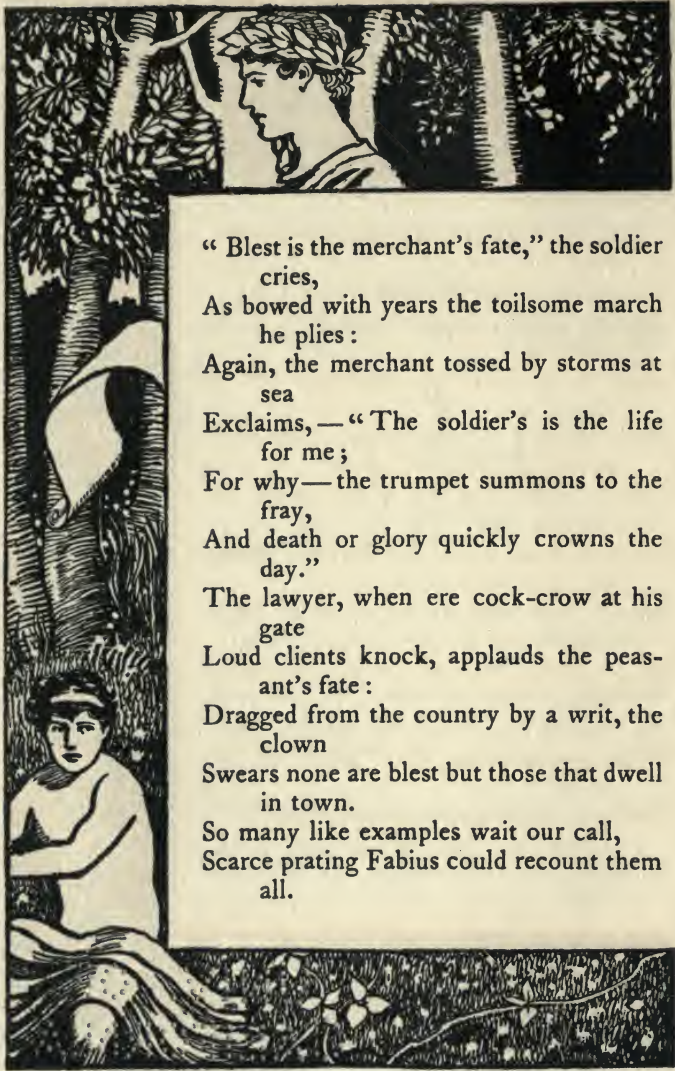
SATIRES OF HORACE

⚜

BOOK I.

SATIRE I.

TO MÆCENAS

" Qui fit, Mæcenas, ut nemo, quam sibi sortem."

WHENCE comes it, dear Mæcenas, that
    we find
Each to applaud his neighbour's lot
    inclined —
Each to repine at that which chance has
   thrown
Into his lap, or choice ordained his
    own ?

"Blest is the merchant's fate," the soldier
   cries,
As bowed with years the toilsome march
   he plies:
Again, the merchant tossed by storms at
   sea
Exclaims, — "The soldier's is the life
   for me;
For why — the trumpet summons to the
   fray,
And death or glory quickly crowns the
   day."
The lawyer, when ere cock-crow at his
   gate
Loud clients knock, applauds the peas-
   ant's fate:
Dragged from the country by a writ, the
   clown
Swears none are blest but those that dwell
   in town.
So many like examples wait our call,
Scarce prating Fabius could recount them
   all.

But (not to tire myself and you) 't were
     best
At once to bring the matter to the test.
Suppose some god should cry, " Lo, it
     shall be
Even as ye list : you, soldier, off to
     sea !
You, lawyer, go and plough ! advance,
     retire,
Change sides, and be at last what ye
     desire ! "
Why all draw back ! — Was ever whim
     like this ? —
Retract their wishes, and renounce their
     bliss !
What hinders but that Jove, with burly
     scowl
(As limners paint him) and inflated jowl,
In vengeance swear, that never will he
     deign
A patient hearing to such suits again ?
But, not to treat my subject as in
     jest —
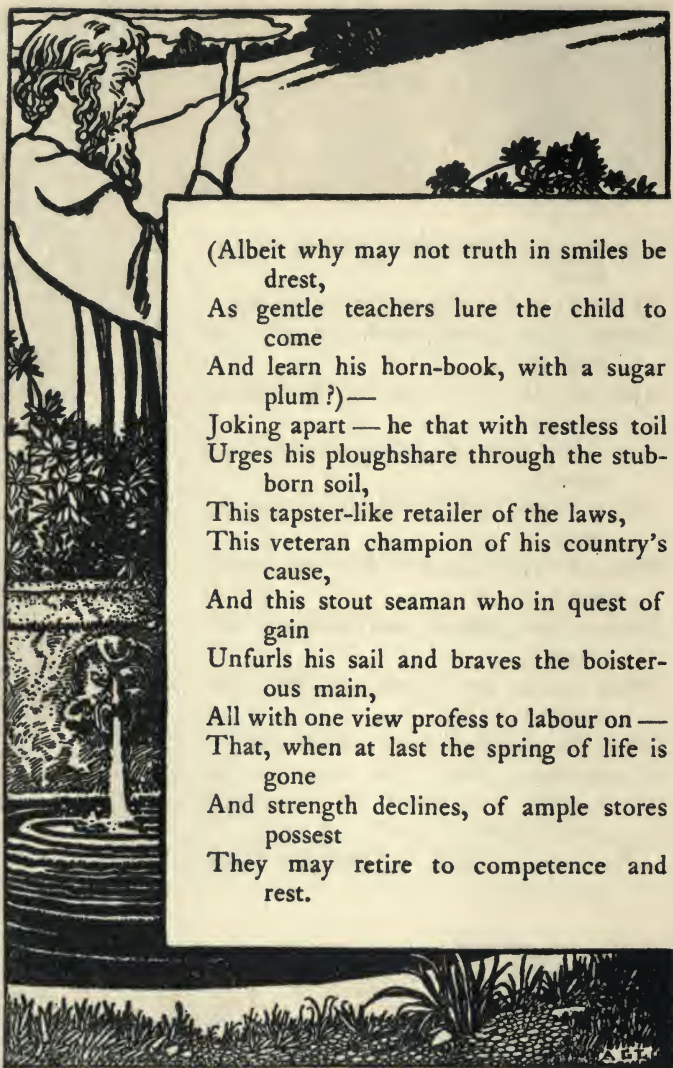
(Albeit why may not truth in smiles be
     drest,
As gentle teachers lure the child to
     come
And learn his horn-book, with a sugar
     plum ?) —
Joking apart — he that with restless toil
Urges his ploughshare through the stub-
     born soil,
This tapster-like retailer of the laws,
This veteran champion of his country's
     cause,
And this stout seaman who in quest of
     gain
Unfurls his sail and braves the boister-
     ous main,
All with one view profess to labour on —
That, when at last the spring of life is
     gone
And strength declines, of ample stores
     possest
They may retire to competence and
     rest.

8

So the small ant (the precedent they
    plead),
Patient of toil and provident of need,
Drags in her mouth whatever spoil she
    meets,
And adds it to her stock of hoarded
    sweets.
  Yet that same ant, when wintry clouds
    appear,
And grim December's blasts deform the
    year,
Creeps not from home; but temperately
    wise
Unlocks her hoard and feeds on her
    supplies :
While you nor summer's heat nor
    winter's cold
Can tear asunder from the search of
    gold ;
Fire, water, steel must yield to sordid
    pelf,
Till not a wretch is wealthier than
    yourself.

Say, what avails it thus to drudge and
    sweat
For all the gold and silver you can
    get, —
And, when the silver and the gold are
    found,
To delve a pit and hide them under-
    ground ?
  " The heap, once touched, soon dwin-
    dles to an end."
But wherefore was it heaped, unless to
    spend ?
Ten thousand coombs are threshed upon
    your floor ; —
What follows ? not that you can *eat* the
    more.
Thus, were it yours to bear upon your
    head
Amid a train of slaves the sack of
    bread,
Not one loaf more would to your
   portion fall
Than to the rest who carried none at all.

Whoe'er to nature's wants conforms his
    will,
Say, what imports it whether that man
    till
Ten — or ten thousand — rood ? — " A
    pleasure lies
In drawing what one wants from large
    supplies — "
This we can draw, too, from our
    humbler store ;
And what can all your granaries do
    more ?
As if you should of water clear and
    sweet
Need but a pitcher-full (while at your
    feet
Bubbled a spring) and say, " My cup
    I 'll fill
From yon deep river, not from this poor
    rill."
So shall the slippery bank your foot
    betray,
And you by Aufidus be swept away ;
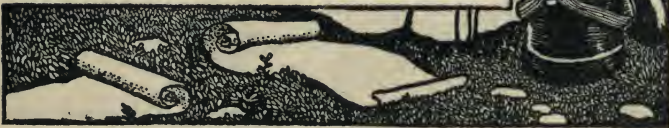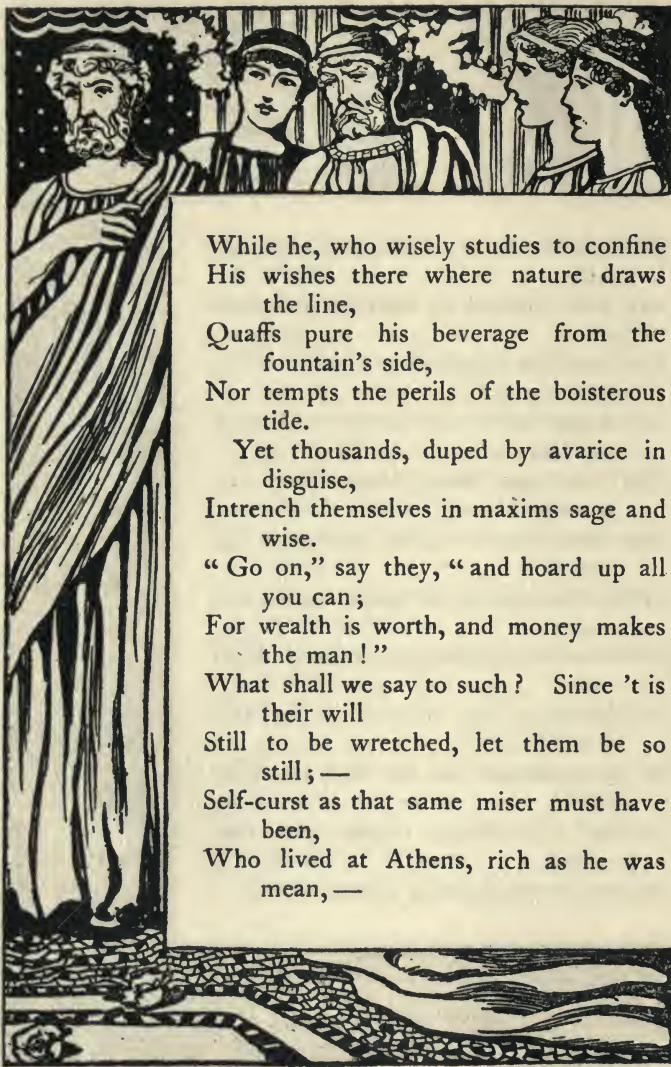
While he, who wisely studies to confine
His wishes there where nature draws
    the line,
Quaffs pure his beverage from the
    fountain's side,
Nor tempts the perils of the boisterous
    tide.
   Yet thousands, duped by avarice in
    disguise,
Intrench themselves in maxims sage and
    wise.
" Go on," say they, " and hoard up all
    you can ;
For wealth is worth, and money makes
    the man ! "
What shall we say to such ?   Since 't is
    their will
Still to be wretched, let them be so
    still ; —
Self-curst as that same miser must have
    been,
Who lived at Athens, rich as he was
    mean, —

Who, when the people hissed, would turn
    about
And drily thus accost the rabble-rout :
" Hiss on ; I heed you not, ye saucy
    wags,
While self-applauses greet me o'er my
    bags."
  Poor Tantalus attempts in vain to sip
The flattering stream that mocks his
    thirsty lip.
You smile, as if the story were not
    true !
Change but the name, and it applies to
    you.
O'er countless heaps in nicest order stored
You pore agape, and gaze upon the
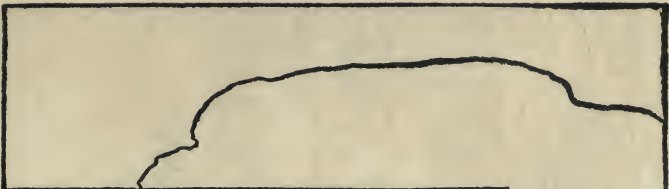   hoard,
As relics to be laid with reverence by,
Or pictures only meant to please the
    eye.
  With all your cash, you seem not yet
    to know
Its proper use, or what it can bestow !

" 'T will buy me herbs, a loaf, a pint of
  wine, —
All, which denied her, Nature would
  repine."
But what are your indulgencies? All
  day,
All night, to watch and shudder with
  dismay,
Lest ruffians fire your house, or slaves
  by stealth
Rifle your coffers, and abstract your
  wealth?
If this be affluence — this her boasted
  fruit,
Of all such joys may I live destitute!
  "Yet if a cold" (you urge) "or
  aching head
Or other ill confine you to your bed,
With wealth you 'll never want some
  faithful friend
Or civil neighbour, zealous to attend,
Sit by you, mix your cordials, and
  request

14

The doctor to beware, and do his best, —
Your precious health, if possible, restore,
And give you to your weeping friends
    once more."
  Vain thought! for you nor daughter,
    son, nor wife,
Puts up the prayer, or cares about your
    life.
Relations and acquaintance, great and
    small,
Female and male, despise — detest you
    — all.
Nor wonder if, while gold is all your
    care,
That love you feel not, neither must
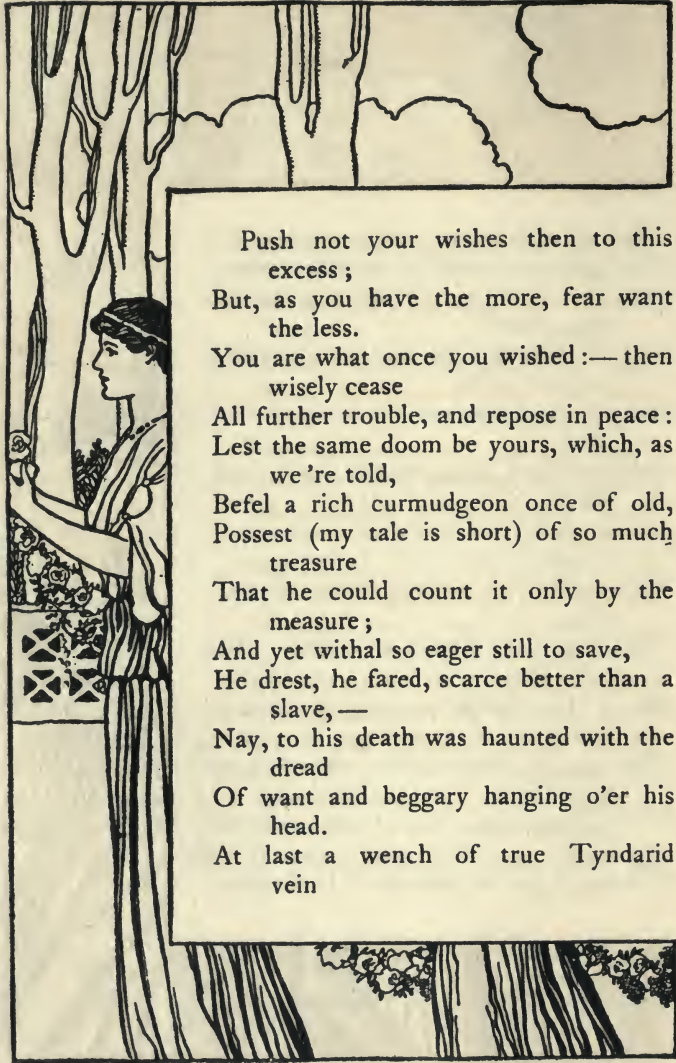   you share.
But if you think to win, by wealth
    alone,
The love of them whom nature made
    your own,
'T is labour lost, — as if one strove to
    train
The ass to prance and curvet to the rein.

Push not your wishes then to this
    excess ;
But, as you have the more, fear want
    the less.
You are what once you wished :— then
    wisely cease
All further trouble, and repose in peace :
Lest the same doom be yours, which, as
    we 're told,
Befel a rich curmudgeon once of old,
Possest (my tale is short) of so much
    treasure
That he could count it only by the
    measure ;
And yet withal so eager still to save,
He drest, he fared, scarce better than a
    slave, —
Nay, to his death was haunted with the
    dread
Of want and beggary hanging o'er his
    head.
At last a wench of true Tyndarid
    vein

Took up an axe and clave the churl in
    twain.
  "But must I waste, like Nævius, my
    estate?
Like Nomentanus, live a profligate?—"
Why deal in such extremes? what need
    to place
These opposite excesses face to face?
I blame the niggard; but it follows not
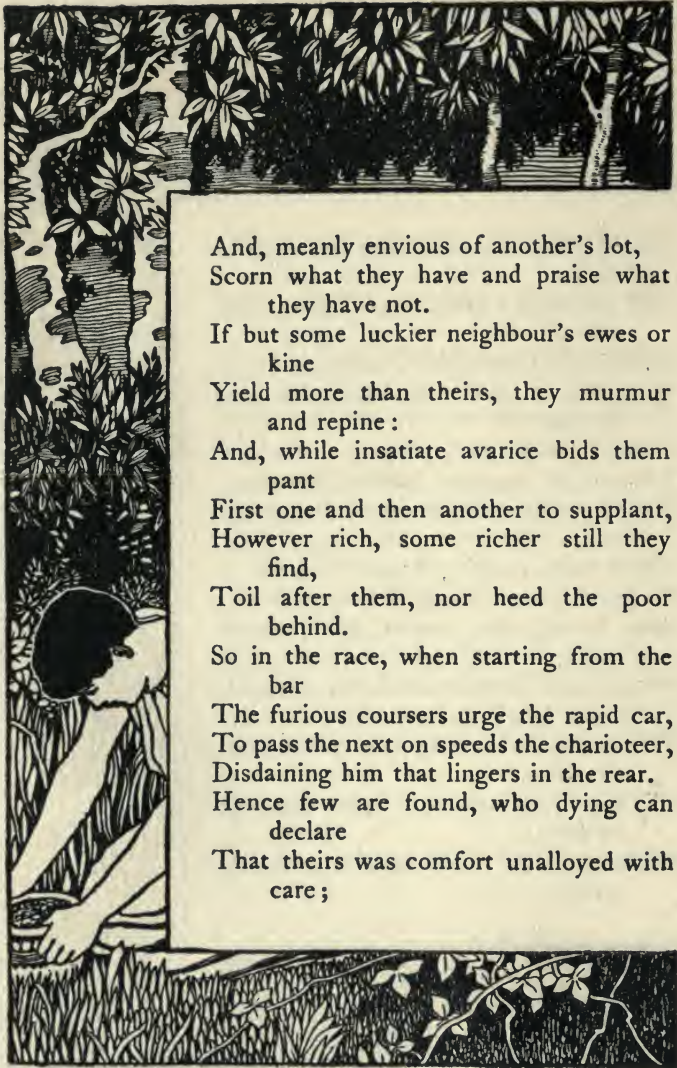That I commend the rake-hell and the
    sot.
Much as they differ, Tanais I admire
As little as I do Visellius' fire.
Some bound there ever is, some rule of
    right,
Which parts each error from its opposite:
Folly and vice on either side are seen,
While justice, truth, and virtue lie
    between.
  Thus — (to revert to what was said
    at first) —
All view their own condition as the
    worst;

And, meanly envious of another's lot,
Scorn what they have and praise what
    they have not.
If but some luckier neighbour's ewes or
    kine
Yield more than theirs, they murmur
    and repine :
And, while insatiate avarice bids them
    pant
First one and then another to supplant,
However rich, some richer still they
    find,
Toil after them, nor heed the poor
    behind.
So in the race, when starting from the
    bar
The furious coursers urge the rapid car,
To pass the next on speeds the charioteer,
Disdaining him that lingers in the rear.
Hence few are found, who dying can
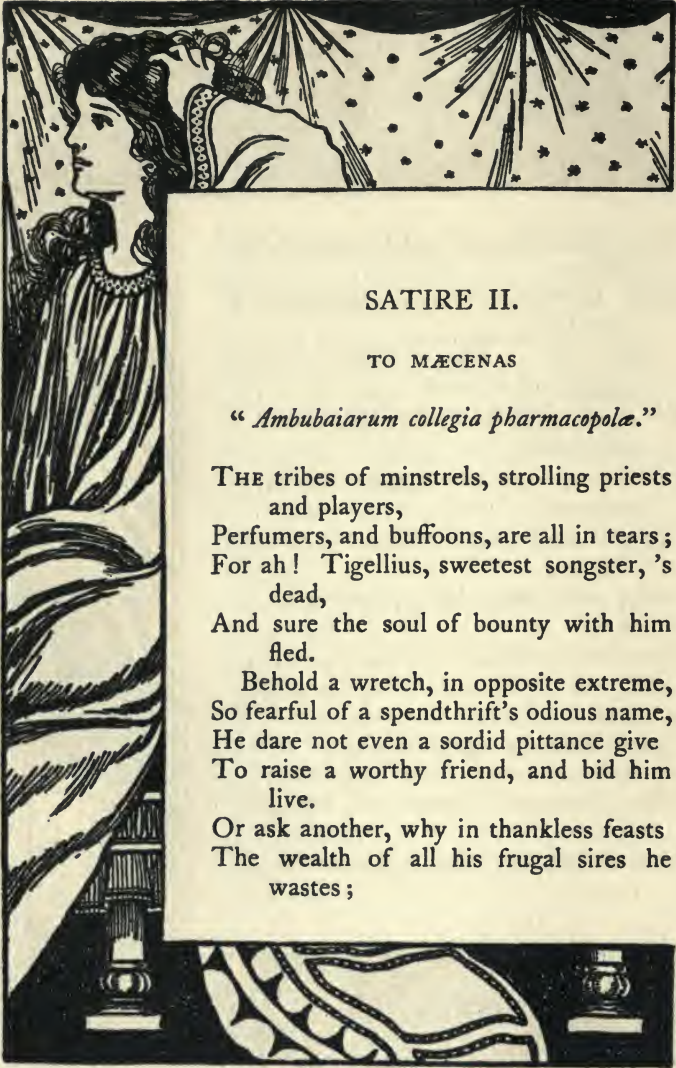   declare
That theirs was comfort unalloyed with
    care ;

Or, rising from life's banquet, quit their
    seat,
Like cheerful guests, contented with
    the treat.
    But hold!—You 'll think I 've pil-
    laged the scrutoir
Of blear Crispinus:—Not one word
    then more!

<div align="right">CANON HOWES.</div>

SATIRE II.

"*Ambubaiarum collegia pharmacopolæ.*"

THE tribes of minstrels, strolling priests
    and players,
Perfumers, and buffoons, are all in tears;
For ah! Tigellius, sweetest songster, 's
    dead,
And sure the soul of bounty with him
    fled.
    Behold a wretch, in opposite extreme,
So fearful of a spendthrift's odious name,
He dare not even a sordid pittance give
To raise a worthy friend, and bid him
    live.
Or ask another, why in thankless feasts
The wealth of all his frugal sires he
    wastes;

Then the luxurious treat profuse sup-
plies
With borrowed sums: "Because I
scorn," he cries,
"To be a wretch of narrow spirit
deemed." —
By some condemned, by others he's
esteemed.
Fufidius, rich in lands, and large
increase
Of growing usury, dreads the foul
disgrace
To be called rake; and, ere the money's
lent,
He prudently deducts his cent. per cent.
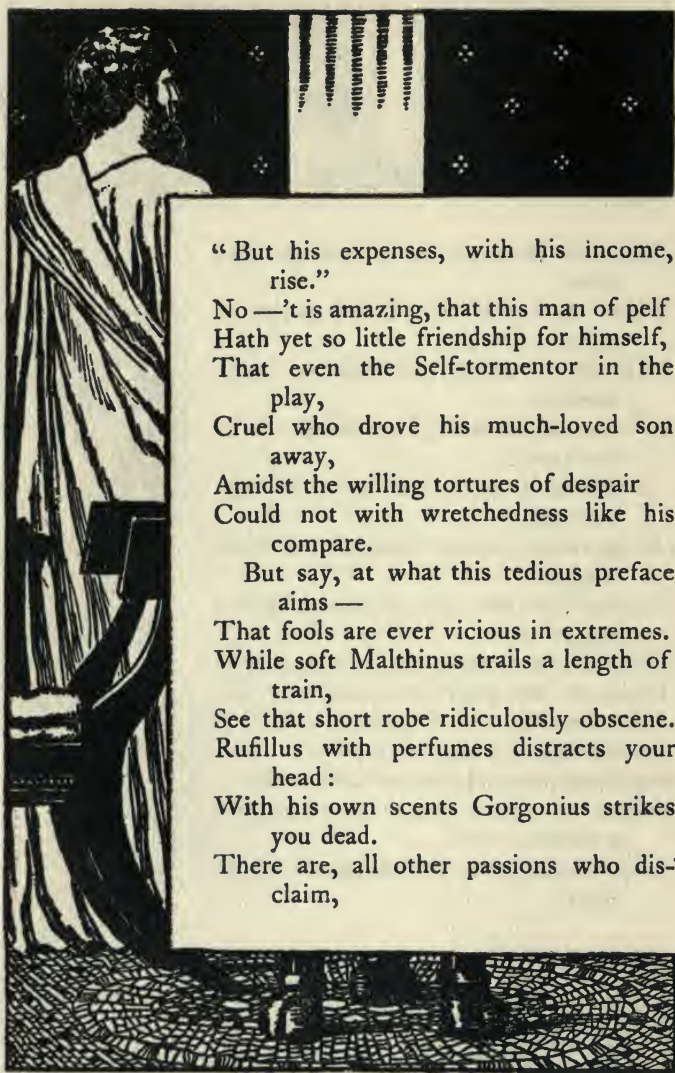Then, as he finds the borrower dis-
trest,
Cruel demands a higher interest,
But lends profusely to the lavish heir,
Whose guardians prove too frugally
severe.
All-powerful Jove, the indignant reader
cries,

"But his expenses, with his income,
    rise."
No —'t is amazing, that this man of pelf
Hath yet so little friendship for himself,
That even the Self-tormentor in the
    play,
Cruel who drove his much-loved son
    away,
Amidst the willing tortures of despair
Could not with wretchedness like his
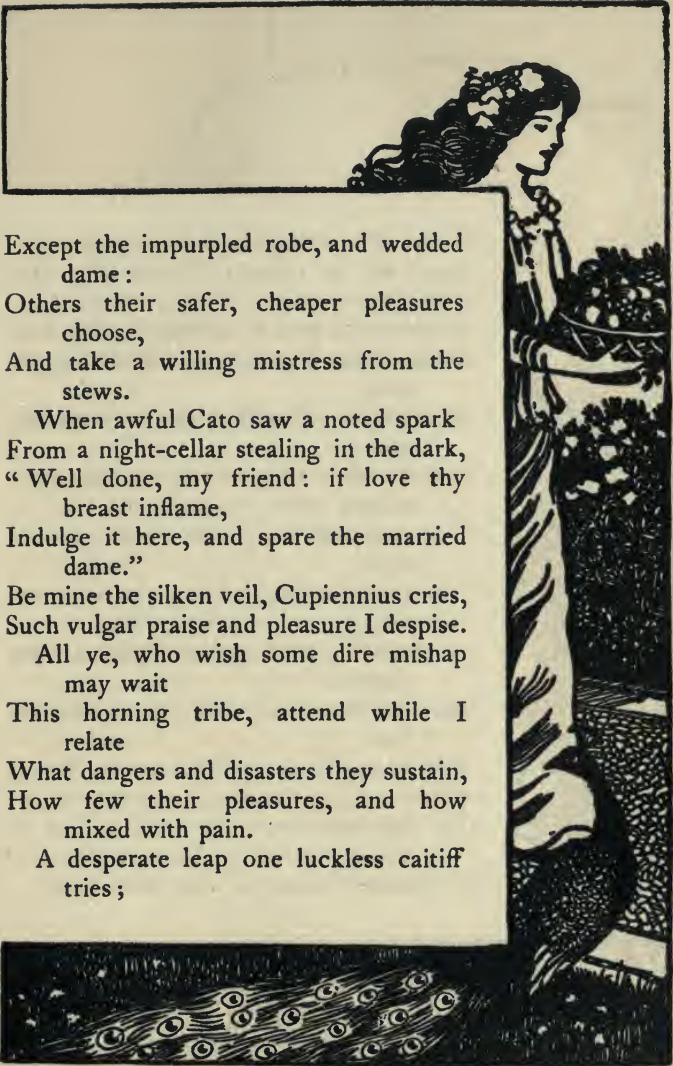   compare.
  But say, at what this tedious preface
    aims —
That fools are ever vicious in extremes.
While soft Malthinus trails a length of
    train,
See that short robe ridiculously obscene.
Rufillus with perfumes distracts your
    head:
With his own scents Gorgonius strikes
    you dead.
There are, all other passions who dis-
    claim,

Except the impurpled robe, and wedded
    dame :
Others their safer, cheaper pleasures
    choose,
And take a willing mistress from the
    stews.
  When awful Cato saw a noted spark
From a night-cellar stealing in the dark,
" Well done, my friend : if love thy
    breast inflame,
Indulge it here, and spare the married
    dame."
Be mine the silken veil, Cupiennius cries,
Such vulgar praise and pleasure I despise.
  All ye, who wish some dire mishap
    may wait
This horning tribe, attend while I
    relate
What dangers and disasters they sustain,
How few their pleasures, and how
    mixed with pain.
  A desperate leap one luckless caitiff
    tries ;
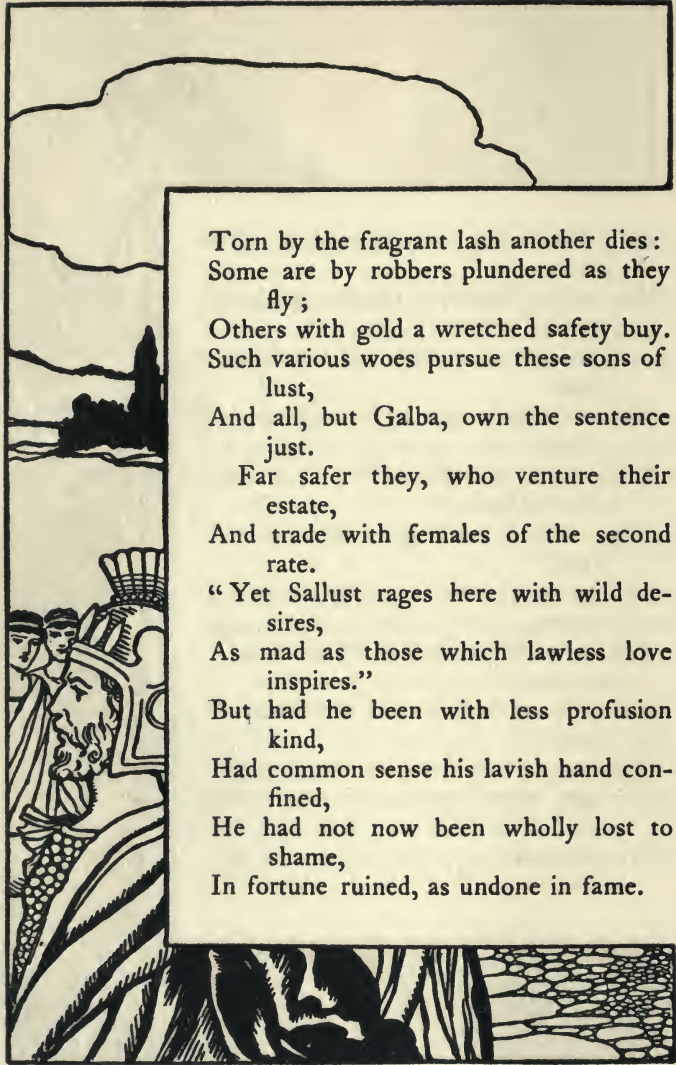
Torn by the fragrant lash another dies:
Some are by robbers plundered as they
fly;
Others with gold a wretched safety buy.
Such various woes pursue these sons of
lust,
And all, but Galba, own the sentence
just.
Far safer they, who venture their
estate,
And trade with females of the second
rate.
"Yet Sallust rages here with wild de-
sires,
As mad as those which lawless love
inspires."
But had he been with less profusion
kind,
Had common sense his lavish hand con-
fined,
He had not now been wholly lost to
shame,
In fortune ruined, as undone in fame.

But here 's the joy and comfort of his
    life,
To swear, he never touched his neigh-
    bour's wife.
  Thus, to an actress when with lavish
   hand
Marsæus gave his mansion-house and
    land,
" My soul, thank heaven," he cries,
    " from guilt is free;
The wedded dames are vestal maids for
    me."
  Actress or not, the crime is still the
    same,
Equal the ruin of estate and fame :
Equal the folly, whether in pursuit
Of wife, or slave, or loose-robed prosti-
    tute;
Unless you mean, content to be undone,
To hate the person, not the vice to shun.
  Of Sylla's wanton daughter when
    possest,
Villius believed himself supremely blest :
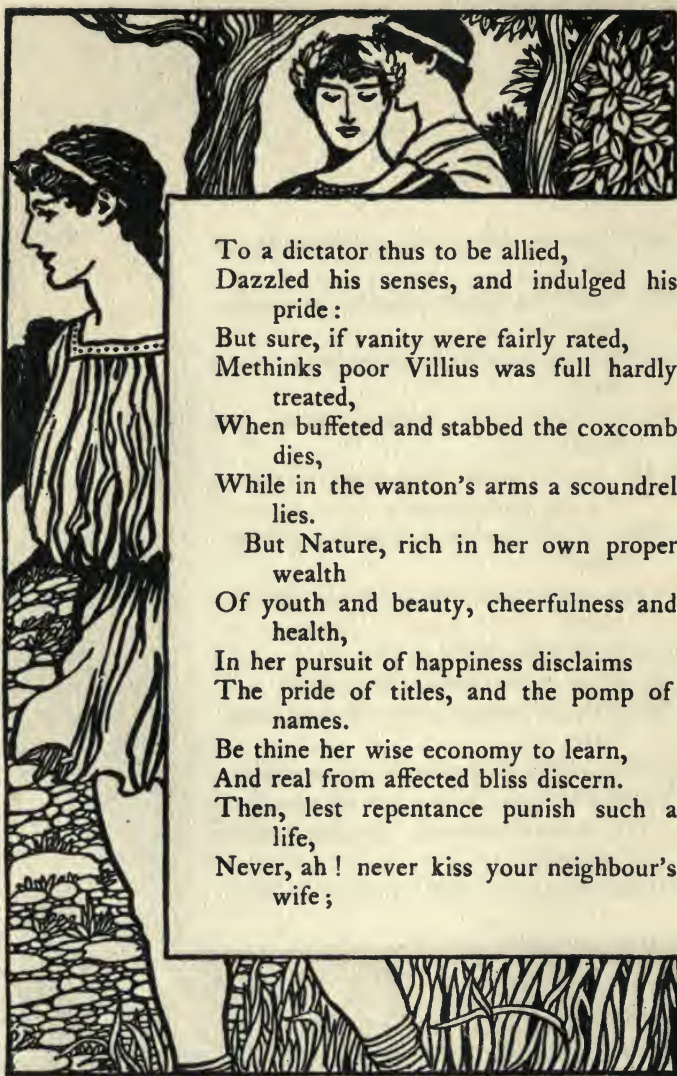
To a dictator thus to be allied,
Dazzled his senses, and indulged his
    pride :
But sure, if vanity were fairly rated,
Methinks poor Villius was full hardly
    treated,
When buffeted and stabbed the coxcomb
    dies,
While in the wanton's arms a scoundrel
    lies.
  But Nature, rich in her own proper
    wealth
Of youth and beauty, cheerfulness and
    health,
In her pursuit of happiness disclaims
The pride of titles, and the pomp of
    names.
Be thine her wise economy to learn,
And real from affected bliss discern.
Then, lest repentance punish such a
    life,
Never, ah ! never kiss your neighbour's
    wife ;

For see, what thousand mischiefs round
    you rise,
And few the pleasures, though you gain
    the prize.
  What though Cerinthus dotes upon
    the girl,
Who flames with emerald green, or
    snowy pearl,
Is she beyond a common mistress blest
With leg more taper, or a softer breast ?
 Besides, the public nymph no varnish
    knows,
But all her venal beauties frankly shows,
Nor boasts some happier charm with
    conscious pride,
Nor strives a vile deformity to hide.
When skilful jockeys would a courser
    buy,
They strip him naked to the curious eye ;
For oft an eager chapman is betrayed
To buy a foundered or a spavined jade,
While he admires a thin, light-shouldered
    chest,

27
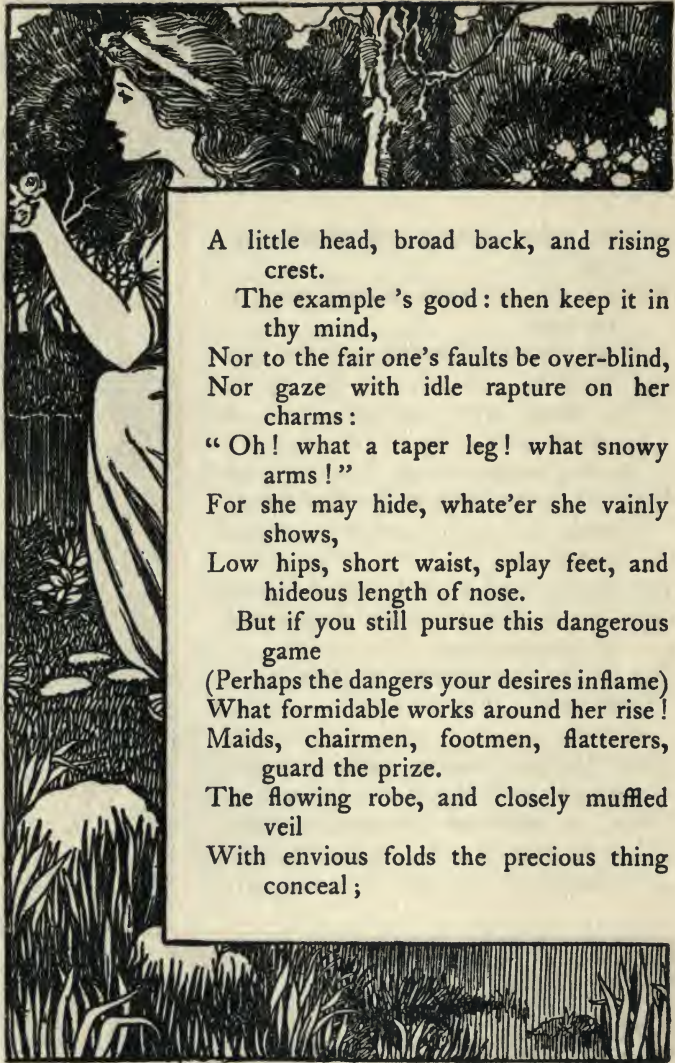
A little head, broad back, and rising
  crest.
 The example 's good : then keep it in
  thy mind,
Nor to the fair one's faults be over-blind,
Nor gaze with idle rapture on her
  charms :
" Oh ! what a taper leg ! what snowy
  arms ! "
For she may hide, whate'er she vainly
  shows,
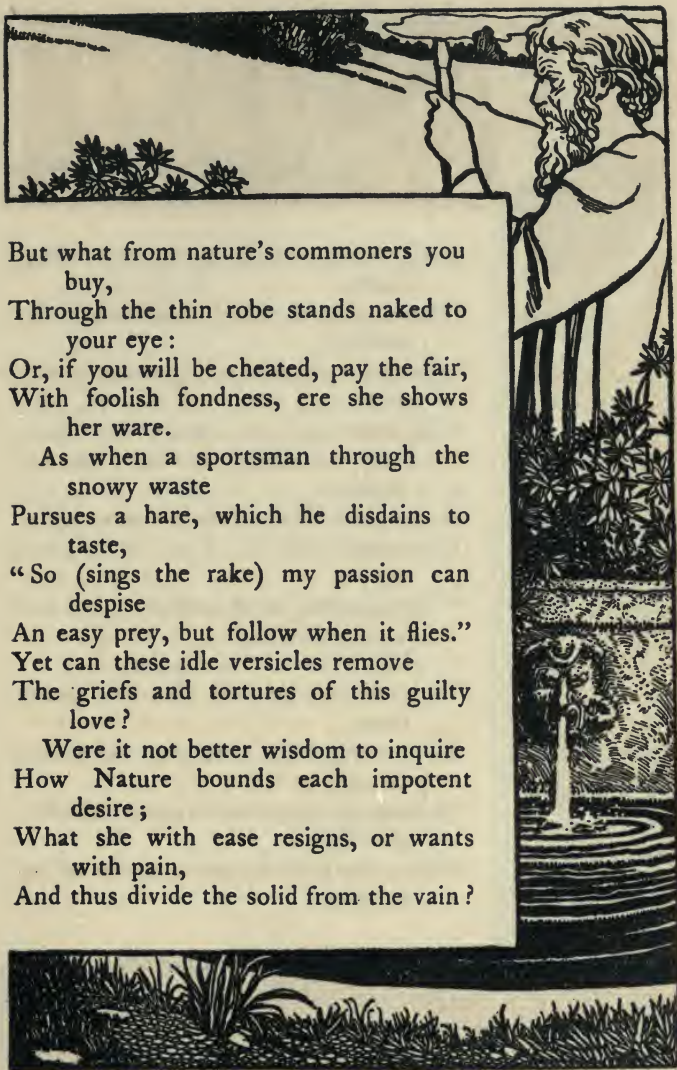Low hips, short waist, splay feet, and
  hideous length of nose.
 But if you still pursue this dangerous
  game
(Perhaps the dangers your desires inflame)
What formidable works around her rise !
Maids, chairmen, footmen, flatterers,
  guard the prize.
The flowing robe, and closely muffled
  veil
With envious folds the precious thing
  conceal ;

But what from nature's commoners you
    buy,
Through the thin robe stands naked to
    your eye :
Or, if you will be cheated, pay the fair,
With foolish fondness, ere she shows
    her ware.
  As when a sportsman through the
    snowy waste
Pursues a hare, which he disdains to
    taste,
" So (sings the rake) my passion can
    despise
An easy prey, but follow when it flies."
Yet can these idle versicles remove
The griefs and tortures of this guilty
    love ?
  Were it not better wisdom to inquire
How Nature bounds each impotent
    desire ;
What she with ease resigns, or wants
    with pain,
And thus divide the solid from the vain ?
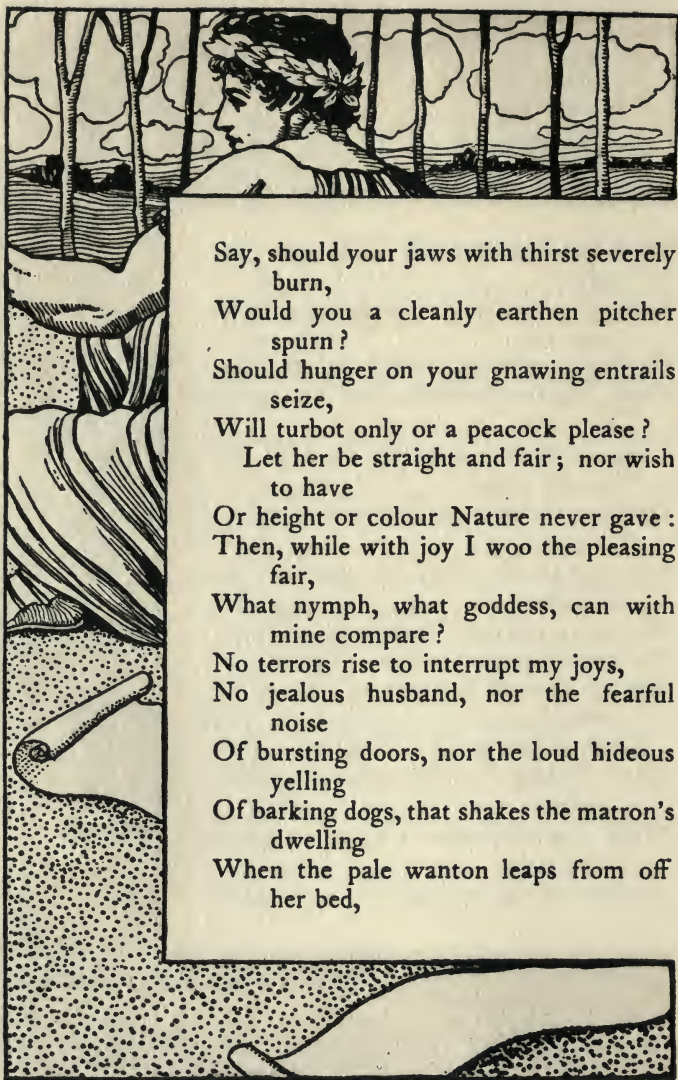
Say, should your jaws with thirst severely
burn,
Would you a cleanly earthen pitcher
spurn?
Should hunger on your gnawing entrails
seize,
Will turbot only or a peacock please?
Let her be straight and fair; nor wish
to have
Or height or colour Nature never gave:
Then, while with joy I woo the pleasing
fair,
What nymph, what goddess, can with
mine compare?
No terrors rise to interrupt my joys,
No jealous husband, nor the fearful
noise
Of bursting doors, nor the loud hideous
yelling
Of barking dogs, that shakes the matron's
dwelling
When the pale wanton leaps from off
her bed,

The conscious chamber-maid screams
        out her dread
Of horrid tortures; loudly cries the
        wife,
" My jointure 's lost," — I tremble for
        my life :
Unbuttoned, without shoes, I speed
        away,
Lest in my person, purse, or fame, I
        pay.
To be surprised is, sure, a wretched
        tale,
And for the truth to Fabius I appeal.

<div align="right">FRANCIS.</div>
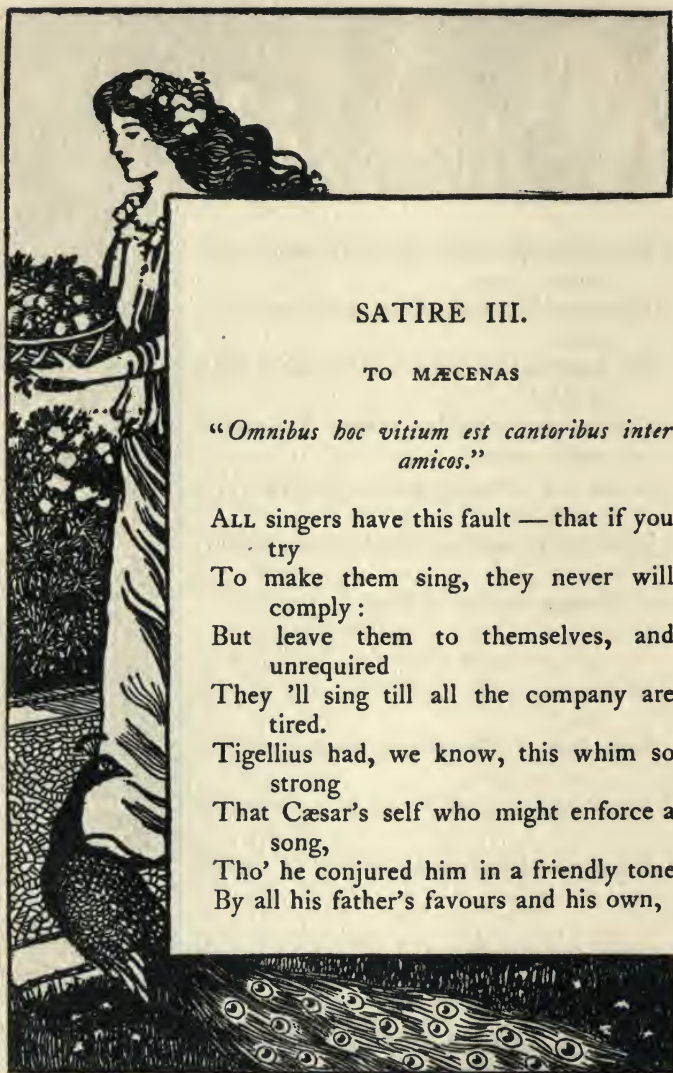
SATIRE III.

*"Omnibus hoc vitium est cantoribus inter
amicos."*

ALL singers have this fault — that if you
  · try
To make them sing, they never will
  comply :
But leave them to themselves, and
  unrequired
They 'll sing till all the company are
  tired.
Tigellius had, we know, this whim so
  strong
That Cæsar's self who might enforce a
  song,
Tho' he conjured him in a friendly tone
By all his father's favours and his own,

Could not prevail. But, if the fit took
    place,
Now in shrill treble — now in thundering
    bass
'T was, " Bacchus, hail ! " when first
    the banquet came,
And down to the last course 't was still
    the same.
  Such was the man : Impelled by vain
    caprice
His life had nothing in it of a piece.
One day you saw him hurrying to and
    fro,
As if he fled from some pursuing foe :
Anon, as if great Juno's pomp to grace,
Marching along with slow and solemn
    pace.
Sometimes he kept two hundred slaves ;
    — and then,
Wait but a day or two, he had but
    ten.
Now in big phrase he 'd talk of mighty
    things,
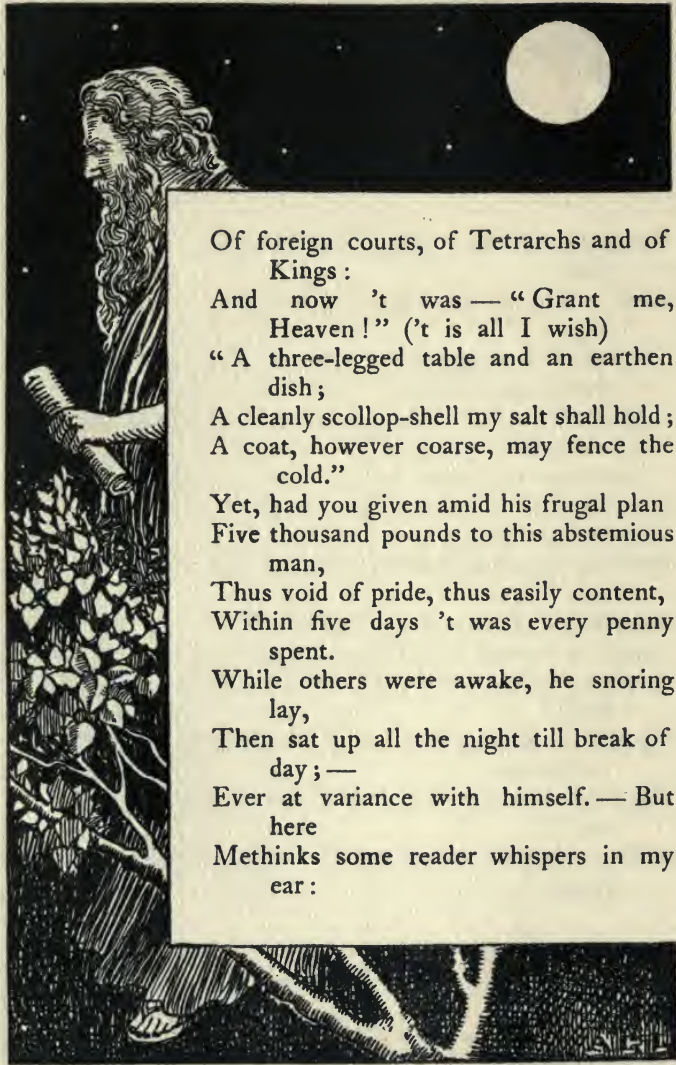
Of foreign courts, of Tetrarchs and of
    Kings :
And now 't was — " Grant me,
    Heaven ! " ('t is all I wish)
" A three-legged table and an earthen
    dish ;
A cleanly scollop-shell my salt shall hold ;
A coat, however coarse, may fence the
    cold."
Yet, had you given amid his frugal plan
Five thousand pounds to this abstemious
    man,
Thus void of pride, thus easily content,
Within five days 't was every penny
    spent.
While others were awake, he snoring
    lay,
Then sat up all the night till break of
    day ; —
Ever at variance with himself. — But
    here
Methinks some reader whispers in my
    ear :

Have you no faults yourself? I answer,
    Yes;
Faults of a different hue, and haply less.
  When Mænius dared a brother-knave
    attack
And jeered at Novius once behind his
    back,
" Art thou," cries one, " blind to thyself
    alone,
Or would'st thou vapour as to us
    unknown;
Look o'er thine own past follies."— " So
    I do,"
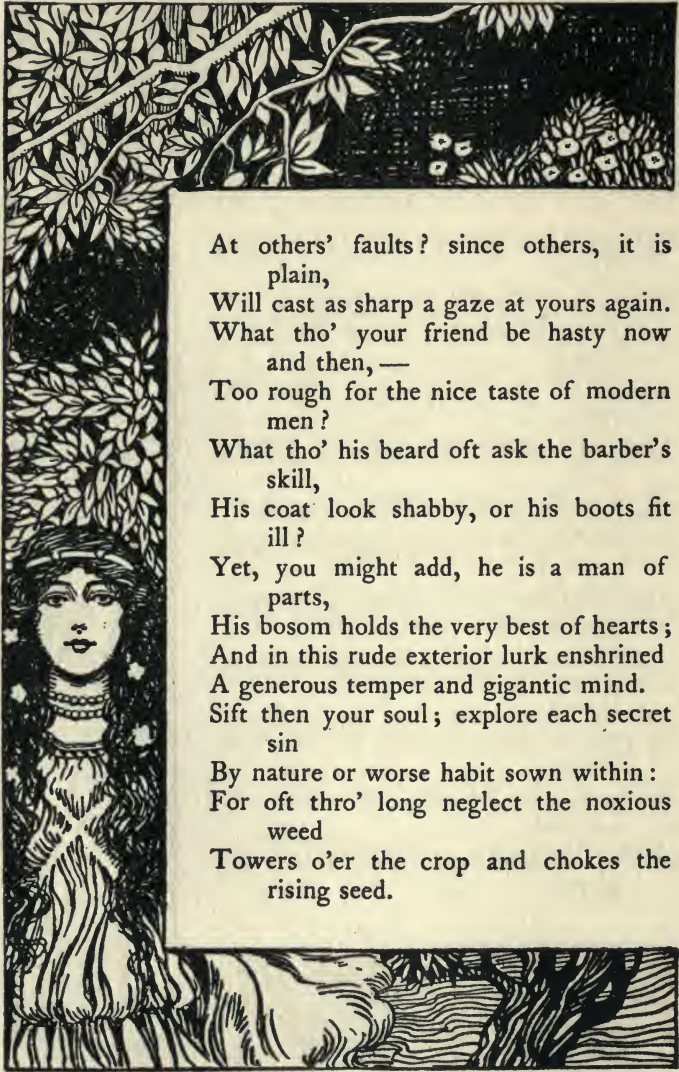Retorts the wag, " and overlook them
    too."
  This partial self-indulgence, void of
    shame
As well as sense, deserves the strongest
    blame.
At your own failings while you leer
    askance
With half-closed eye, why dart this eagle
    glance

At others' faults? since others, it is
  plain,
Will cast as sharp a gaze at yours again.
What tho' your friend be hasty now
  and then, —
Too rough for the nice taste of modern
  men?
What tho' his beard oft ask the barber's
  skill,
His coat look shabby, or his boots fit
  ill?
Yet, you might add, he is a man of
  parts,
His bosom holds the very best of hearts;
And in this rude exterior lurk enshrined
A generous temper and gigantic mind.
Sift then your soul; explore each secret
  sin
By nature or worse habit sown within:
For oft thro' long neglect the noxious
  weed
Towers o'er the crop and chokes the
  rising seed.

Mark how affection blinds the lover's
   eyes!
He in his mistress not a fault espies:
In her each blemish seems to him a
   grace,
And none but beauty-spots adorn her
   face.
Balbinus, blind with love, enamoured
   grows
Even of the polypus in Agna's nose.
In friendship would our weakness were
   the same,
And dignified with Candour's nobler
   name!
  As parents in their offspring, so should
   we
Seek to extenuate even the fault we
   see.
Is the child squint-eyed? — "Oh, the
   pretty dear!"
The father lisps, " it has a roguish leer."
Is it a dwarfish cub, scarce two feet
   high,
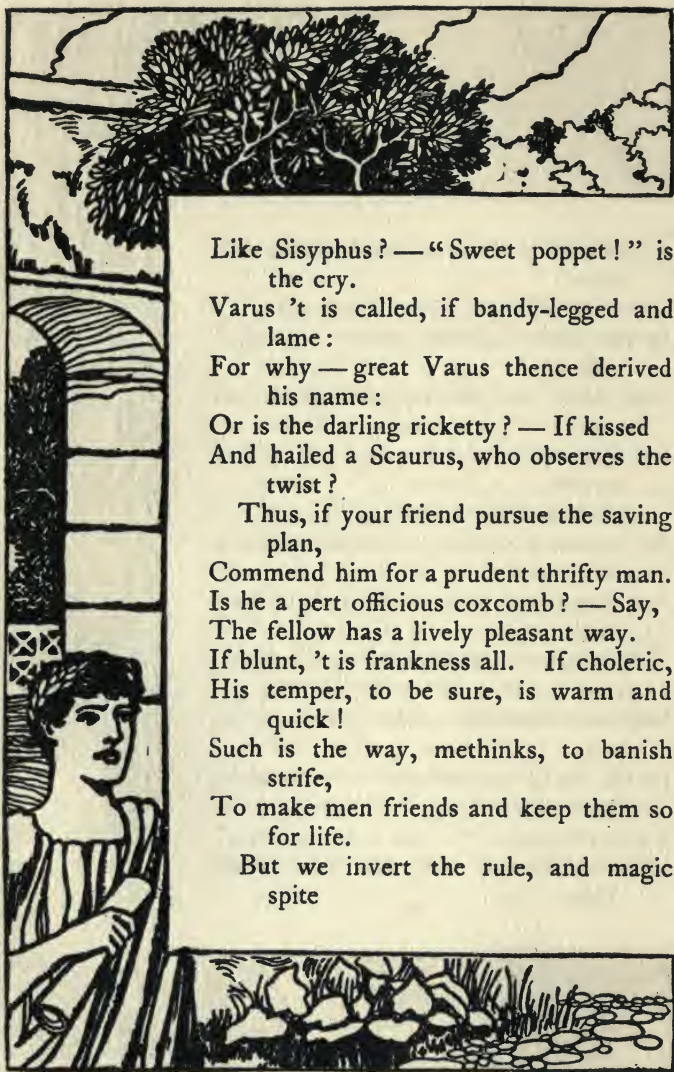
Like Sisyphus ? — "Sweet poppet ! " is
  the cry.
Varus 't is called, if bandy-legged and
  lame :
For why — great Varus thence derived
  his name :
Or is the darling ricketty ? — If kissed
And hailed a Scaurus, who observes the
  twist ?
  Thus, if your friend pursue the saving
  plan,
Commend him for a prudent thrifty man.
Is he a pert officious coxcomb ? — Say,
The fellow has a lively pleasant way.
If blunt, 't is frankness all.   If choleric,
His temper, to be sure, is warm and
  quick !
Such is the way, methinks, to banish
  strife,
To make men friends and keep them so
  for life.
  But we invert the rule, and magic
  spite

Transforms even virtues to their opposite.
Have we a modest friend? We call
    him shy:
Is he reserved? The wretch is dull
    and dry.
Or is he prompt to turn off every blow,
Still on his guard against the latent
    foe? —
(Since life's a path where snares are
    spread around
And ambushed envy deals the treacher-
    ous wound) —
For knowledge of the world and care
    discreet,
We term it arrant knavery and deceit.
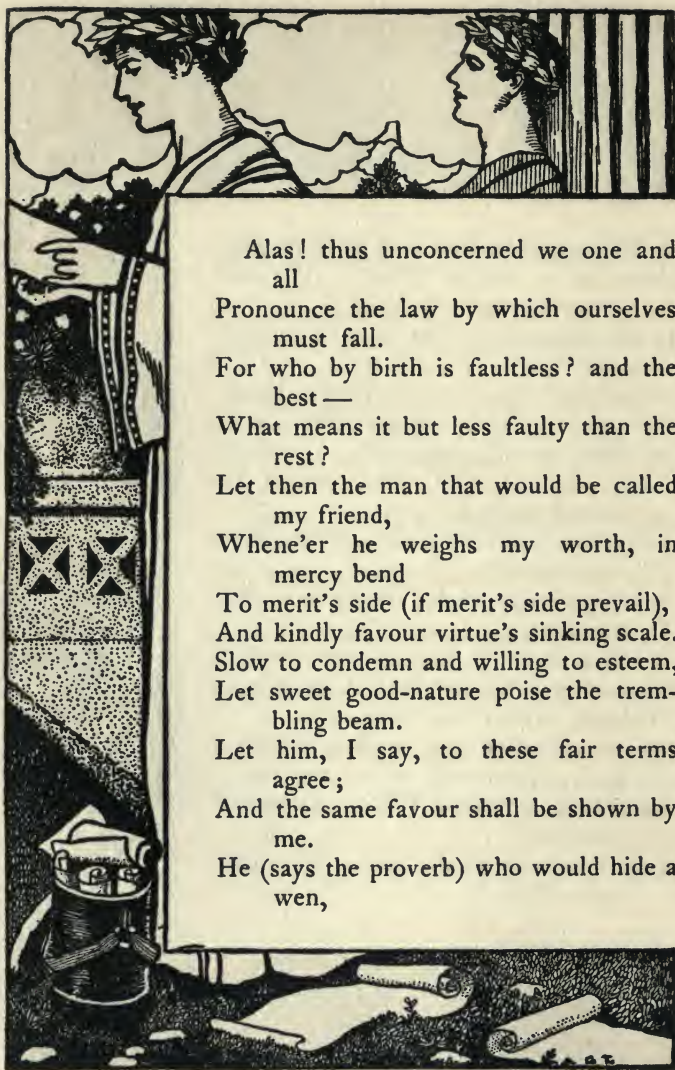Does he at times unwittingly intrude,
With idle prattle innocently rude,
Or on our busy or our thinking hours —
(As I, sir, oft securely have on yours,)
Teased we exclaim, "What rank imper-
    tinence!
The blundering booby sure wants com-
    mon sense."

Alas! thus unconcerned we one and
    all
Pronounce the law by which ourselves
    must fall.
For who by birth is faultless? and the
    best —
What means it but less faulty than the
    rest?
Let then the man that would be called
    my friend,
Whene'er he weighs my worth, in
    mercy bend
To merit's side (if merit's side prevail),
And kindly favour virtue's sinking scale.
Slow to condemn and willing to esteem,
Let sweet good-nature poise the trem-
    bling beam.
Let him, I say, to these fair terms
    agree;
And the same favour shall be shown by
    me.
He (says the proverb) who would hide a
    wen,

At least should spare the warts of other
    men :
Apply the maxim ; and in justice you,
Who claim indulgence, must bestow it
    too.
  But, since this vice of anger, like the
    rest,
Can ne'er be rooted from the untutored
    breast,
At least adjust your wrath by Reason's
    laws
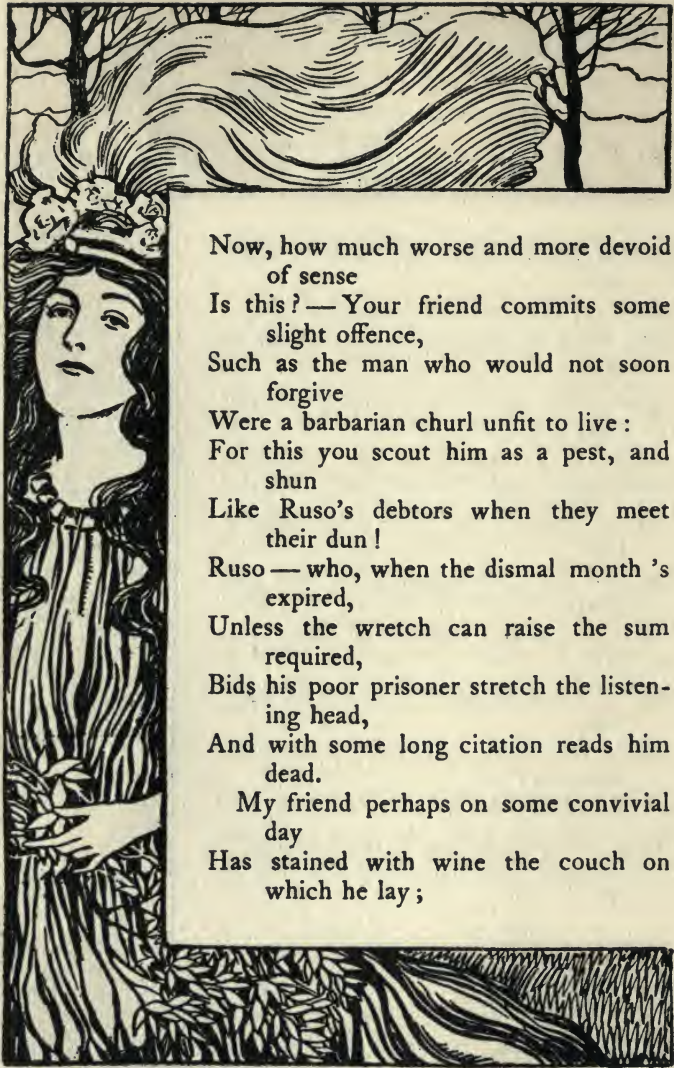Nor let the consequence outrun the
    cause.
The slave, who, ordered to remove a
    dish,
Sips the warm sauce or licks the savoury
    fish,
His master well may chide — and so
    should I : —
But if he hang the knave or crucify,
More mad than Labeo he must surely be
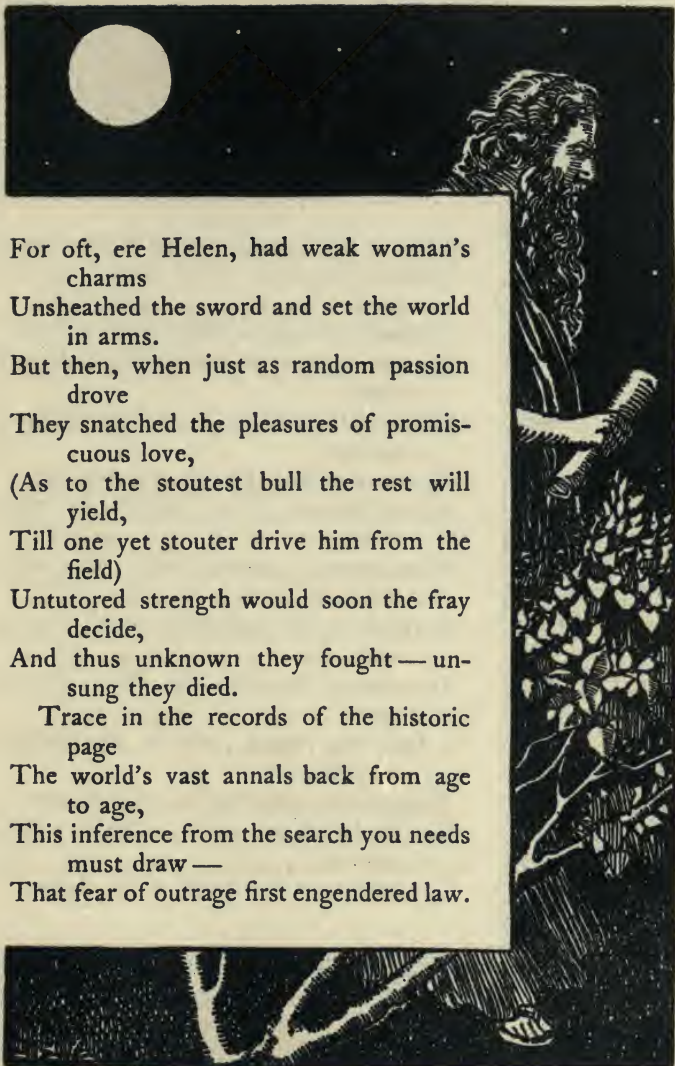In all men's eyes that were not mad as
    he.

Now, how much worse and more devoid
    of sense
Is this ? — Your friend commits some
    slight offence,
Such as the man who would not soon
    forgive
Were a barbarian churl unfit to live :
For this you scout him as a pest, and
    shun
Like Ruso's debtors when they meet
    their dun !
Ruso — who, when the dismal month 's
    expired,
Unless the wretch can raise the sum
    required,
Bids his poor prisoner stretch the listen-
    ing head,
And with some long citation reads him
    dead.
  My friend perhaps on some convivial
    day
Has stained with wine the couch on
   which he lay ;

42
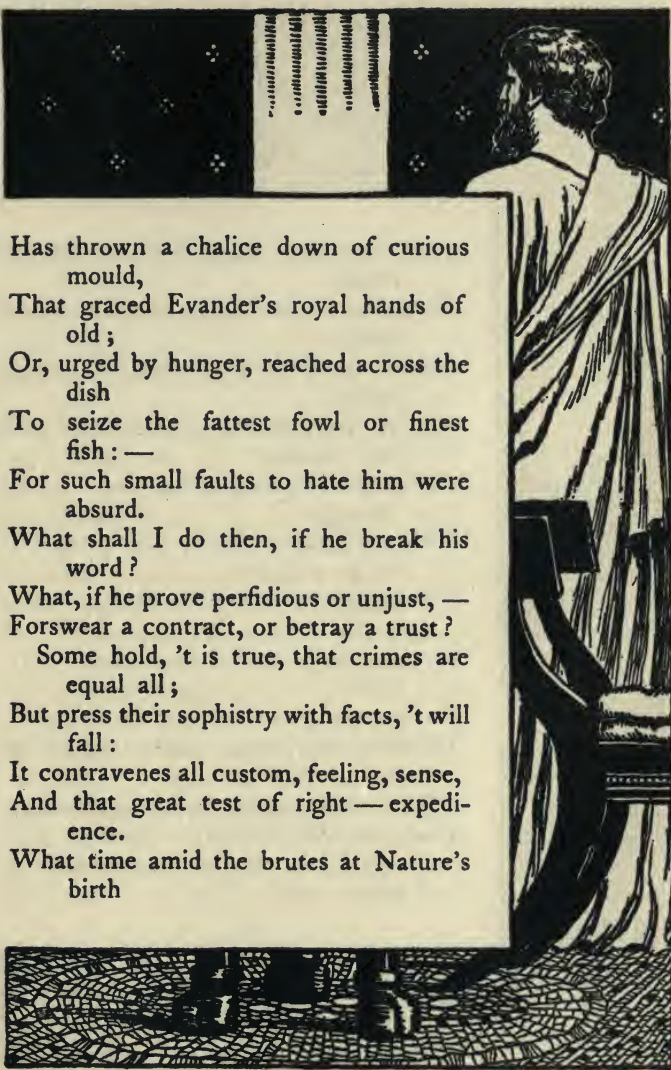
Has thrown a chalice down of curious
    mould,
That graced Evander's royal hands of
    old ;
Or, urged by hunger, reached across the
    dish
To seize the fattest fowl or finest
    fish : —
For such small faults to hate him were
    absurd.
What shall I do then, if he break his
    word ?
What, if he prove perfidious or unjust, —
Forswear a contract, or betray a trust ?
  Some hold, 't is true, that crimes are
    equal all ;
But press their sophistry with facts, 't will
    fall :
It contravenes all custom, feeling, sense,
And that great test of right — expedi-
    ence.
What time amid the brutes at Nature's
    birth
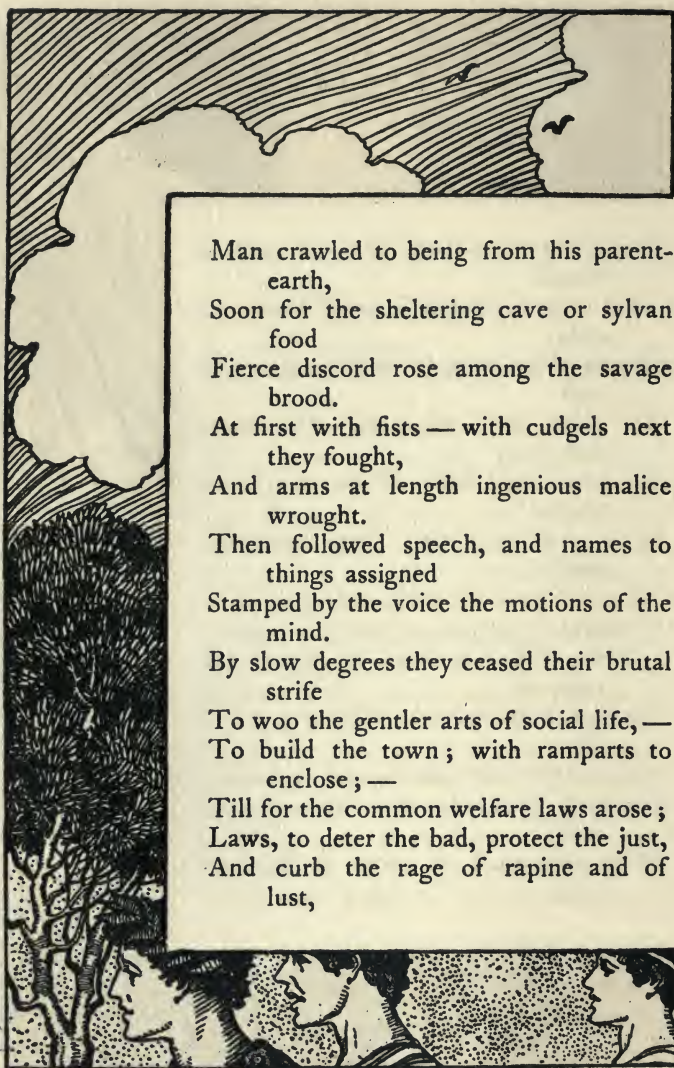
Man crawled to being from his parent-
    earth,
Soon for the sheltering cave or sylvan
    food
Fierce discord rose among the savage
    brood.
At first with fists — with cudgels next
    they fought,
And arms at length ingenious malice
    wrought.
Then followed speech, and names to
    things assigned
Stamped by the voice the motions of the
    mind.
By slow degrees they ceased their brutal
    strife
To woo the gentler arts of social life, —
To build the town; with ramparts to
    enclose; —
Till for the common welfare laws arose;
Laws, to deter the bad, protect the just,
And curb the rage of rapine and of
    lust,

For oft, ere Helen, had weak woman's
    charms
Unsheathed the sword and set the world
    in arms.
But then, when just as random passion
    drove
They snatched the pleasures of promis-
    cuous love,
(As to the stoutest bull the rest will
    yield,
Till one yet stouter drive him from the
    field)
Untutored strength would soon the fray
    decide,
And thus unknown they fought — un-
    sung they died.
  Trace in the records of the historic
    page
The world's vast annals back from age
    to age,
This inference from the search you needs
    must draw —
That fear of outrage first engendered law.
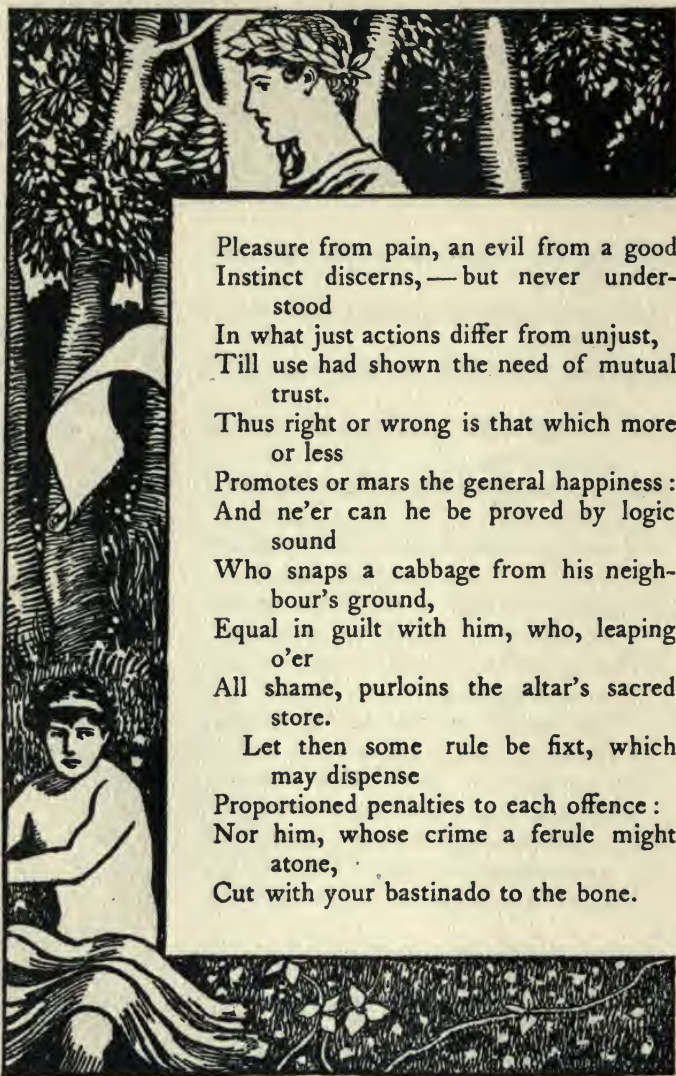
Pleasure from pain, an evil from a good
Instinct discerns, — but never under-
    stood
In what just actions differ from unjust,
Till use had shown the need of mutual
    trust.
Thus right or wrong is that which more
    or less
Promotes or mars the general happiness:
And ne'er can he be proved by logic
    sound
Who snaps a cabbage from his neigh-
    bour's ground,
Equal in guilt with him, who, leaping
    o'er
All shame, purloins the altar's sacred
    store.
  Let then some rule be fixt, which
   may dispense
Proportioned penalties to each offence:
Nor him, whose crime a ferule might
    atone,
Cut with your bastinado to the bone.

For, that you e'er will err on mercy's
    side,
And when the furious knout should be
    applied,
Wave the light rod, quitting the too
    severe
For the too mild, — I see but little
    fear:
While sacrilege and petty theft you say
Are equal, and (had you the sovereign
    sway)
Be men's misdeeds however great or
    small,
The self-same vengeance should await
    them all.
  Had you the sway! — Why if the
    Sage alone
Can boast all wit, worth, beauty, as his
    own, —
If he be first and best in every thing,
A shoemaker and " every inch a king," —
Do you not reign already? — " Prithee,
    fool ! "
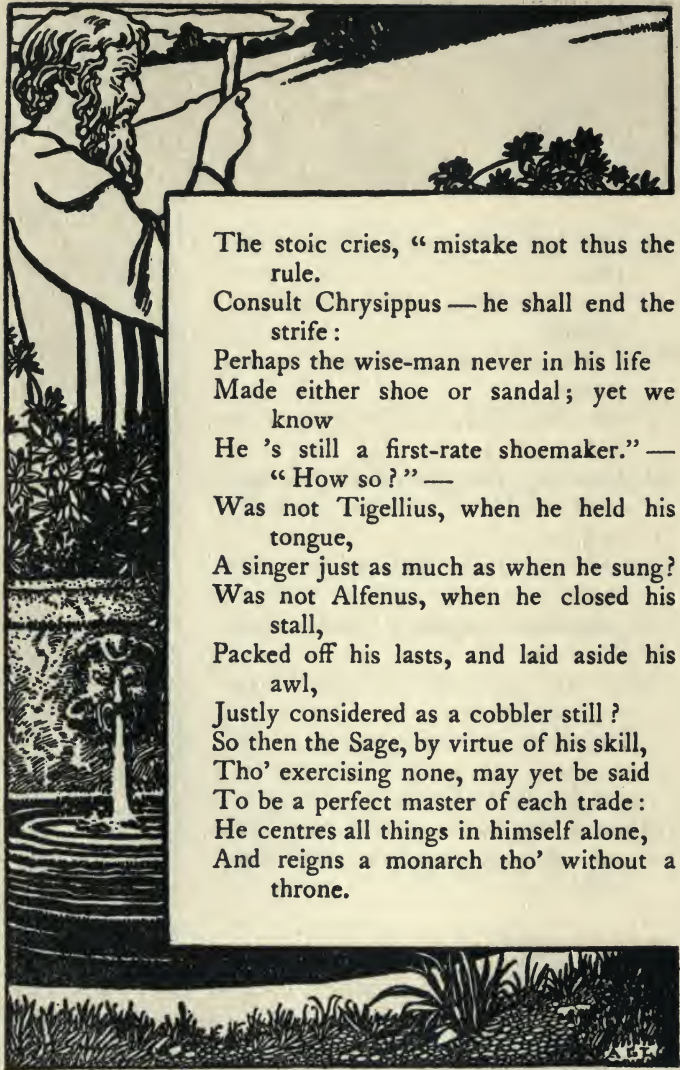
The stoic cries, "mistake not thus the
    rule.
Consult Chrysippus — he shall end the
    strife :
Perhaps the wise-man never in his life
Made either shoe or sandal; yet we
    know
He 's still a first-rate shoemaker." —
    " How so ? " —
Was not Tigellius, when he held his
    tongue,
A singer just as much as when he sung?
Was not Alfenus, when he closed his
    stall,
Packed off his lasts, and laid aside his
    awl,
Justly considered as a cobbler still ?
So then the Sage, by virtue of his skill,
Tho' exercising none, may yet be said
To be a perfect master of each trade :
He centres all things in himself alone,
And reigns a monarch tho' without a
    throne.

But after all, methinks, great king
    of kings!
You sometimes suffer most unroyal
    things.
A troop of dirty boys, that form your
    suite,
Twitch your long beard and hoot you
    thro' the street.
In vain you lift your staff: the saucy
    throng
Still mock your growlings as you mope
    along.
   In short — while you, dread sire! among the many
Bathe your illustrious person for a
    penny; —
And none, to swell the pageantry of
    state,
Save dull Crispinus, on your levee
    wait; —
Permit a fool like me, when he offends,
To claim indulgence from his candid
    friends;

And in his turn o'erlooking their defects
To show to them that mercy he expects.
Thus on your power, tho' mean, I may
    look down,
And, tho' a Subject, envy not your
   Crown.

<div style="text-align:right">HOWES.</div>

SATIRE IV.

CRATINUS, Eupolis, with some few more
Who trod the comic stage in days of
    yore,
Was there a knave or scoundrel of
    their time,
Rake, ruffian, thief — whatever were his
    crime,
On him their honest indignation hurled,
And lashed with freedom a licentious
    world.
  Close to their steps and studious of
    their fame,
His numbers different — but his scope
    the same,
Lucilius followed, skilled in taunts severe
To point at trembling vice the caustic
    jeer.
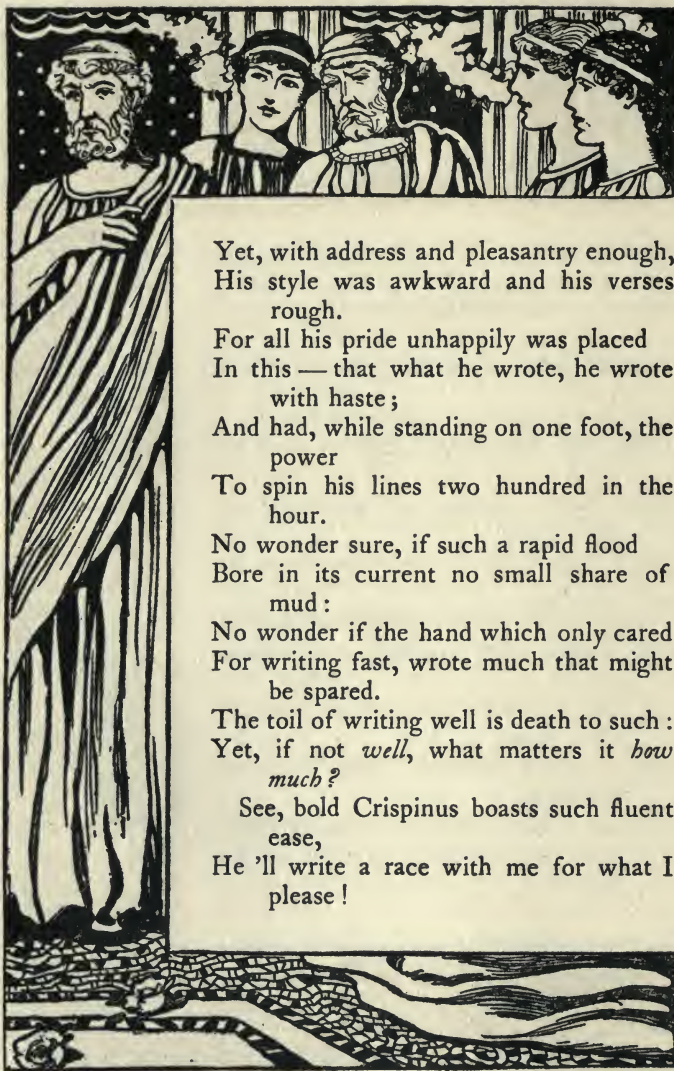
Yet, with address and pleasantry enough,
His style was awkward and his verses
    rough.
For all his pride unhappily was placed
In this — that what he wrote, he wrote
    with haste;
And had, while standing on one foot, the
    power
To spin his lines two hundred in the
    hour.
No wonder sure, if such a rapid flood
Bore in its current no small share of
    mud:
No wonder if the hand which only cared
For writing fast, wrote much that might
    be spared.
The toil of writing well is death to such:
Yet, if not *well*, what matters it *how*
    much?
  See, bold Crispinus boasts such fluent
    ease,
He 'll write a race with me for what I
    please!

"Come on! Take you your tablets,"
    he will say,
"And I 'll take mine; appoint your
    place and day:
Let umpires watch us both; and let us
    try
Which can compose the faster, you or I."
  Thanks to my stars that made me of
    a mind
To brawls and babbling never much
    inclined, —
Patient and poor in spirit, slow to boast
And oft, when most contemned, con-
    tented most!
Go on then, ye that list, to give free vent
To every thought within your bosoms
    pent!
Go, ape the blacksmith's leathern lungs
    that blow
Till the fused mass in ruddy current
    flow.
Blest Fannius, whose kind friends, un-
    asked, combine

53
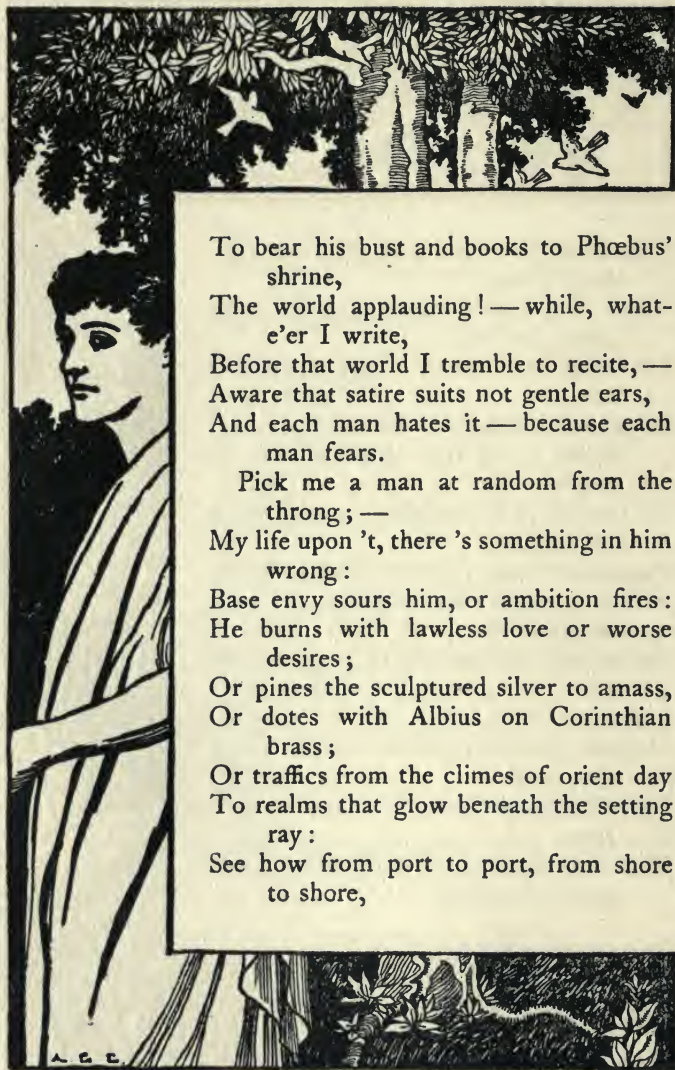
To bear his bust and books to Phœbus'
    shrine,
The world applauding ! — while, what-
    e'er I write,
Before that world I tremble to recite, —
Aware that satire suits not gentle ears,
And each man hates it — because each
    man fears.
  Pick me a man at random from the
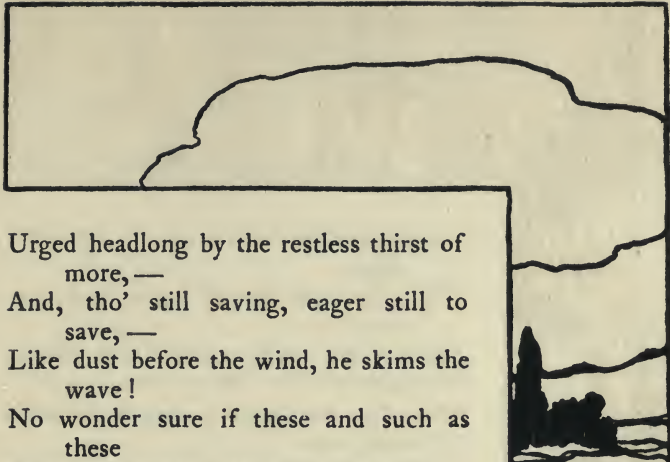   throng ; —
My life upon 't, there 's something in him
    wrong :
Base envy sours him, or ambition fires :
He burns with lawless love or worse
    desires ;
Or pines the sculptured silver to amass,
Or dotes with Albius on Corinthian
   brass ;
Or traffics from the climes of orient day
To realms that glow beneath the setting
    ray :
See how from port to port, from shore
    to shore,

Urged headlong by the restless thirst of
 more, —
And, tho' still saving, eager still to
 save, —
Like dust before the wind, he skims the
 wave !
No wonder sure if these and such as
 these
The poet and his verse alike displease.
 Like a mad bull, they shun him thro'
  the streets ;
" Beware," they cry ; " he butts at all
 he meets !
And if he can but let his spleen o'erflow,
The spiteful creature spares nor friend
 nor foe :
Besides, whate'er he once has written
 down,
He 's wretched till 't is known to half the
 town,
And at the baker's shop or public well
Men — women — boys the witty slander
 tell."
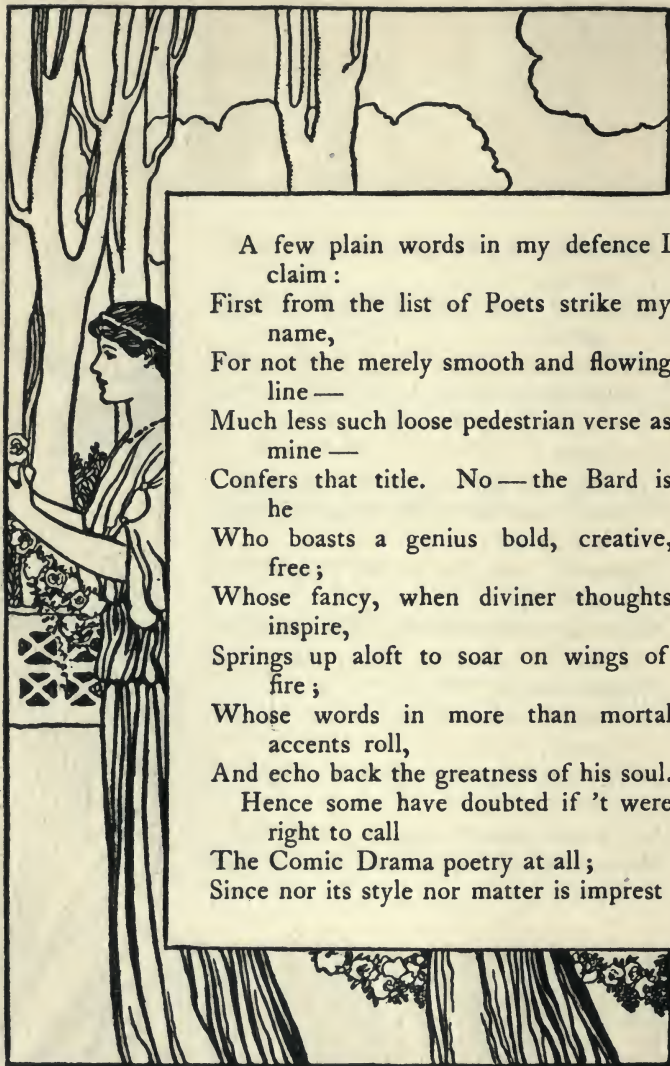
A few plain words in my defence I
  claim :
First from the list of Poets strike my
  name,
For not the merely smooth and flowing
  line —
Much less such loose pedestrian verse as
  mine —
Confers that title. No — the Bard is
  he
Who boasts a genius bold, creative,
  free ;
Whose fancy, when diviner thoughts
  inspire,
Springs up aloft to soar on wings of
  fire ;
Whose words in more than mortal
  accents roll,
And echo back the greatness of his soul.
  Hence some have doubted if 't were
  right to call
The Comic Drama poetry at all ;
Since nor its style nor matter is imprest

With that fine rage which fills the poet's
    breast, —
And, save that all in measured cadence
    flows,
Its diction differs not from simple prose.
" Yet," you object, " the father stamps
    the stage
And rates his son with more than prose-
    like rage,
When the gay stripling, deaf to wisdom's
    lore,
Slights the rich heiress for the thriftless
    whore ;
Or staggering forth, ere night obscures
    the sky,
Waves in the open street his torch on
    high."
But, were Pomponius' sire his son to see,
Would he not rave and scold as loud as
    he ?
'T is not enough then merely to inclose
Plain sense in numbers — which if you
    transpose,
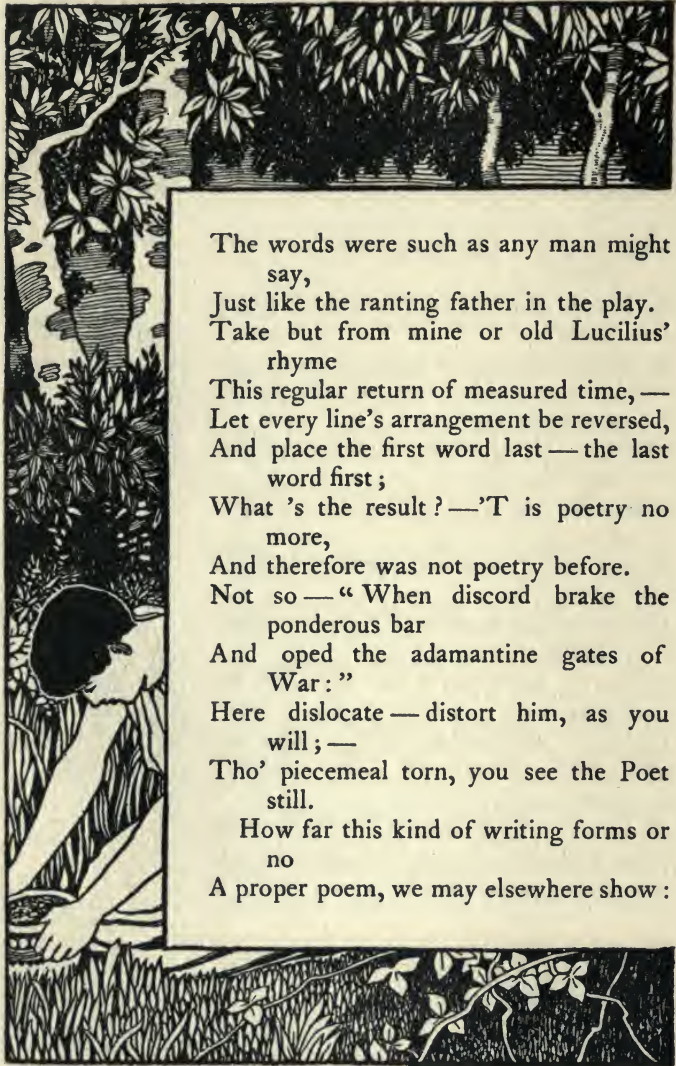
The words were such as any man might
    say,
Just like the ranting father in the play.
Take but from mine or old Lucilius'
    rhyme
This regular return of measured time, —
Let every line's arrangement be reversed,
And place the first word last — the last
    word first ;
What 's the result ? —'T is poetry no
    more,
And therefore was not poetry before.
Not so — " When discord brake the
    ponderous bar
And oped the adamantine gates of
    War : "
Here dislocate — distort him, as you
    will ; —
Tho' piecemeal torn, you see the Poet
    still.
   How far this kind of writing forms or
    no
A proper poem, we may elsewhere show :

Proceed we now to that more serious
    head —
How far it forms an object of just dread.
Caprius and Sulcius with their bags and
    books,
Writs in their hands and gibbets in their
    looks,
Walk forth and strike, wherever they
    appear,
The felon and the thief with conscious
    fear.
Yet he whose hands are pure, who keeps
    his oath,
Nor wrongs his neighbour, may despise
    them both.
Now tho' a rogue, like Cœlius, you may
    be,
It follows not that Caprius is like me.
My books on no vile stall or column
    stand,
Soiled by Tigellius' and each vulgar
    hand.
When I recite them (which I seldom do),
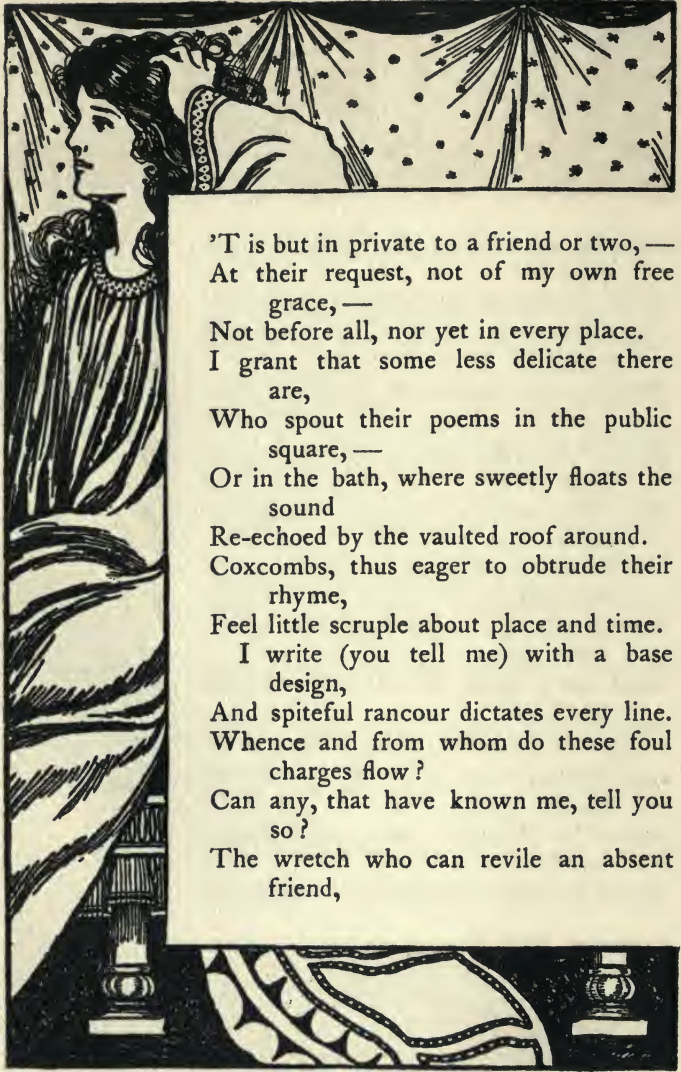
'T is but in private to a friend or two, —
At their request, not of my own free
    grace, —
Not before all, nor yet in every place.
I grant that some less delicate there
    are,
Who spout their poems in the public
    square, —
Or in the bath, where sweetly floats the
    sound
Re-echoed by the vaulted roof around.
Coxcombs, thus eager to obtrude their
    rhyme,
Feel little scruple about place and time.
  I write (you tell me) with a base
    design,
And spiteful rancour dictates every line.
Whence and from whom do these foul
    charges flow ?
Can any, that have known me, tell you
    so ?
The wretch who can revile an absent
    friend,

Or, when reviled, is backward to
    defend ; —
Who thinks ill-nature wit ; and, poorly
    proud
To catch the laughter of a grinning crowd,
Bids from his lips the hallowed secret fly,
Or, when truth fails him, coins the
    blackening lie :
If such there be, *him*, Romans ! it were
    well
To mark : *his* touch is death, *his* heart is
    hell !
  Go, scan a party but of twelve, reclined
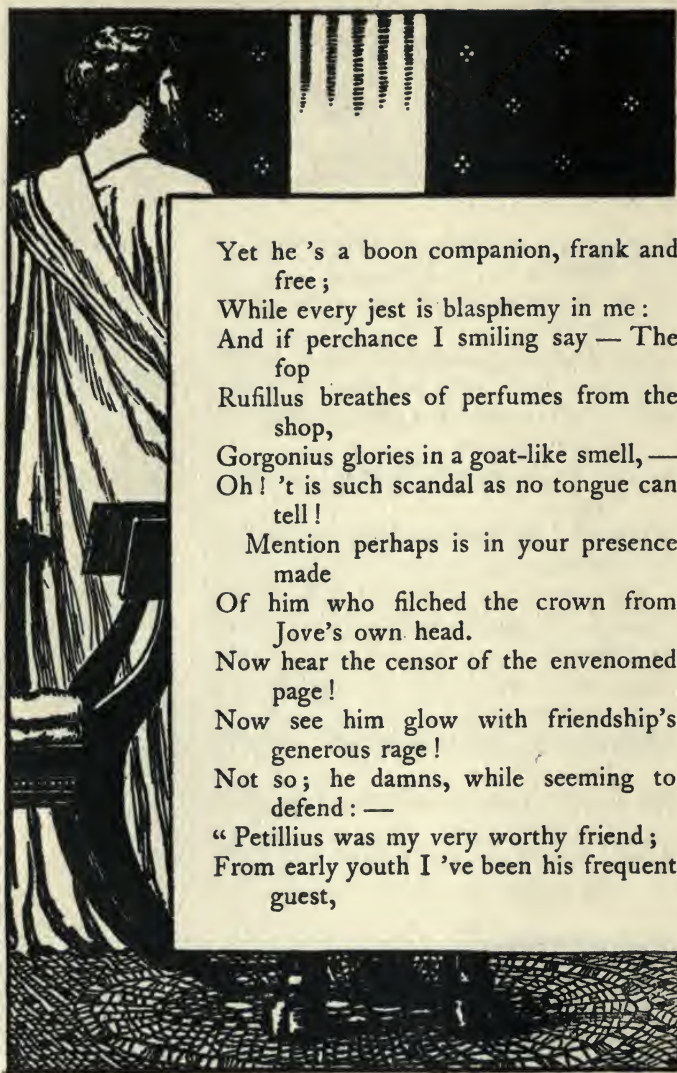Around the genial board, and you shall
    find
That some more pert and overbearing
    guest
With saucy jokes bespatters all the
    rest ; —
All but his host, — and him too, when
    the bowl
Gives licence to the tongue and bares
    the soul.

Yet he 's a boon companion, frank and
    free ;
While every jest is blasphemy in me :
And if perchance I smiling say — The
    fop
Rufillus breathes of perfumes from the
    shop,
Gorgonius glories in a goat-like smell, —
Oh ! 't is such scandal as no tongue can
    tell !
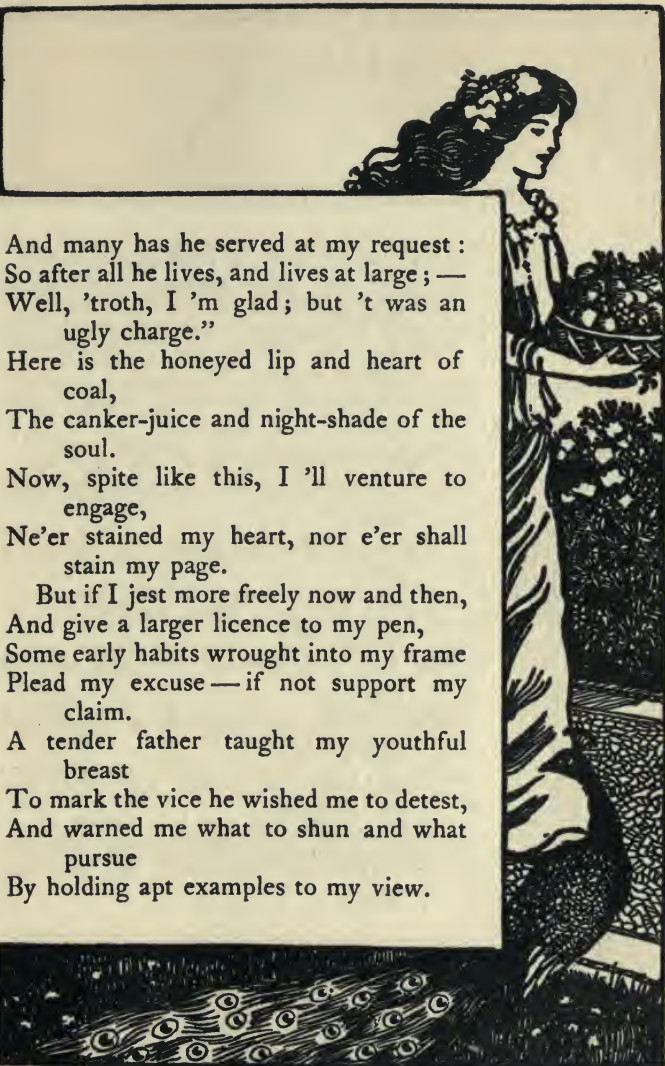   Mention perhaps is in your presence
        made
Of him who filched the crown from
    Jove's own head.
Now hear the censor of the envenomed
    page !
Now see him glow with friendship's
    generous rage !
Not so; he damns, while seeming to
    defend : —
" Petillius was my very worthy friend ;
From early youth I 've been his frequent
    guest,

And many has he served at my request :
So after all he lives, and lives at large ; —
Well, 'troth, I 'm glad; but 't was an
    ugly charge."
Here is the honeyed lip and heart of
    coal,
The canker-juice and night-shade of the
    soul.
Now, spite like this, I 'll venture to
    engage,
Ne'er stained my heart, nor e'er shall
    stain my page.
   But if I jest more freely now and then,
And give a larger licence to my pen,
Some early habits wrought into my frame
Plead my excuse — if not support my
    claim.
A tender father taught my youthful
    breast
To mark the vice he wished me to detest,
And warned me what to shun and what
    pursue
By holding apt examples to my view.
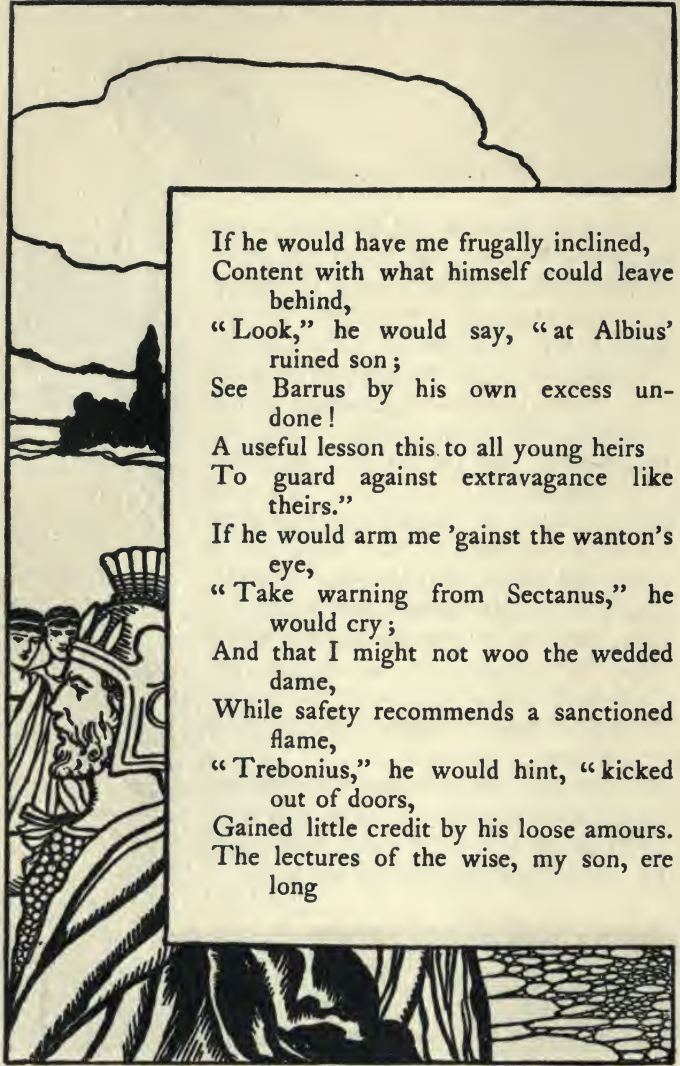
If he would have me frugally inclined,
Content with what himself could leave
    behind,
"Look," he would say, "at Albius'
    ruined son;
See Barrus by his own excess un-
    done!
A useful lesson this to all young heirs
To guard against extravagance like
    theirs."
If he would arm me 'gainst the wanton's
    eye,
"Take warning from Sectanus," he
    would cry;
And that I might not woo the wedded
    dame,
While safety recommends a sanctioned
    flame,
"Trebonius," he would hint, "kicked
    out of doors,
Gained little credit by his loose amours.
The lectures of the wise, my son, ere
    long

Will point you out the grounds of right
 and wrong.
Enough for me if my poor art inspires
Plain rules of life transmitted from our
 sires,
Which, while you need a guardian, may
 secure
Your morals chaste, your reputation
 pure :
When manhood gives your mind a firmer
 tone,
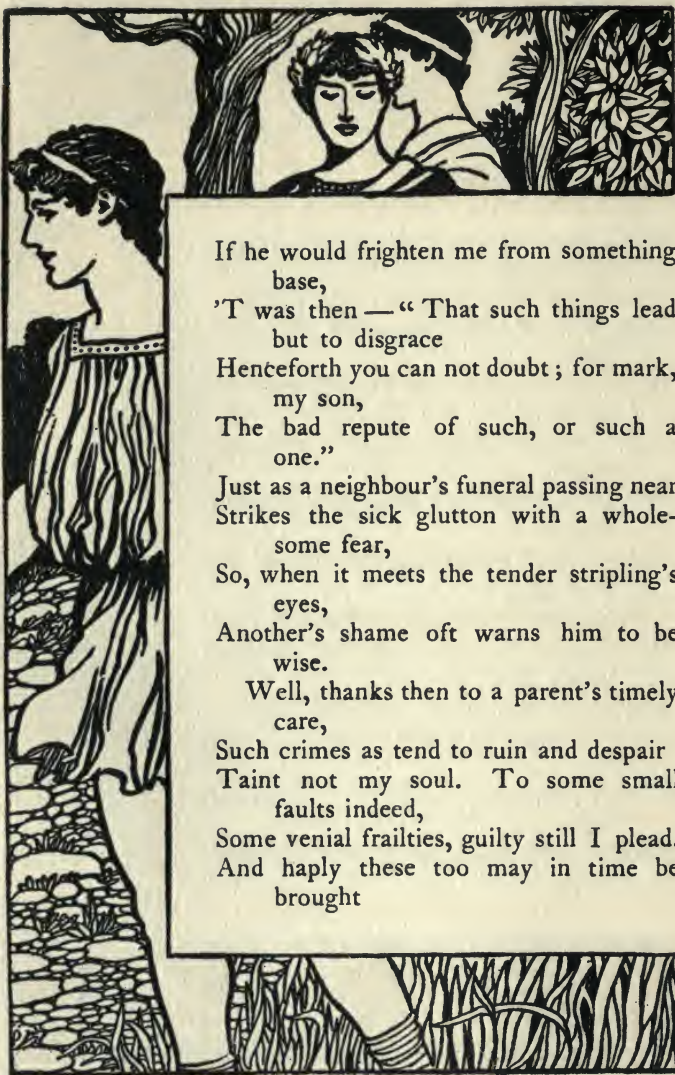You 'll drop these corks and stem the
 tide alone."
 With such monitions providently kind
He moulded to his will my youthful
 mind :
And if he urged me to a virtue, " See,
For this you 've good authority," said
 he :
" Copy that man's example," — holding
 forth
Some judge or statesman of acknowledged
 worth.

If he would frighten me from something
    base,
'T was then — " That such things lead
    but to disgrace
Henceforth you can not doubt ; for mark,
    my son,
The bad repute of such, or such a
    one."
Just as a neighbour's funeral passing near
Strikes the sick glutton with a whole-
    some fear,
So, when it meets the tender stripling's
    eyes,
Another's shame oft warns him to be
    wise.
    Well, thanks then to a parent's timely
    care,
Such crimes as tend to ruin and despair
Taint not my soul. To some small
    faults indeed,
Some venial frailties, guilty still I plead.
And haply these too may in time be
    brought

To yield to friendly counsel and sage
    thought:
For, whether on my couch supinely
    laid
Or sauntering in the public colonnade,
Still to myself some lesson I impart,
And thus in secret commune with my
    heart:
Here duty points; — this path to com-
    fort tends; —
Thus I may win the affections of my
    friends; —
This or that folly be it mine to shun
Taught by the fate of such or such a
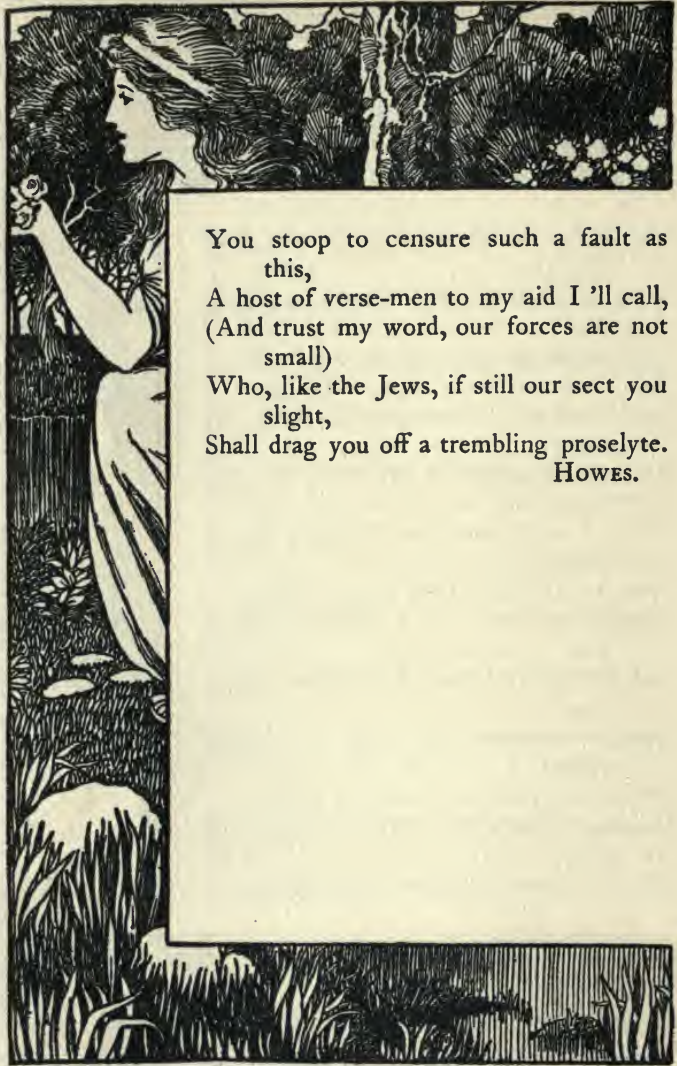   one.
  Such are my dumb soliloquies: when
    time
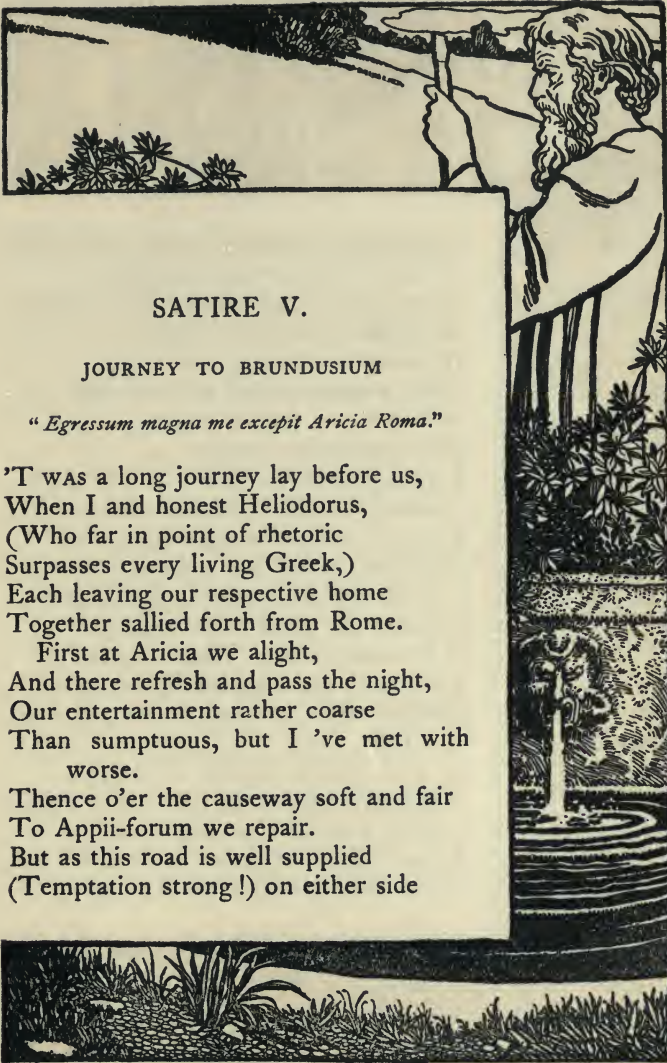Permits, I pen them down in sportive
    rhyme;
A practice to be numbered, I allow,
Among those lighter faults I named just
    now.
But if, extreme to mark what is amiss,

You stoop to censure such a fault as
    this,
A host of verse-men to my aid I 'll call,
(And trust my word, our forces are not
    small)
Who, like the Jews, if still our sect you
    slight,
Shall drag you off a trembling proselyte.
                         Howes.

SATIRE V.

JOURNEY TO BRUNDUSIUM

" Egressum magna me excepit Aricia Roma."

'T was a long journey lay before us,
When I and honest Heliodorus,
(Who far in point of rhetoric
Surpasses every living Greek,)
Each leaving our respective home
Together sallied forth from Rome.
　　First at Aricia we alight,
And there refresh and pass the night,
Our entertainment rather coarse
Than sumptuous, but I 've met with
　　　　worse.
Thence o'er the causeway soft and fair
To Appii-forum we repair.
But as this road is well supplied
(Temptation strong !) on either side

With inns commodious, snug, and warm,
We split the journey, and perform
In two days' time what 's often done
By brisker travellers in one.
Here rather choosing not to sup
Than with bad water mix my cup,
After a warm debate in spite
Of a provoking appetite,
I sturdily resolved at last
To balk it, and pronounce a fast,
And in a moody humour wait,
While my less dainty comrades bait.
　　Now o'er the spangled hemisphere
Diffused the starry train appear,
When there arose a desperate brawl;
The slaves and bargemen, one and all,
Rending their throats (have mercy on
　　us!)
As if they were resolved to stun us.
"Steer the barge this way to the shore!
I tell you we 'll admit no more!
Plague! will you never be content?"
Thus a whole hour at least is spent,

While they receive the several fares,
And kick the mule into his gears.
Happy, these difficulties past,
Could we have fallen asleep at last!
But, what with humming, croaking, bit-
    ing,
Gnats, frogs, and all their plagues unit-
    ing,
These tuneful natives of the lake
Conspired to keep us broad awake.
Besides, to make the concert full,
Two maudlin wights, exceeding dull,
The bargeman and a passenger,
Each in his turn, essayed an air
In honour of his absent fair.
At length the passenger, opprest
With wine, left off, and snored the rest.
The weary bargeman too gave o'er,
And hearing his companion snore,
Seized the occasion, fixed the barge,
Turned out his mule to graze at large,
And slept forgetful of his charge.
And now the sun o'er eastern hill,
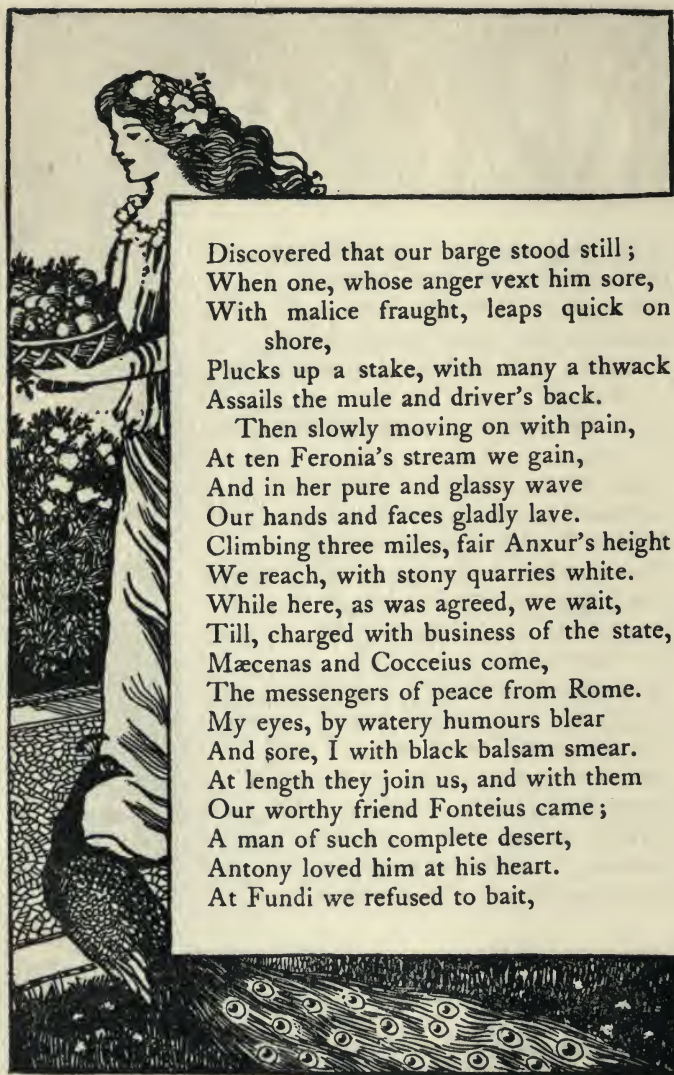
Discovered that our barge stood still;
When one, whose anger vext him sore,
With malice fraught, leaps quick on
  shore,
Plucks up a stake, with many a thwack
Assails the mule and driver's back.
  Then slowly moving on with pain,
At ten Feronia's stream we gain,
And in her pure and glassy wave
Our hands and faces gladly lave.
Climbing three miles, fair Anxur's height
We reach, with stony quarries white.
While here, as was agreed, we wait,
Till, charged with business of the state,
Mæcenas and Cocceius come,
The messengers of peace from Rome.
My eyes, by watery humours blear
And sore, I with black balsam smear.
At length they join us, and with them
Our worthy friend Fonteius came;
A man of such complete desert,
Antony loved him at his heart.
At Fundi we refused to bait,

And laughed at vain Aufidius' state,
A prætor now, a scribe before,
The purple-bordered robe he wore,
His slave the smoking censor bore.
Tired, at Muræna's we repose,
At Formia sup at Capito's.
　　With smiles the rising morn we greet,
At Sinuessa pleased to meet
With Plotius, Varius, and the bard
Whom Mantua first with wonder heard.
The world no purer spirits knows;
For none my heart more warmly glows.
Oh! what embraces we bestowed,
And with what joy our breasts o'er-
　　flowed!
Sure while my sense is sound and clear,
Long as I live, I shall prefer
A gay, good-natured, easy friend,
To every blessing Heaven can send.
At a small village, the next night,
Near the Volturnus we alight;
Where, as employed on state affairs,
We were supplied by the purveyors

73
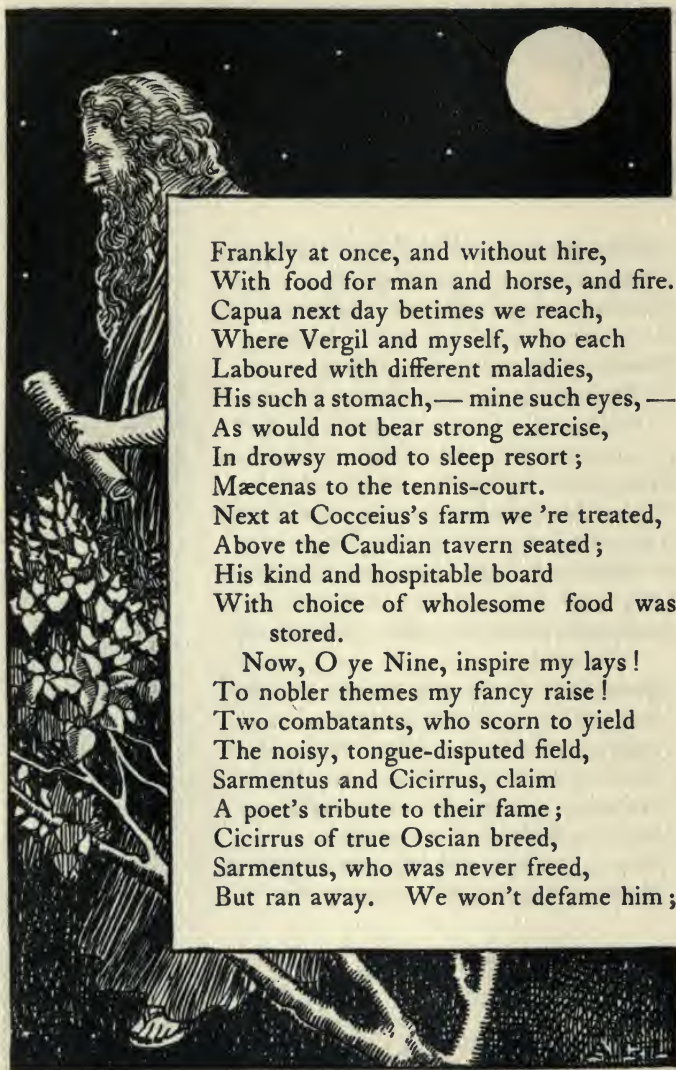
Frankly at once, and without hire,
With food for man and horse, and fire.
Capua next day betimes we reach,
Where Vergil and myself, who each
Laboured with different maladies,
His such a stomach,— mine such eyes, —
As would not bear strong exercise,
In drowsy mood to sleep resort ;
Mæcenas to the tennis-court.
Next at Cocceius's farm we 're treated,
Above the Caudian tavern seated ;
His kind and hospitable board
With choice of wholesome food was
    stored.
  Now, O ye Nine, inspire my lays !
To nobler themes my fancy raise !
Two combatants, who scorn to yield
The noisy, tongue-disputed field,
Sarmentus and Cicirrus, claim
A poet's tribute to their fame ;
Cicirrus of true Oscian breed,
Sarmentus, who was never freed,
But ran away.   We won't defame him ;

His lady lives, and still may claim him.
Thus dignified, in harder fray
These champions their keen wit dis-
    play,
And first Sarmentus led the way.
" Thy locks," quoth he, " so rough and
    coarse,
Look like the mane of some wild horse."
We laugh : Cicirrus undismayed —
" Have at you ! " — cries, and shakes
    his head.
" 'T is well," Sarmentus says, " you 've
    lost
That horn your forehead once could
    boast ;
Since maimed and mangled as you are,
You seem to butt."   A hideous scar
Improved ('t is true) with double grace
The native horrors of his face.
Well.   After much jocosely said
Of his grim front, so fiery red,
(For carbuncles had blotched it o'er,
As usual on Campania's shore,)
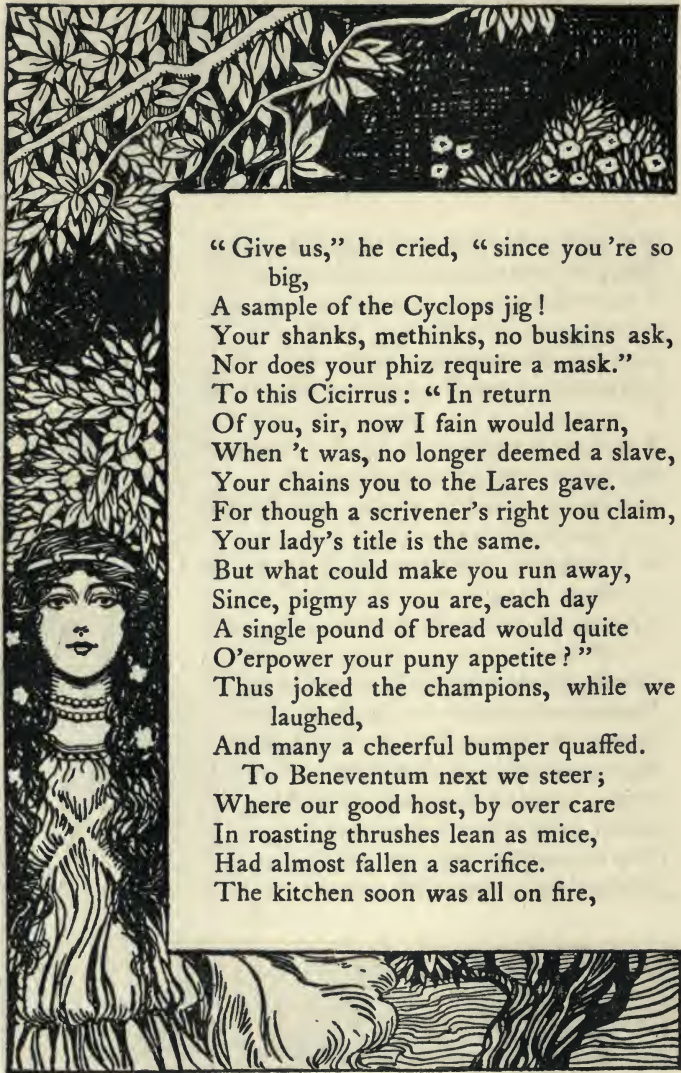
"Give us," he cried, "since you 're so
    big,
A sample of the Cyclops jig!
Your shanks, methinks, no buskins ask,
Nor does your phiz require a mask."
To this Cicirrus: "In return
Of you, sir, now I fain would learn,
When 't was, no longer deemed a slave,
Your chains you to the Lares gave.
For though a scrivener's right you claim,
Your lady's title is the same.
But what could make you run away,
Since, pigmy as you are, each day
A single pound of bread would quite
O'erpower your puny appetite?"
Thus joked the champions, while we
   laughed,
And many a cheerful bumper quaffed.
  To Beneventum next we steer;
Where our good host, by over care
In roasting thrushes lean as mice,
Had almost fallen a sacrifice.
The kitchen soon was all on fire,
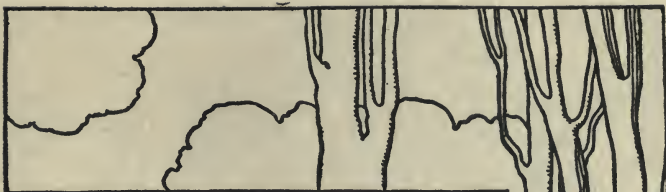
And to the roof the flames aspire.
There might you see each man and
    master
Striving, amidst this sad disaster,
To save the supper. Then they came
With speed enough to quench the flame.
From hence we first at distance see
The Apulian hills, well known to me,
Parched by the sultry western blast;
And which we never should have passed,
Had not Trivicus by the way
Received us at the close of day.
But each was forced at entering here
To pay the tribute of a tear,
For more of smoke than fire was seen;
The hearth was piled with logs so green.
From hence in chaises we were carried
Miles twenty-four, and gladly tarried
At a small town, whose name my verse
(So barbarous is it) can't rehearse.
Know it you may by many a sign,
Water is dearer far than wine.
There bread is deemed such dainty fare,
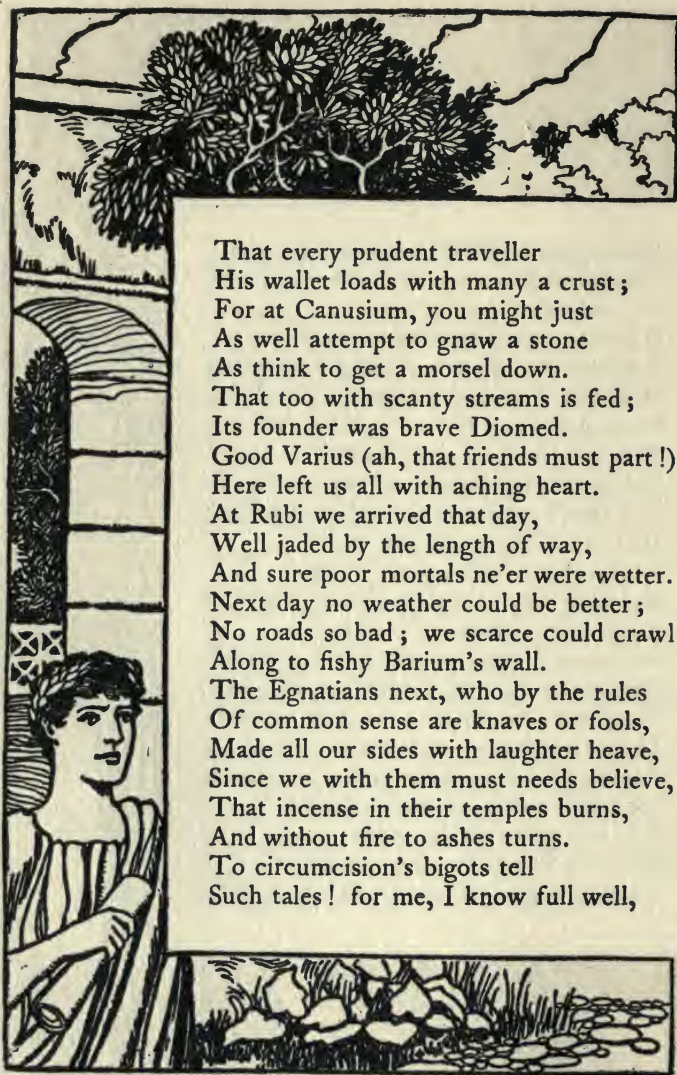
That every prudent traveller
His wallet loads with many a crust;
For at Canusium, you might just
As well attempt to gnaw a stone
As think to get a morsel down.
That too with scanty streams is fed;
Its founder was brave Diomed.
Good Varius (ah, that friends must part!)
Here left us all with aching heart.
At Rubi we arrived that day,
Well jaded by the length of way,
And sure poor mortals ne'er were wetter.
Next day no weather could be better;
No roads so bad; we scarce could crawl
Along to fishy Barium's wall.
The Egnatians next, who by the rules
Of common sense are knaves or fools,
Made all our sides with laughter heave,
Since we with them must needs believe,
That incense in their temples burns,
And without fire to ashes turns.
To circumcision's bigots tell
Such tales! for me, I know full well,

That in high heaven, unmoved by care,
The gods eternal quiet share :
Nor can I deem their spleen the cause
Why fickle Nature breaks her laws.
Brundusium last we reach ; and there
Stop short the muse and traveller.

COWPER.
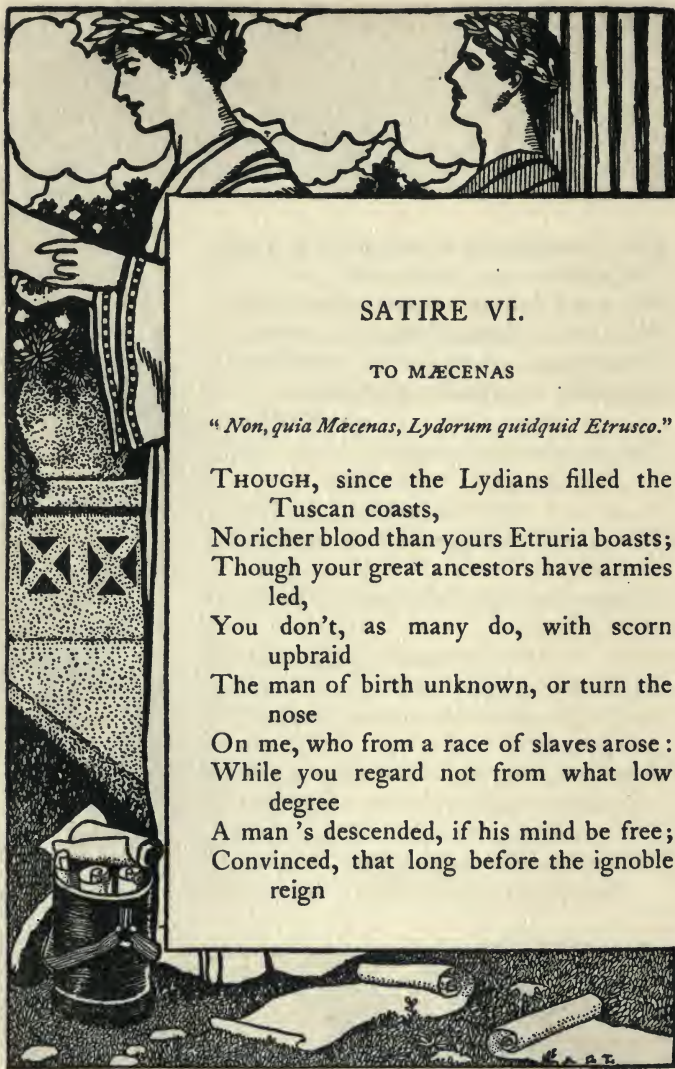
SATIRE VI.

TO MÆCENAS

" Non, quia Mæcenas, Lydorum quidquid Etrusco."

THOUGH, since the Lydians filled the
    Tuscan coasts,
No richer blood than yours Etruria boasts;
Though your great ancestors have armies
    led,
You don't, as many do, with scorn
    upbraid
The man of birth unknown, or turn the
    nose
On me, who from a race of slaves arose:
While you regard not from what low
    degree
A man 's descended, if his mind be free;
Convinced, that long before the ignoble
    reign

And power of Tullius, from a servile
    train
Full many rose for virtue high renowned,
By worth ennobled, and with honours
    crowned ;
While he, who boasts that ancient race
    his own
Which drove the haughty Tarquin from
    the throne,
Is vile and worthless in the poet's eyes :
The people, who, you know, bestow the
    prize
To men most worthless, and, like slaves
    to fame,
With foolish reverence hail a titled
    name ;
And, rapt with awe-struck admiration,
    gaze
When the long race its images displays.
    But how shall we, who differ far and
    wide
From the mere vulgar, this great point
    decide ?
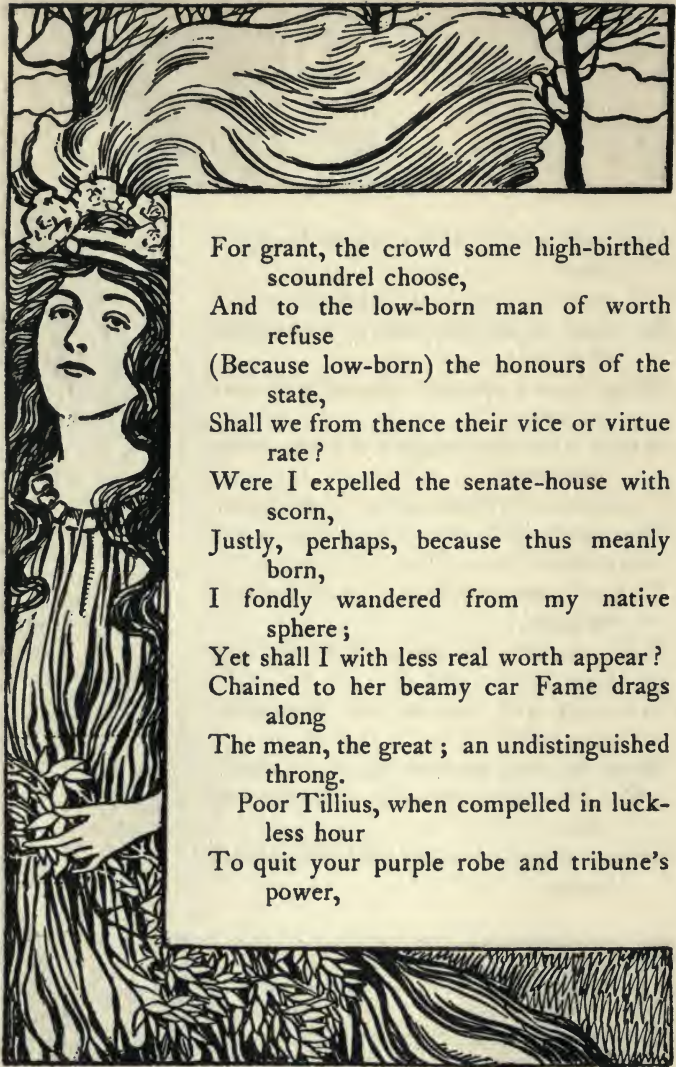
For grant, the crowd some high-birthed
    scoundrel choose,
And to the low-born man of worth
    refuse
(Because low-born) the honours of the
    state,
Shall we from thence their vice or virtue
    rate?
Were I expelled the senate-house with
    scorn,
Justly, perhaps, because thus meanly
    born,
I fondly wandered from my native
    sphere;
Yet shall I with less real worth appear?
Chained to her beamy car Fame drags
    along
The mean, the great; an undistinguished
    throng.
  Poor Tillius, when compelled in luck-
    less hour
To quit your purple robe and tribune's
    power,
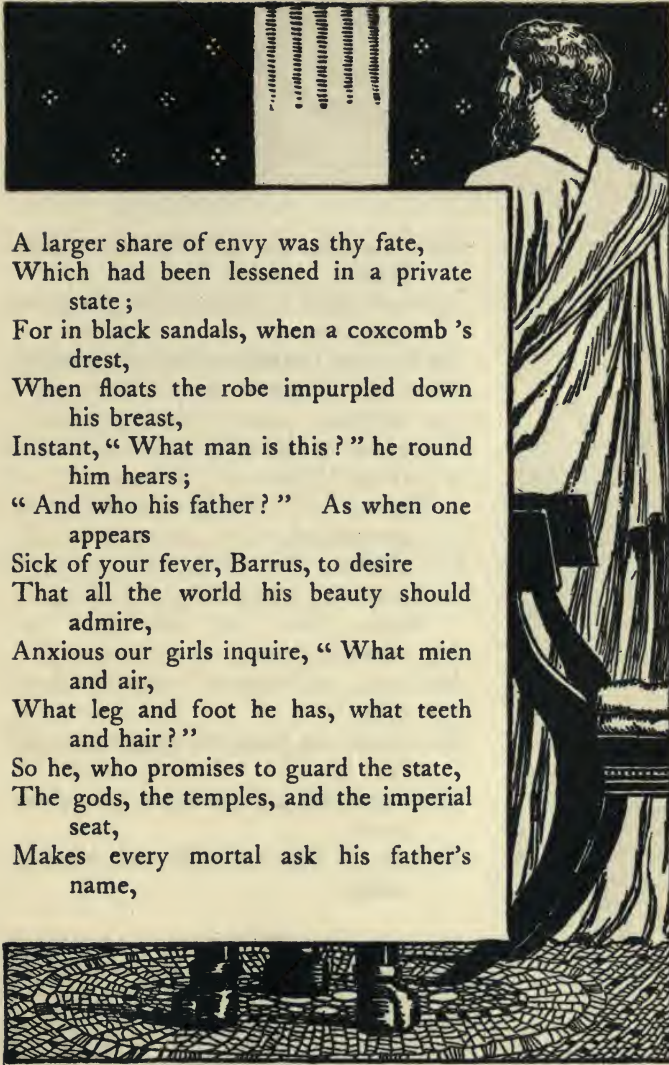
A larger share of envy was thy fate,
Which had been lessened in a private
    state;
For in black sandals, when a coxcomb 's
    drest,
When floats the robe impurpled down
    his breast,
Instant, " What man is this ? " he round
    him hears;
" And who his father ? "   As when one
    appears
Sick of your fever, Barrus, to desire
That all the world his beauty should
    admire,
Anxious our girls inquire, " What mien
    and air,
What leg and foot he has, what teeth
    and hair ? "
So he, who promises to guard the state,
The gods, the temples, and the imperial
    seat,
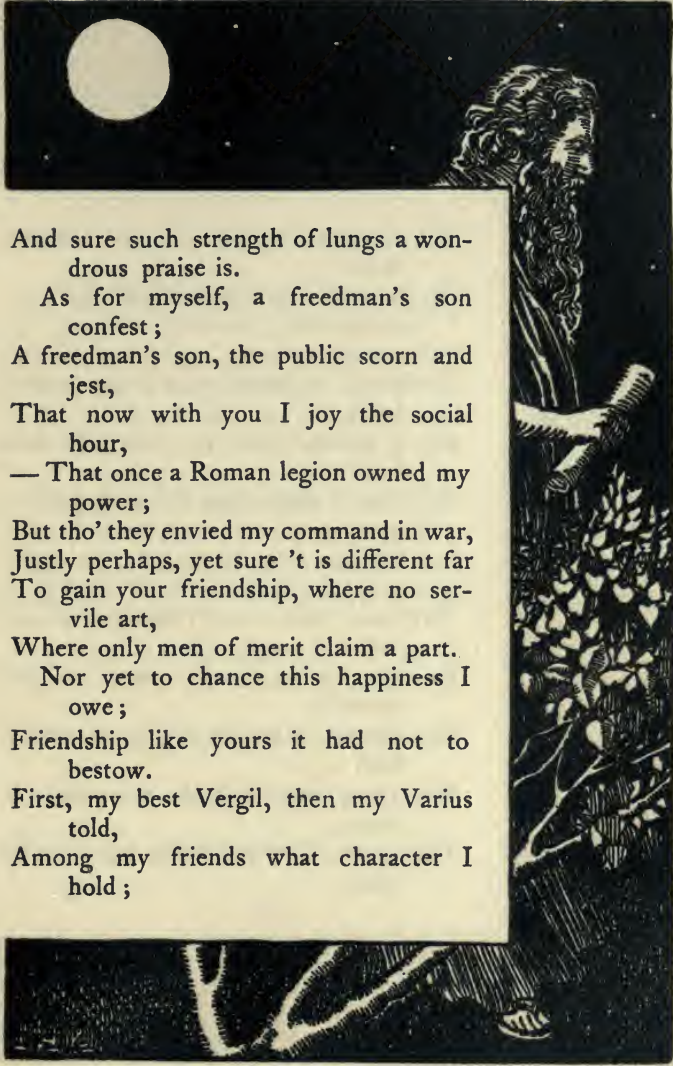Makes every mortal ask his father's
    name,
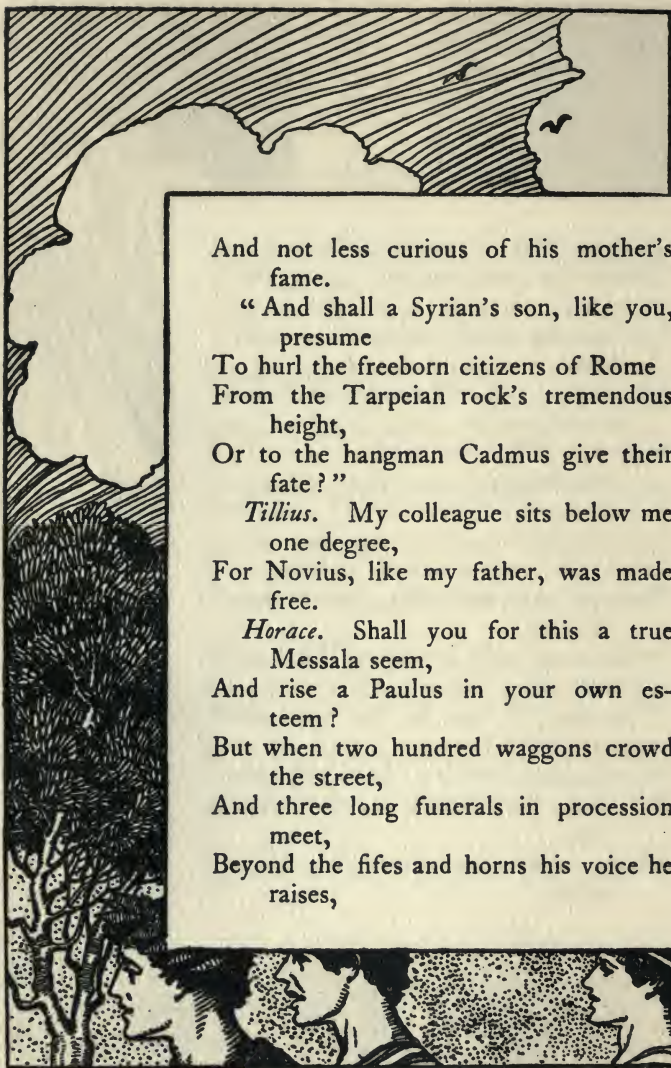
And not less curious of his mother's
    fame.
  "And shall a Syrian's son, like you,
      presume
To hurl the freeborn citizens of Rome
From the Tarpeian rock's tremendous
    height,
Or to the hangman Cadmus give their
    fate ? "
  Tillius.   My colleague sits below me
    one degree,
For Novius, like my father, was made
    free.
  Horace.   Shall you for this a true
    Messala seem,
And rise a Paulus in your own es-
    teem ?
But when two hundred waggons crowd
    the street,
And three long funerals in procession
    meet,
Beyond the fifes and horns his voice he
    raises,

And sure such strength of lungs a won-
    drous praise is.
  As for myself, a freedman's son
    confest;
A freedman's son, the public scorn and
    jest,
That now with you I joy the social
    hour,
— That once a Roman legion owned my
    power;
But tho' they envied my command in war,
Justly perhaps, yet sure 't is different far
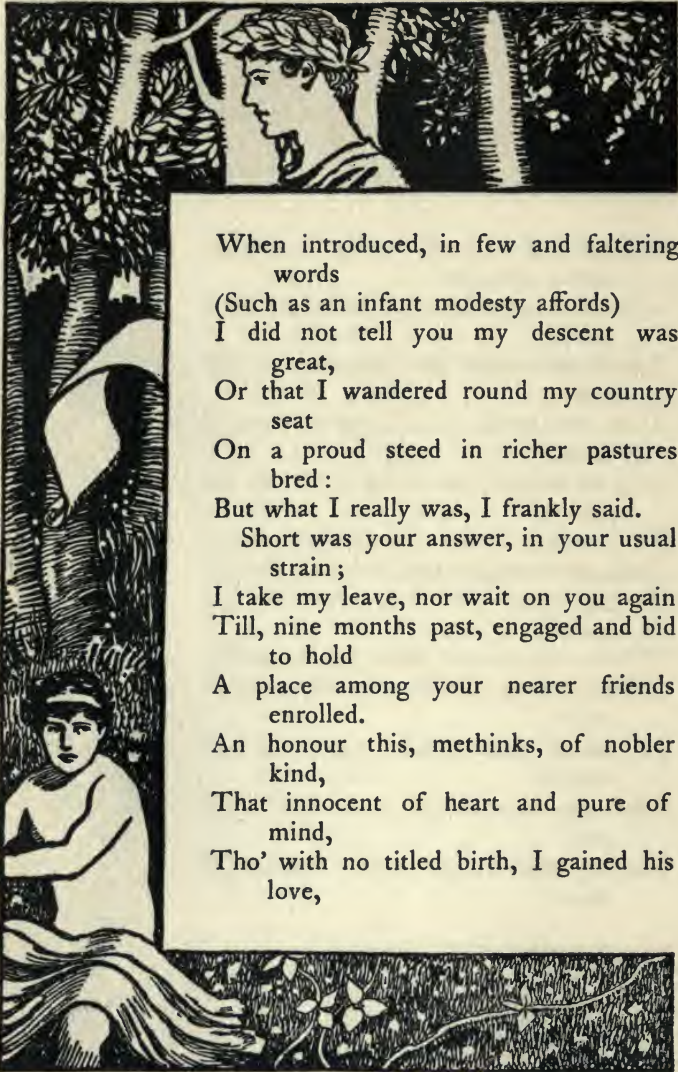To gain your friendship, where no ser-
    vile art,
Where only men of merit claim a part.
  Nor yet to chance this happiness I
    owe;
Friendship like yours it had not to
    bestow.
First, my best Vergil, then my Varius
    told,
Among my friends what character I
    hold;

When introduced, in few and faltering
    words
(Such as an infant modesty affords)
I did not tell you my descent was
    great,
Or that I wandered round my country
    seat
On a proud steed in richer pastures
    bred :
But what I really was, I frankly said.
    Short was your answer, in your usual
      strain ;
I take my leave, nor wait on you again
Till, nine months past, engaged and bid
    to hold
A place among your nearer friends
    enrolled.
An honour this, methinks, of nobler
    kind,
That innocent of heart and pure of
    mind,
Tho' with no titled birth, I gained his
    love,

Whose judgment can discern, whose
    choice approve.
  If some few venial faults deform my
    soul,
(Like a fair face when spotted with a
    mole,)
If none with avarice justly brand my
    fame,
With sordidness, or deeds too vile to
    name :
If pure and innocent : if dear (forgive
These little praises) to my friends I live,
My father was the cause, who, though
    maintained
By a lean farm but poorly, yet disdained
The country schoolmaster, to whose low
    care
The mighty captain sent his high-born
    heir,
With satchel, copy-book, and pelf to
    pay
The wretched teacher on the appointed
    day.
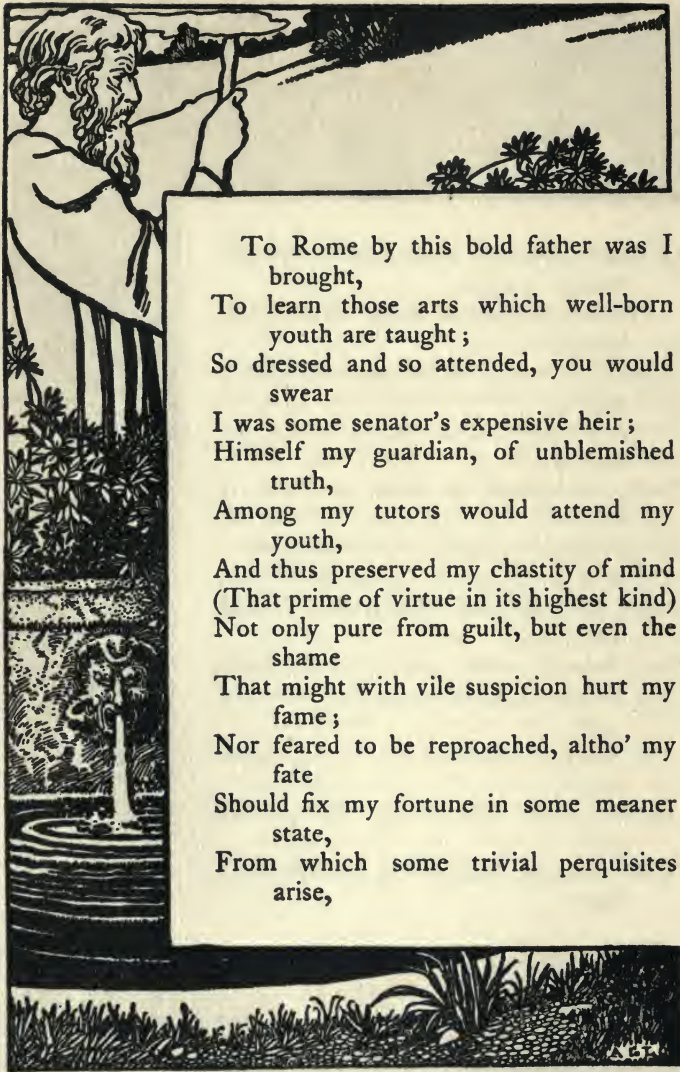
To Rome by this bold father was I
    brought,
To learn those arts which well-born
    youth are taught ;
So dressed and so attended, you would
    swear
I was some senator's expensive heir ;
Himself my guardian, of unblemished
    truth,
Among my tutors would attend my
    youth,
And thus preserved my chastity of mind
(That prime of virtue in its highest kind)
Not only pure from guilt, but even the
    shame
That might with vile suspicion hurt my
    fame ;
Nor feared to be reproached, altho' my
    fate
Should fix my fortune in some meaner
    state,
From which some trivial perquisites
    arise,

Or make me, like himself, collector of
    excise.
  For this my heart, far from complain-
    ing, pays
A larger debt of gratitude and praise;
Nor, while my senses hold, shall I repent
Of such a father, nor with pride resent,
As many do, the involuntary disgrace
Not to be born of an illustrious race.
But not with theirs my sentiments agree,
Or language; for if Nature should
    decree
That we from any stated point might
    live
Our former years, and to our choice
    should give
The sires, to whom we wished to be
    allied,
Let others choose to gratify their pride:
While I, contented with my own, resign
The titled honours of an ancient line.
This may be madness in the people's
    eyes,

But in your judgment not, perhaps, unwise;
That I refuse to bear a pomp of state,
Unused and much unequal to the weight.
  Instant a larger fortune must be made;
To purchase votes, my low addresses paid;
Whether a jaunt or journey I propose,
With me a crowd of new companions goes;
While, anxious to complete a length of train,
Domestics, horses, chariots, I maintain.
But now, as chance or pleasure is my guide,
Upon my bob-tailed mule alone I ride.
Galled is his crupper with my wallet's weight;
His shoulder shows his rider's awkward seat.
  Yet no penurious vileness e'er shall stain

My name; as when, great Prætor, with
  your train
Of five poor slaves, you carry where you
  dine
Your travelling kitchen, and your flask
  of wine.
  Thus have I greater blessings in my
  power
Than you, proud Senator, and thousands
  more.
Alone I wander, as by fancy led,
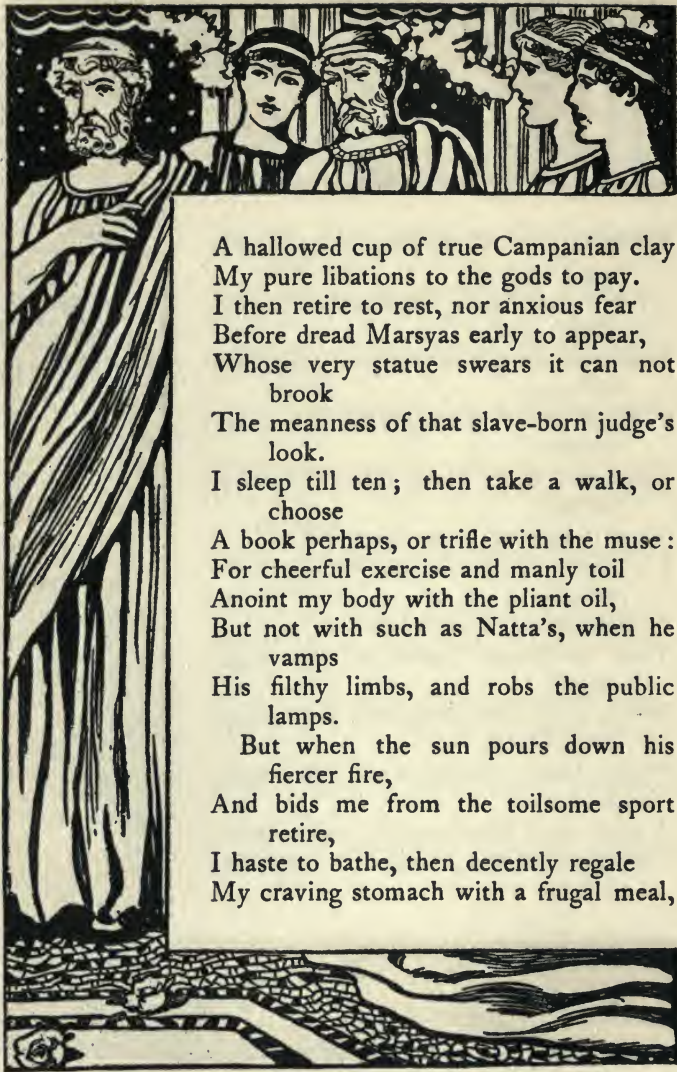I cheapen herbs, or ask the price of
  bread;
I listen, while diviners tell their tale,
Then homeward hasten to my frugal
  meal,
Herbs, pulse, and pancakes; each a sep-
  arate plate;
While three domestics at my supper
  wait.
A bowl on a white marble table stands,
Two goblets, and an ewer to wash my
  hands;

A hallowed cup of true Campanian clay
My pure libations to the gods to pay.
I then retire to rest, nor anxious fear
Before dread Marsyas early to appear,
Whose very statue swears it can not
    brook
The meanness of that slave-born judge's
    look.
I sleep till ten; then take a walk, or
    choose
A book perhaps, or trifle with the muse:
For cheerful exercise and manly toil
Anoint my body with the pliant oil,
But not with such as Natta's, when he
    vamps
His filthy limbs, and robs the public
    lamps.
   But when the sun pours down his
    fiercer fire,
And bids me from the toilsome sport
    retire,
I haste to bathe, then decently regale
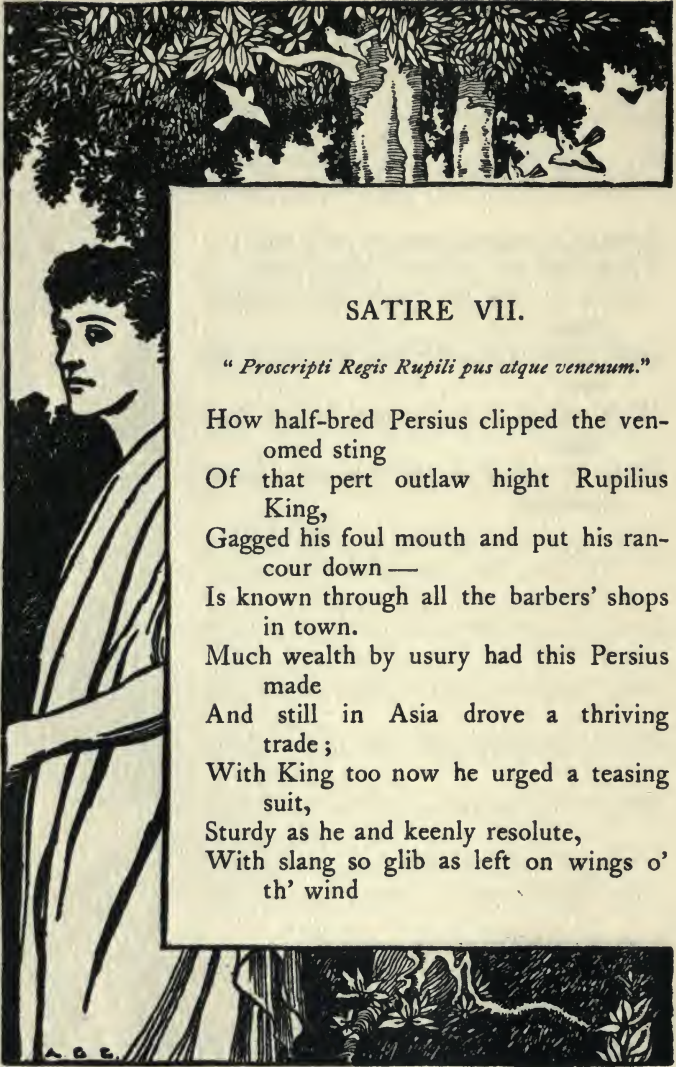My craving stomach with a frugal meal,
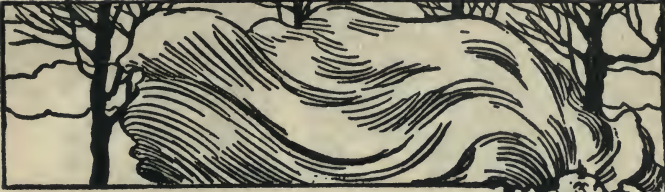
Enough to nourish nature for a day,
Then trifle my domestic hours away.
 Such is the life from bad ambition
  free ;
Such comfort has the man low-born like
  me ;
With which I feel myself more truly
  blest
Than if my sires the questor's power
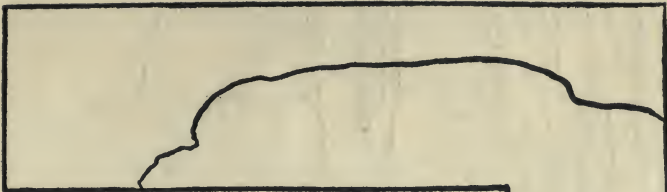 possest.

FRANCIS.

SATIRE VII.

How half-bred Persius clipped the ven-
    omed sting
Of that pert outlaw hight Rupilius
    King,
Gagged his foul mouth and put his ran-
    cour down —
Is known through all the barbers' shops
    in town.
Much wealth by usury had this Persius
    made
And still in Asia drove a thriving
    trade ;
With King too now he urged a teasing
    suit,
Sturdy as he and keenly resolute,
With slang so glib as left on wings o'
    th' wind

94

Sisenna, Barrus, many a length be-
  hind.
  But to my tale : — When neither
    would concede
And each resolved to conquer or to
    bleed —
For warriors still are least disposed to
    yield
Who most have proved their prowess in
    the field,
As Hector and Achilles wont to swell
With mutual rage that death alone could
    quell —
Why but because for feats of valour
    known
Each claimed the prize of glory for his
    own ? —
While cowards, when they quarrel, soon
    retreat ;
And, when unequal champions chance
    to meet,
The weak with proffered gifts redeems
    his head,

As whilome Glaucus did to Diomed —
Bent then on law, what time great
    Brutus bore
Prætorian sway on Asia's fertile shore,
Forth step the combatants, a doughty
    pair;
And here Rupilius stands, and Persius
    there.
Never did nobler spectacle engage
The eye, or stouter champions mount
    the stage.
  Persius first states the case, till all
    around
Loud peals of laughter through the court
    resound.
Brutus and all his suite he loads with
    praise, —
Calls him a Sun which sheds its kindly
    rays
On Asia's coast; and all the rest, save
    King,
Planets that rise with healing in their
    wing:

Him a vile Dog-star, hateful to the
    swain,
That carries death and famine in its
    train.
Thus rolled his tide of eloquence along;
The wintry torrent not more bold and
    strong,
Which sweeps its way through forests
    of high oak
That never echoed to the woodman's
    stroke!
  Præneste's son now rises and replies
With biting taunts and foul scurrilities,
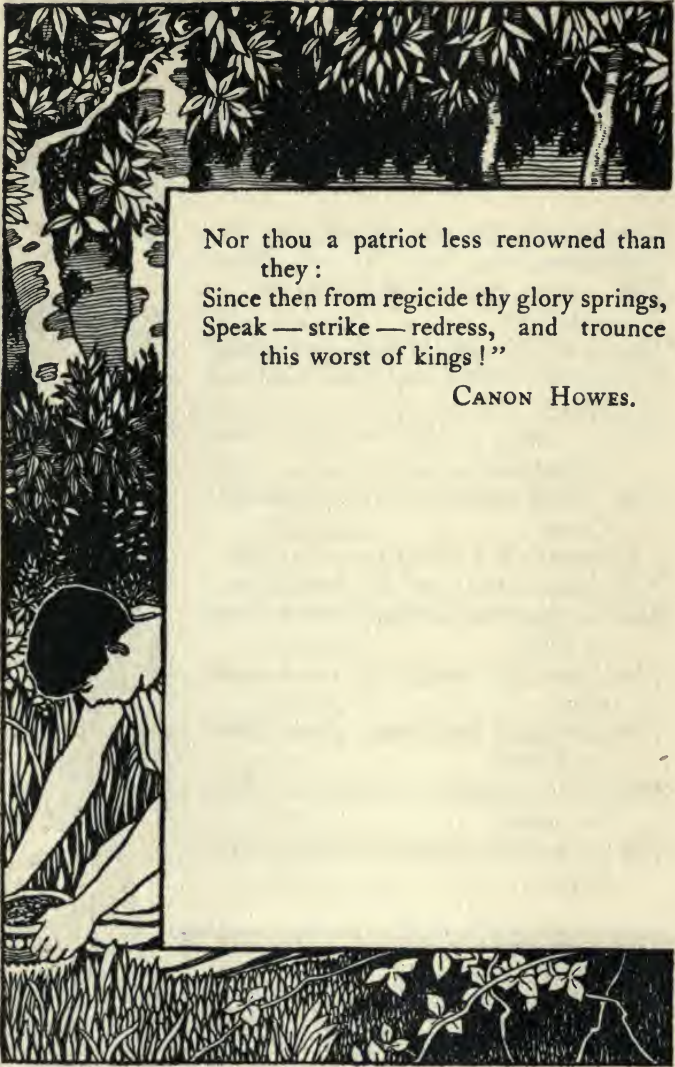Rank as vine-dressers fling, when perched
    on high
They hear the cuckoo in each pass-
    erby.
  Nettled with these home gibes, uprose
    the Greek
With brief rejoinder: "Brutus! hear
    me speak;
Thy sires were patriots in Rome's earlier
    day,

Nor thou a patriot less renowned than
     they :
Since then from regicide thy glory springs,
Speak — strike — redress, and trounce
   this worst of kings ! ''

CANON HOWES.

SATIRE VIII.

COMPLAINT OF PRIAPUS

" Olim truncus eram ficulnus, inutile lignum."

IN days of yore our godship stood,
A very worthless log of wood,
The joiner doubting, or to shape us
Into a stool, or a Priapus,
At length resolved, for reasons wise,
Into a god to bid me rise;
And now to birds and thieves I stand
A terror great.   With ponderous hand,
And something else as red as scarlet,
I fright away each filching varlet.
The birds, that view with awful dread
The reeds, fast stuck into my head,
Far from the garden take their flight,
Nor on the trees presume to light.
    In coffins vile the herd of slaves
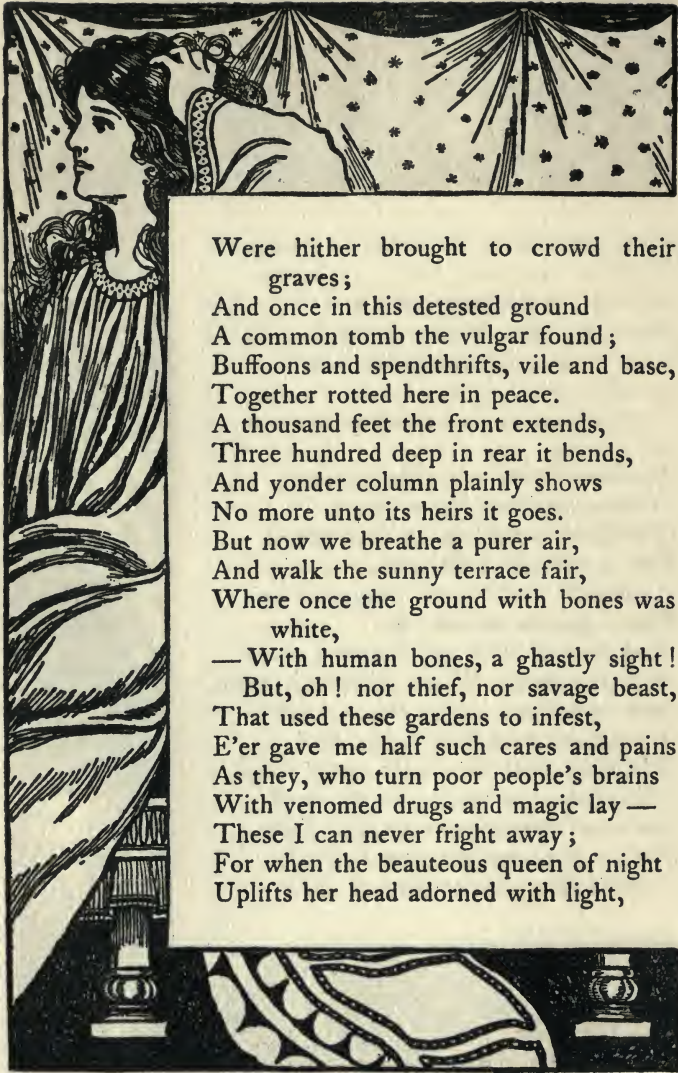
Were hither brought to crowd their
    graves;
And once in this detested ground
A common tomb the vulgar found;
Buffoons and spendthrifts, vile and base,
Together rotted here in peace.
A thousand feet the front extends,
Three hundred deep in rear it bends,
And yonder column plainly shows
No more unto its heirs it goes.
But now we breathe a purer air,
And walk the sunny terrace fair,
Where once the ground with bones was
    white,
—With human bones, a ghastly sight!
  But, oh! nor thief, nor savage beast,
That used these gardens to infest,
E'er gave me half such cares and pains
As they, who turn poor people's brains
With venomed drugs and magic lay—
These I can never fright away;
For when the beauteous queen of night
Uplifts her head adorned with light,

Hither they come, pernicious crones!
To gather poisonous herbs and bones.
    Canidia with dishevelled hair
(Black was her robe, her feet were bare),
With Sagana, infernal dame!
Her elder sister, hither came.
With yellings dire they filled the place,
And hideous pale was either's face.
Soon with their nails they scraped the
        ground,
And filled a magic trench profound
With a black lamb's thick-streaming
        gore,
Whose members with their teeth they
        tore,
That they may charm the sprites to tell
Some curious anecdotes from hell.
The beldams then two figures brought;
Of wool and wax the forms were
        wrought:
The woollen was erect and tall,
And scourged the waxen image small,
Which in a suppliant, servile mood
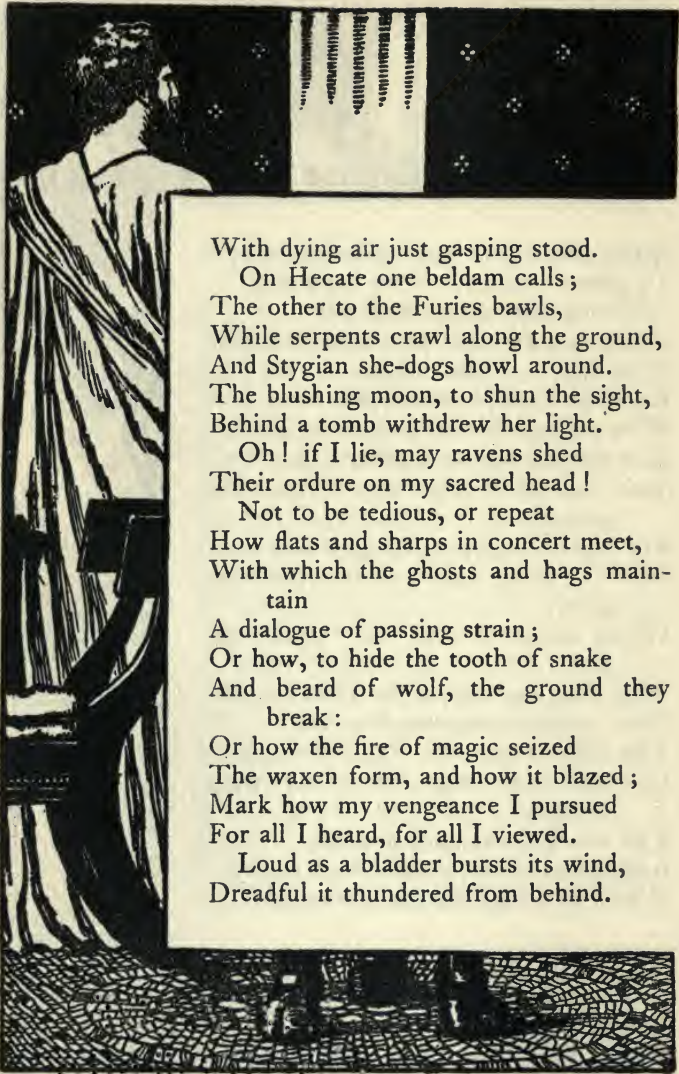
With dying air just gasping stood.
    On Hecate one beldam calls;
The other to the Furies bawls,
While serpents crawl along the ground,
And Stygian she-dogs howl around.
The blushing moon, to shun the sight,
Behind a tomb withdrew her light.
    Oh! if I lie, may ravens shed
Their ordure on my sacred head!
    Not to be tedious, or repeat
How flats and sharps in concert meet,
With which the ghosts and hags main-
        tain
A dialogue of passing strain;
Or how, to hide the tooth of snake
And beard of wolf, the ground they
        break:
Or how the fire of magic seized
The waxen form, and how it blazed;
Mark how my vengeance I pursued
For all I heard, for all I viewed.
    Loud as a bladder bursts its wind,
Dreadful it thundered from behind.

To town they scampered, struck with
    fear,
This lost her teeth, and that her hair.
They dropped the bracelets from their
    arms,
Their incantations, herbs and charm;
Whoe'er had seen them in their flight
Had burst with laughing at the sight.
<div align="right">FRANCIS.</div>
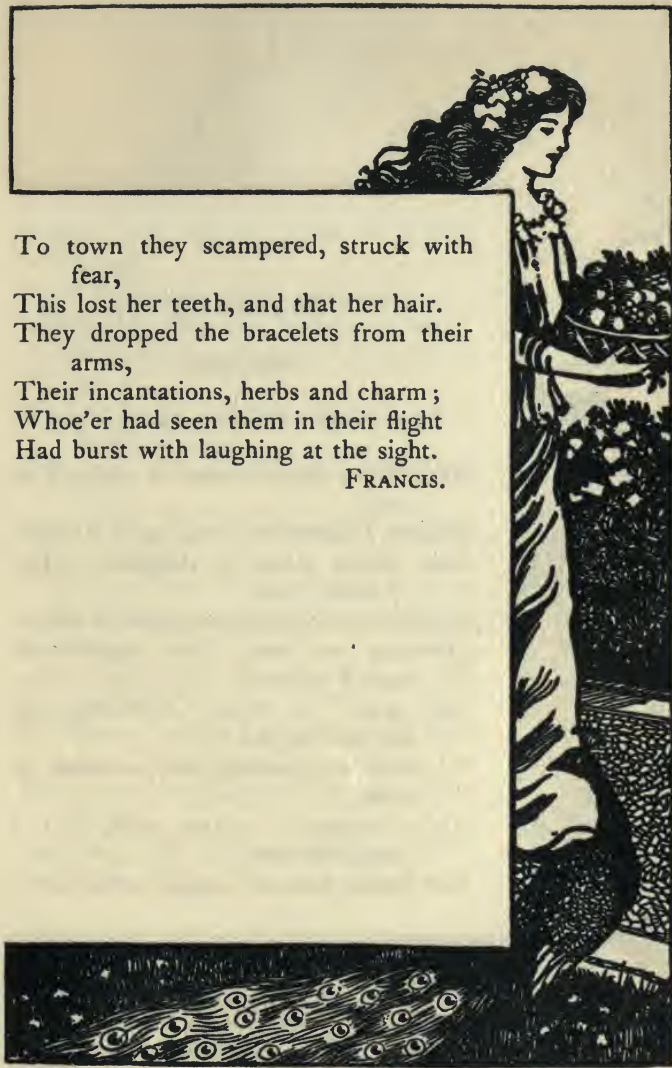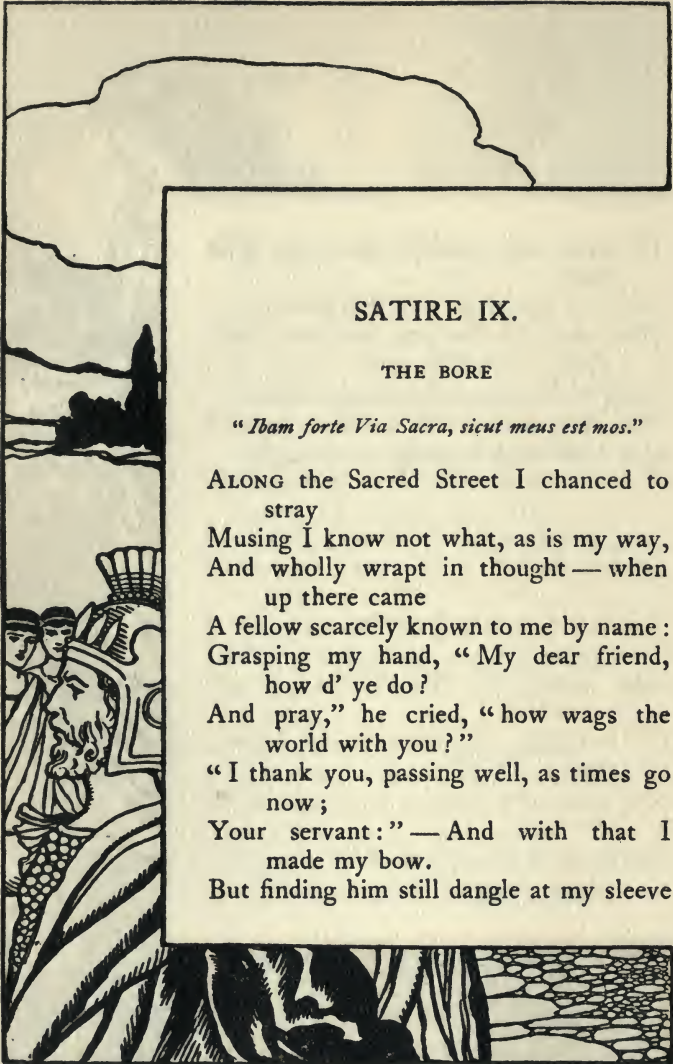
SATIRE IX.

THE BORE

" Ibam forte Via Sacra, sicut meus est mos."

ALONG the Sacred Street I chanced to
    stray
Musing I know not what, as is my way,
And wholly wrapt in thought — when
    up there came
A fellow scarcely known to me by name :
Grasping my hand, " My dear friend,
    how d' ye do ?
And pray," he cried, " how wags the
    world with you ? "
" I thank you, passing well, as times go
    now ;
Your servant : " — And with that I
    made my bow.
But finding him still dangle at my sleeve

Without the slightest sign of taking
    leave,
I turn with cold civility and say —
"Anything further, Sir, with me to-day ?"
— " Nay, truce with this reserve ! it is
    but fit
We two were friends, since I 'm a
    brother-wit."
Here some dull compliment I stammered
    out,
As, " That, Sir, recommends you much
    no doubt."
    Vext to the soul and dying to be gone,
I slacken now my pace, now hurry
    on ;
And sometimes halt at once in full
    career,
Whispering some trifle in my lackey's
    ear.
But when he still stuck by me as be-
    fore, —
Sweating with inward spleen at every
    pore,

Oh! how I longed to let my passion
 pass,
And sighed, Bolanus, for thy front of
 brass!
  Meanwhile he keeps up one incessant
 chat
About the streets, the houses, and all
 that:
Marking at last my silence — "Well,"
 said he,
" 'T is pretty plain you 're anxious to
 get free:
But patience, darling Sir! so lately met —
Odslife! I can not think of parting yet.
Inform me, whither are your footsteps
 bound?"
" To see (but pray don't let me drag you
 round)
A friend of mine, who lies extremely ill
A mile beyond the bridge, or further
 still." —
" Nay then, come on! I 've nothing else
 to do;

And as to distance, what is that — with
    you ! ”
  On hearing this, quite driven to
    despair,
Guess what my looks and what my
    feelings were !
Never did ass upon the public road,
When on his back he felt a double
    load,
Hang both his ears so dismal and so
    blank.
“ In me, Sir,” he continues, “ to be
    frank,
You know not what a friend you have
    in store :
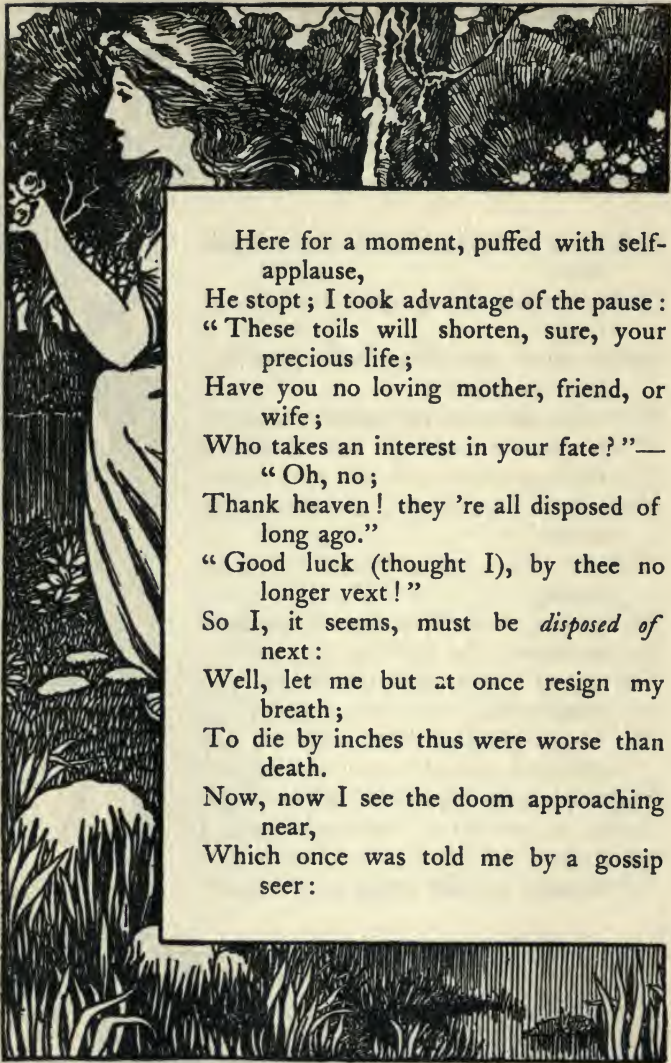Viscus and Varius will not charm you
    more.
For as to dancing, who with me can
   vie ?
Or who can scribble verse so fast as I ?
Again, in powers of voice so much I
    shine
Hermogenes himself might envy mine.”

Here for a moment, puffed with self-
applause,
He stopt; I took advantage of the pause:
"These toils will shorten, sure, your
precious life;
Have you no loving mother, friend, or
wife;
Who takes an interest in your fate?"—
"Oh, no;
Thank heaven! they're all disposed of
long ago."
"Good luck (thought I), by thee no
longer vext!"
So I, it seems, must be *disposed of*
next:
Well, let me but at once resign my
breath;
To die by inches thus were worse than
death.
Now, now I see the doom approaching
near,
Which once was told me by a gossip
seer:
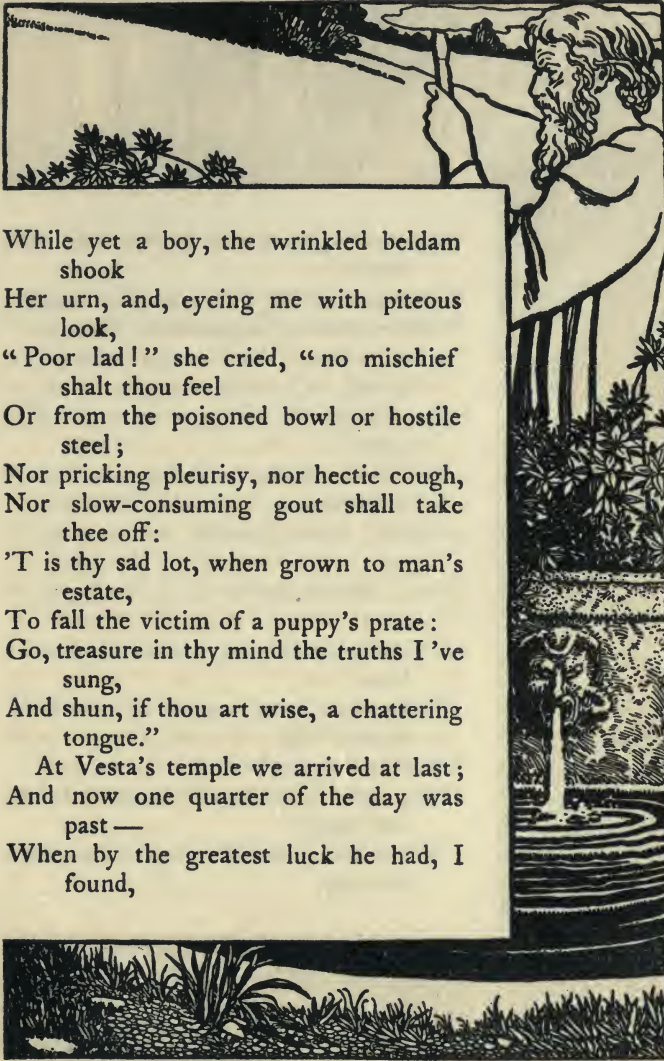
While yet a boy, the wrinkled beldam
    shook
Her urn, and, eyeing me with piteous
    look,
" Poor lad ! " she cried, " no mischief
    shalt thou feel
Or from the poisoned bowl or hostile
    steel ;
Nor pricking pleurisy, nor hectic cough,
Nor slow-consuming gout shall take
    thee off :
'T is thy sad lot, when grown to man's
    estate,
To fall the victim of a puppy's prate :
Go, treasure in thy mind the truths I 've
    sung,
And shun, if thou art wise, a chattering
    tongue."
  At Vesta's temple we arrived at last ;
And now one quarter of the day was
    past —
When by the greatest luck he had, I
    found,

To stand a suit, and by the law was
    bound
Either to answer to the charges brought,
Or else to suffer judgment by default.
"I'm sorry to detain you here," he
    cried;
"But might I ask you just to step
    aside?"
"You must excuse me; legs so cramped
    with gout
As mine, I fear, could never stand it
    out:
Then, may I perish if I've skill or
    taste
For law; besides, you know I am in
    haste." —
"Faith, now you make me doubtful
    what to do;
Whether to sacrifice my cause or you."
"Me, by all means, Sir! — me, I beg
    and pray."
"Not for the world," cried he, and led
    the way.

Convinced all further struggle was but
    vain,
I follow like a captive in his train.
    " Well " — he begins afresh — " how
    stand you, Sir,
In the good graces of our Minister ? " —
" His favourites are but few, and those
    select :
Never was one more nice and circum-
    spect."
" Enough — In all such cases I 'm the
    man
To work my way ! In short, to crown
    your plan,
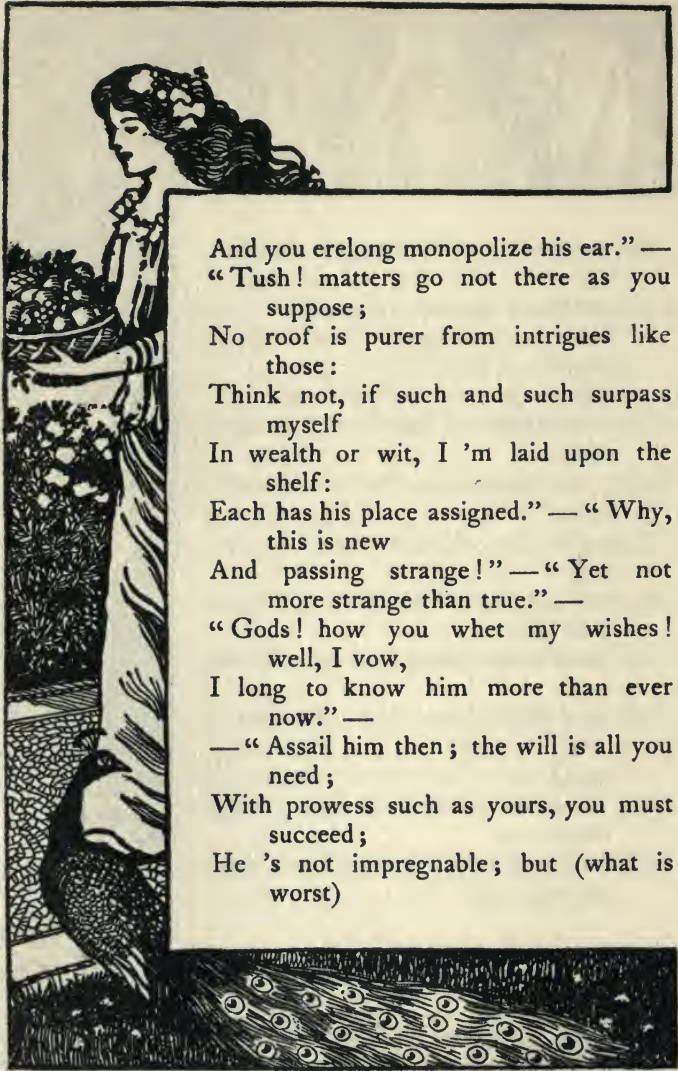You need some second, master of his
    art,
To act, d 'ye see, a sort of under-part.
Now what is easier ? — Do but recom-
    mend
Your humble servant to this noble
    friend ; —
And, take my word, the coast we soon
   should clear,

And you erelong monopolize his ear." —
"Tush! matters go not there as you
    suppose;
No roof is purer from intrigues like
    those:
Think not, if such and such surpass
    myself
In wealth or wit, I 'm laid upon the
    shelf:
Each has his place assigned." — "Why,
    this is new
And passing strange!" — "Yet not
    more strange than true." —
"Gods! how you whet my wishes!
    well, I vow,
I long to know him more than ever
    now." —
— "Assail him then; the will is all you
    need;
With prowess such as yours, you must
    succeed;
He 's not impregnable; but (what is
    worst)

He knows it, and is therefore shy at first."
" If that 's his humour, trust me, I shall
    spare
No kind of pains to win admittance
    there :
I 'll bribe his porter; if denied to-day,
I 'll not desist, but try some other
    way :
I 'll watch occasions — linger in his suite,
Waylay, salute, huzzah him through the
    street.
Nothing of consequence beneath the sun
Without great labour ever yet was
    done."
  Thus he proceeded prattling without
    end,
When — who should meet us but my
    worthy friend,
Aristius Fuscus, one who knew the fop
And all his humours : up he comes —
    we stop.
" Whence now, good Sir, and whither
    bound ? " he cries,
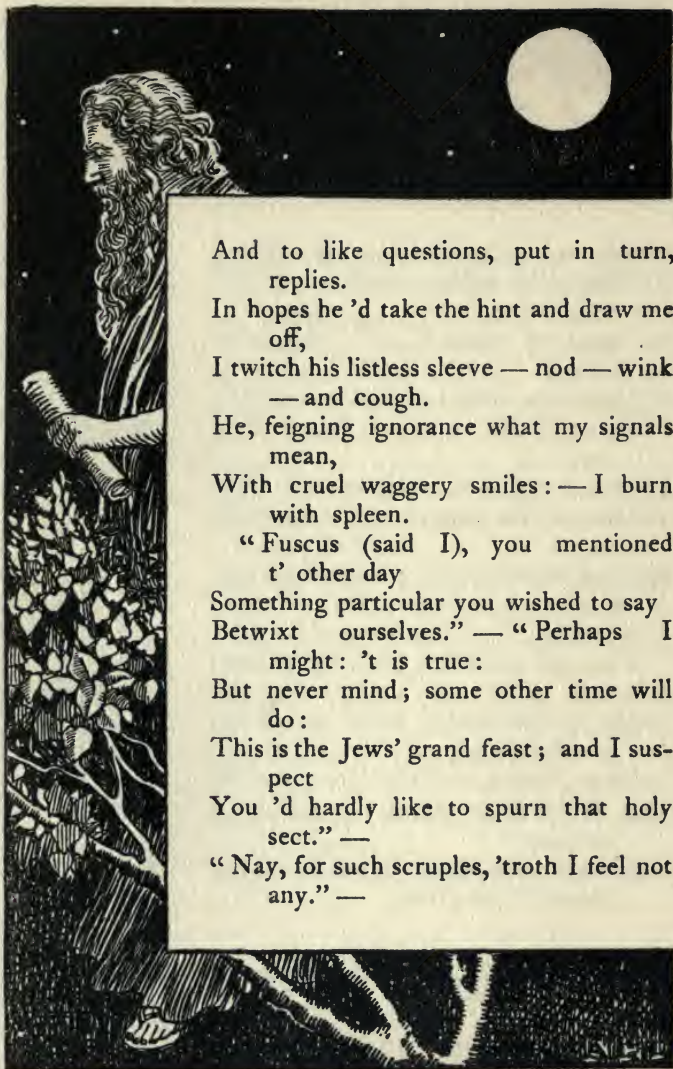
And to like questions, put in turn,
    replies.
In hopes he 'd take the hint and draw me
    off,
I twitch his listless sleeve — nod — wink
    — and cough.
He, feigning ignorance what my signals
    mean,
With cruel waggery smiles : — I burn
    with spleen.
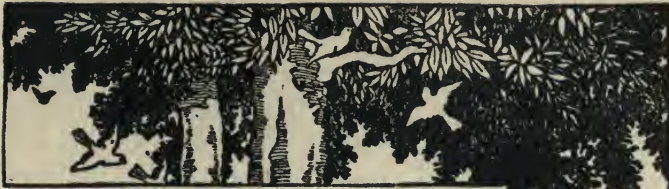 "Fuscus (said I), you mentioned
    t' other day
Something particular you wished to say
Betwixt   ourselves." — "Perhaps   I
    might : 't is true :
But never mind ; some other time will
    do :
This is the Jews' grand feast ; and I sus-
    pect
You 'd hardly like to spurn that holy
    sect." —
"Nay, for such scruples, 'troth I feel not
    any." —

"Well, but I do, and, like the vulgar
    many,
Am rather tender in such points as
    these:
So by and bye of that, Sir, if you
    please." —
Ah me! that e'er so dark a sun should
    rise!
Away the pitiless barbarian flies,
And leaves me baffled, half bereft of
    life,
All at the mercy of the ruthless
    knife.
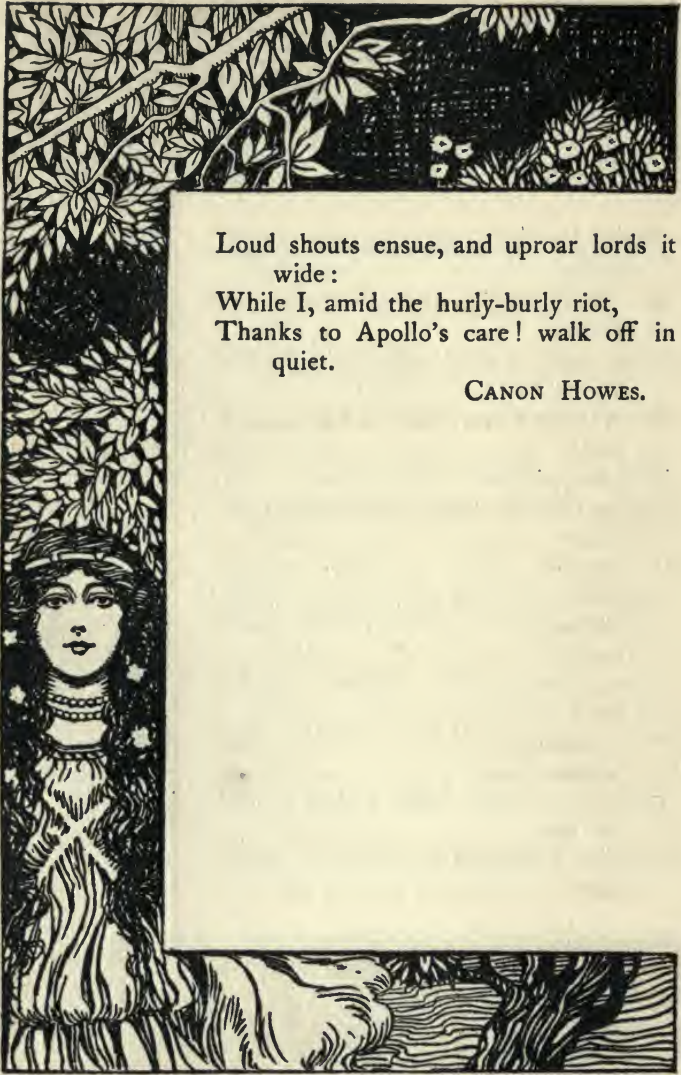 With hue and cry the plaintiff comes
    at last;
"Soho there, sirrah! whither now so
    fast?
Sir" — he addressed me — "You 'll bear
    witness here?"
"Ay, that I will," quoth I, and turned
    my ear.
Anon he 's dragged to court; on either
    side

Loud shouts ensue, and uproar lords it
    wide :
While I, amid the hurly-burly riot,
Thanks to Apollo's care! walk off in
   quiet.
                CANON HOWES.

SATIRE X.

" Lucili, quam sis mendosus, teste Catone."

YES, I did say that old Lucilius' song
In rough unmeasured numbers halts
    along :
And who so blindly partial to his verse,
That dares to call Lucilius smooth and
    terse ?
Yet that with ridicule's keen gibe he
    knew
To lash the town, I gave him honour
    due.
Let then his humourous talent stand
    confest ;
Still granting this, I must withhold the
    rest :
For, if mere wit all excellence com-
    bine,
The farces of Laberius were divine.
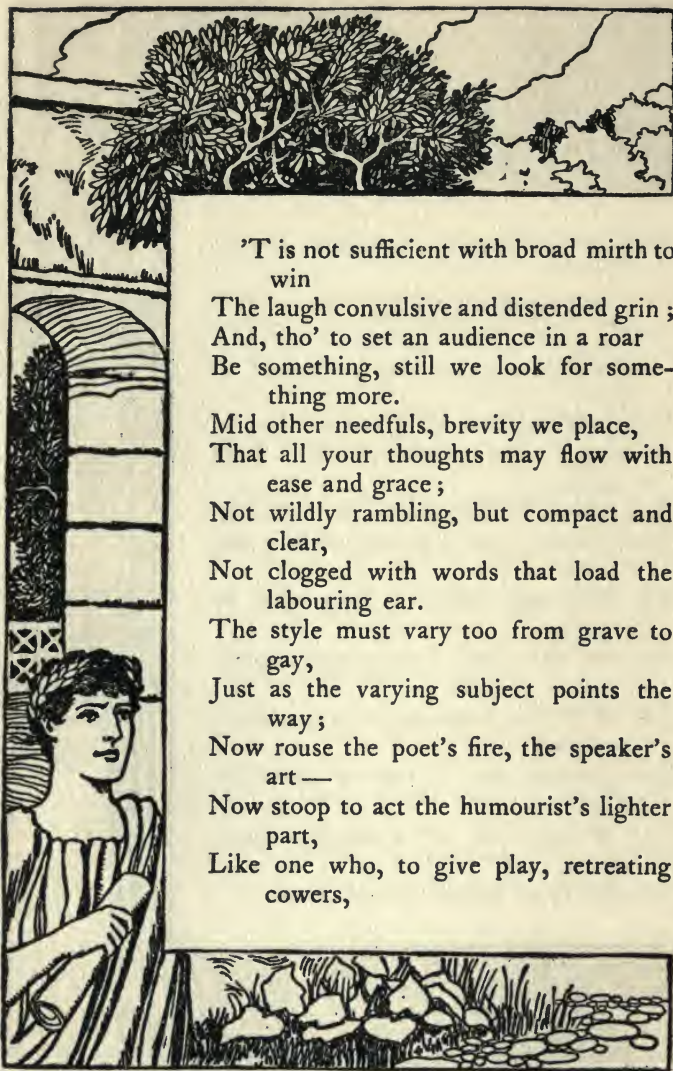
'T is not sufficient with broad mirth to
    win
The laugh convulsive and distended grin;
And, tho' to set an audience in a roar
Be something, still we look for some-
    thing more.
Mid other needfuls, brevity we place,
That all your thoughts may flow with
    ease and grace;
Not wildly rambling, but compact and
    clear,
Not clogged with words that load the
    labouring ear.
The style must vary too from grave to
    gay,
Just as the varying subject points the
    way;
Now rouse the poet's fire, the speaker's
    art —
Now stoop to act the humourist's lighter
    part,
Like one who, to give play, retreating
    cowers,

And purposely puts forth but half his
    powers :
For oft a smile beyond a frown prevails,
And raillery triumphs where invective
    fails.
In this the earlier comic bards excel,
In this deserve our imitation well ; —
Those wits whom nor Hermogenes the
    fair
Nor that pert jackanapes e'er made his
    care,
Who only knows Catullus' strains to
    sing
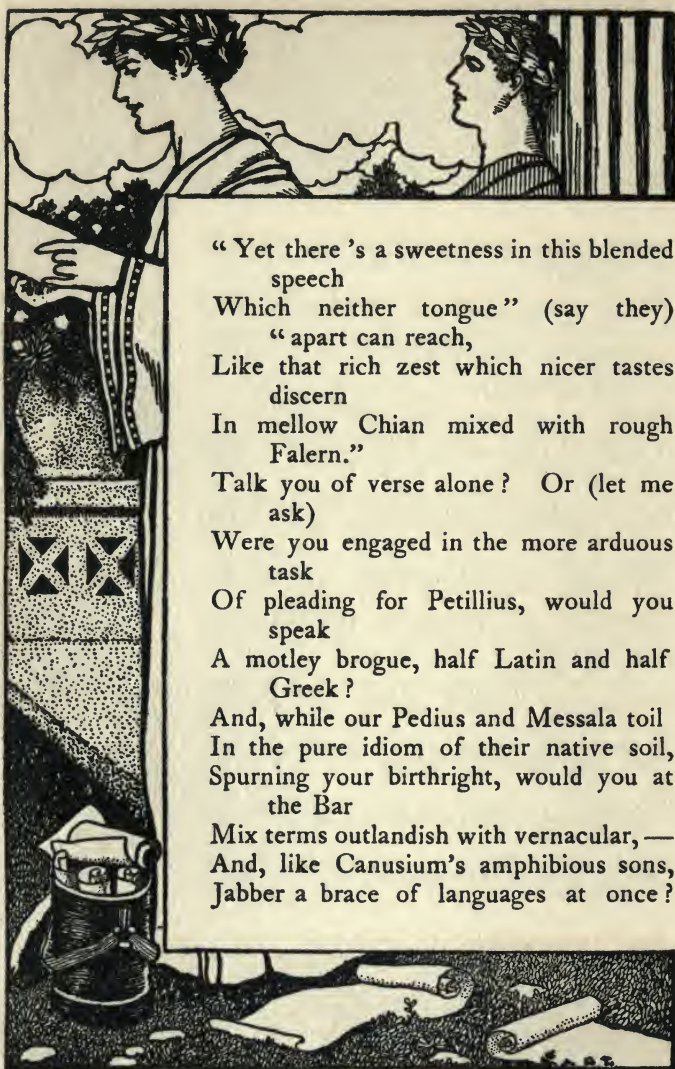And troll soft Calvus to the warbling
    string.
  But 't is alleged, " that old Lucilius
    shines
In mingling Greek with Latin in his
    lines."
Ye puny pedants ! seems it strange to
    you
What ev'n Pitholeon of Rhodes could
    do ? —

"Yet there 's a sweetness in this blended
    speech
Which neither tongue" (say they)
    "apart can reach,
Like that rich zest which nicer tastes
    discern
In mellow Chian mixed with rough
    Falern."
Talk you of verse alone? Or (let me
    ask)
Were you engaged in the more arduous
    task
Of pleading for Petillius, would you
    speak
A motley brogue, half Latin and half
    Greek?
And, while our Pedius and Messala toil
In the pure idiom of their native soil,
Spurning your birthright, would you at
    the Bar
Mix terms outlandish with vernacular, —
And, like Canusium's amphibious sons,
Jabber a brace of languages at once?

In early youth, when strong was my
    desire
With Latian hand to smite the Attic
    lyre,
Rome's founder, at the hour when dreams
    are true,
Rose in a vision to my wondering view:
" Horace ! " — said he in accents deep
    and slow,
" Horace ! the fruitless enterprise forego :
To swell the host of Grecians were as
    vain
As adding water to the boundless main."
Hence, while Alpinus in bombastic line
Lays Memnon low and mars the head
    of Rhine,
These sportive lays, I sing, ne'er meant
    to vie
For ivy crowns 'neath Tarpa's critic
    eye,
Nor fraught with ribald mirth or tragic
    rage
Night after night to figure on the stage.

To paint the lavish stripling's crafty
    girl
Plotting with Davus to outwit the
    churl —
This is a branch of art, Fundanius,
    known
Of modern wits to you and you alone,
Whose pencil to the prattling scene can
    give
That air of truth which bids the picture
    live :
In stately trimeters proud Pollio sings
The tragic fate of heroes and of kings :
Varius in matchless numbers full and
    grand
Pours his bold epic with a master's
    hand ;
While every muse that haunts the sylvan
    plain
Breathes grace and elegance in Vergil's
    strain.
In Satire only, which with some few
    more
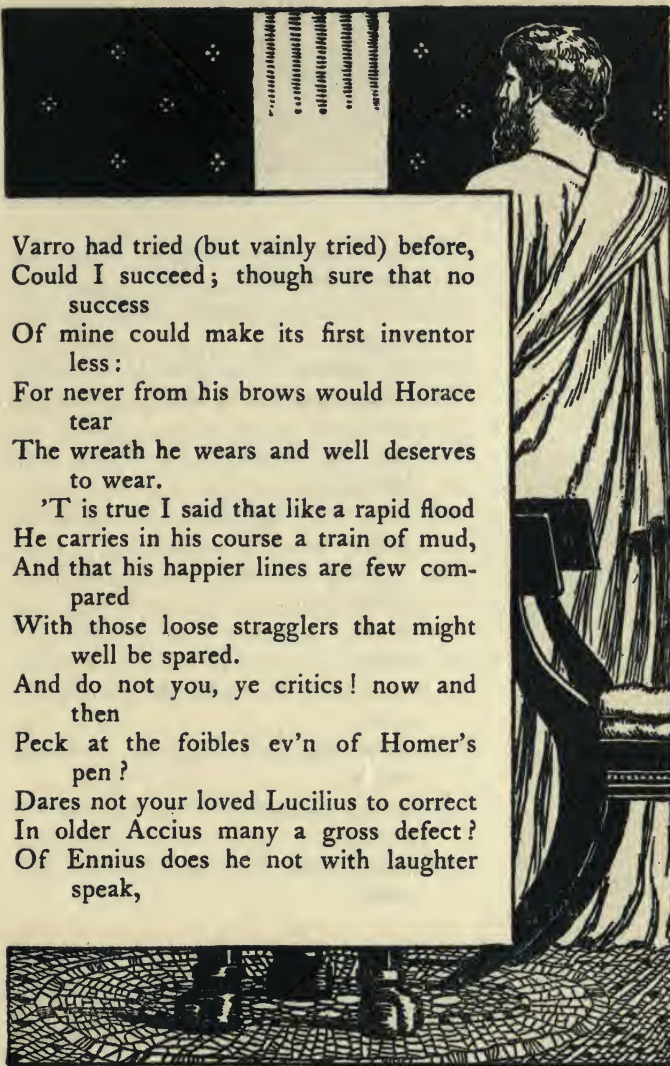
Varro had tried (but vainly tried) before,
Could I succeed; though sure that no
    success
Of mine could make its first inventor
    less :
For never from his brows would Horace
    tear
The wreath he wears and well deserves
    to wear.
  'T is true I said that like a rapid flood
He carries in his course a train of mud,
And that his happier lines are few com-
    pared
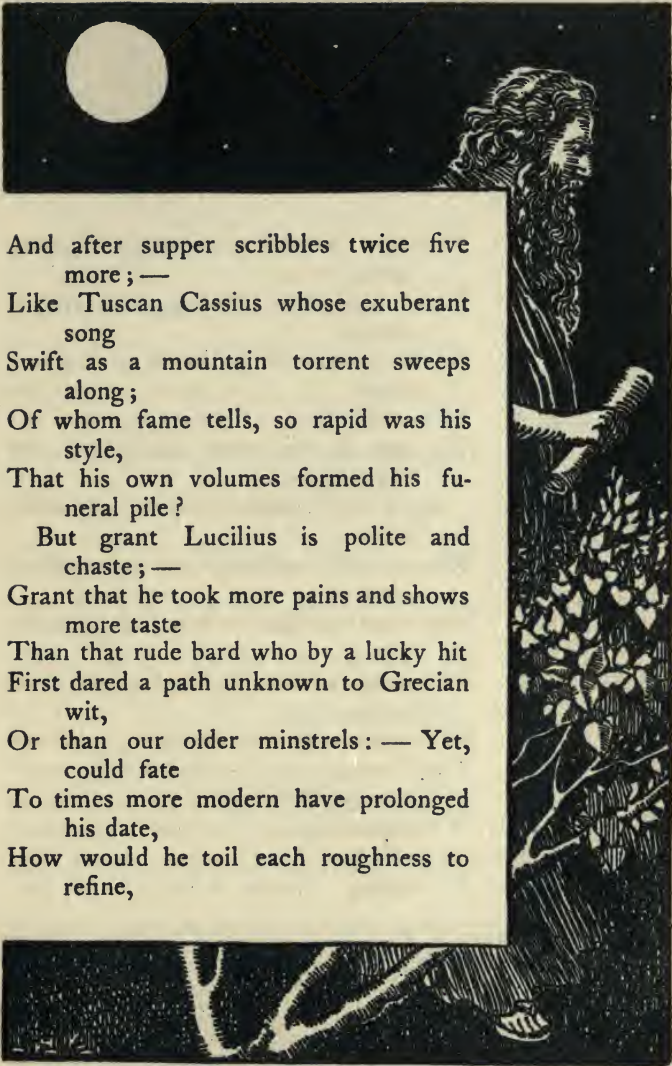With those loose stragglers that might
    well be spared.
And do not you, ye critics! now and
   then
Peck at the foibles ev'n of Homer's
    pen ?
Dares not your loved Lucilius to correct
In older Accius many a gross defect ?
Of Ennius does he not with laughter
    speak,
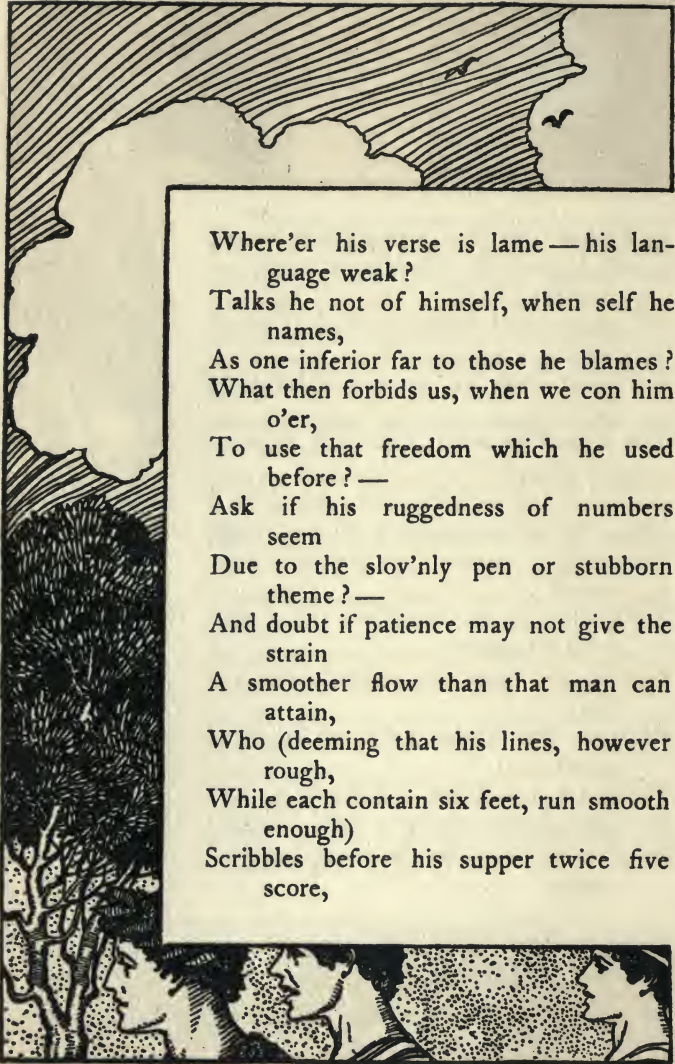
Where'er his verse is lame — his lan-
    guage weak?
Talks he not of himself, when self he
    names,
As one inferior far to those he blames?
What then forbids us, when we con him
    o'er,
To use that freedom which he used
    before? —
Ask if his ruggedness of numbers
    seem
Due to the slov'nly pen or stubborn
    theme? —
And doubt if patience may not give the
    strain
A smoother flow than that man can
    attain,
Who (deeming that his lines, however
    rough,
While each contain six feet, run smooth
    enough)
Scribbles before his supper twice five
    score,

And after supper scribbles twice five
    more ; —
Like Tuscan Cassius whose exuberant
    song
Swift as a mountain torrent sweeps
    along ;
Of whom fame tells, so rapid was his
    style,
That his own volumes formed his fu-
    neral pile ?
  But grant Lucilius is polite and
    chaste ; —
Grant that he took more pains and shows
    more taste
Than that rude bard who by a lucky hit
First dared a path unknown to Grecian
    wit,
Or than our older minstrels : — Yet,
    could fate
To times more modern have prolonged
    his date,
How would he toil each roughness to
    refine,
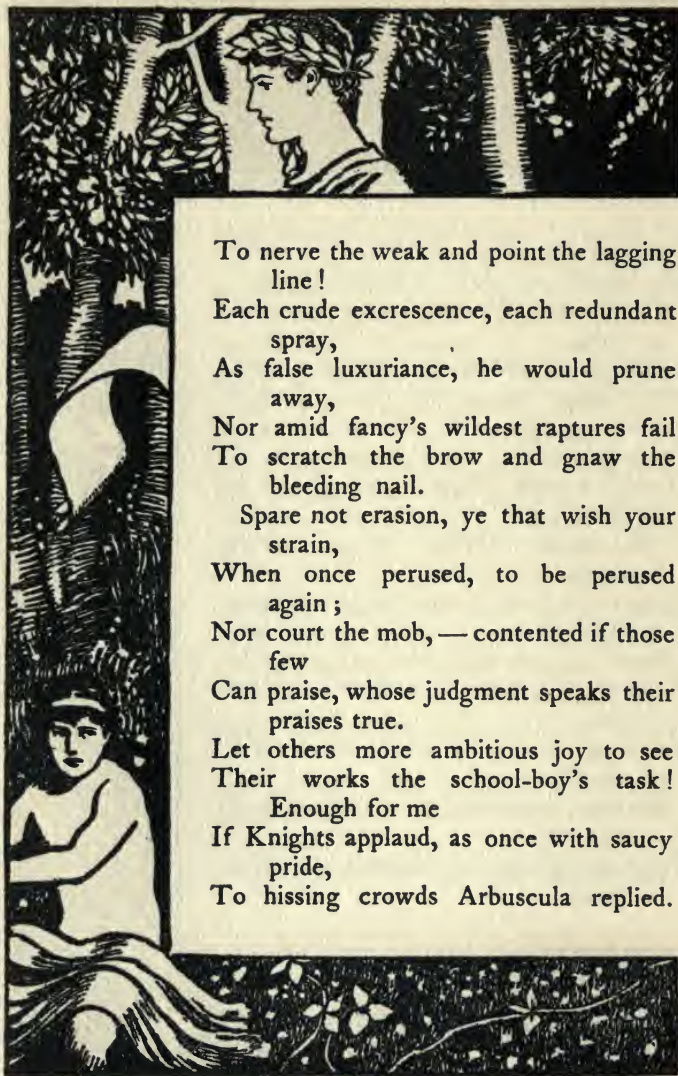
To nerve the weak and point the lagging
  line !
Each crude excrescence, each redundant
  spray,
As false luxuriance, he would prune
  away,
Nor amid fancy's wildest raptures fail
To scratch the brow and gnaw the
  bleeding nail.
  Spare not erasion, ye that wish your
    strain,
When once perused, to be perused
  again ;
Nor court the mob, — contented if those
  few
Can praise, whose judgment speaks their
  praises true.
Let others more ambitious joy to see
Their works the school-boy's task !
  Enough for me
If Knights applaud, as once with saucy
  pride,
To hissing crowds Arbuscula replied.

What — shall the bug Pantilius move
    my spleen ?
Or shall I fret because unheard, unseen,
Demetrius aims his pitiful attack
And spurts his venomed slime behind
    my back ?
Shall sneers from Fannius, or his dan-
    gling guest,
The pert Hermogenes, disturb my rest ?
No — let Mæcenas smile upon my
    lays, —
Let Plotius, Varius, Valgius, Vergil
    praise, —
Let Fuscus and the good Octavius
    deign
With either Viscus to approve the
    strain ; —
And, far from idle dreams of vulgar
    fame,
You, Pollio ! you, Messala ! let me name,
Nor, less your brother ; candid Furnius
    too,
And you, my Bibulus ! and Servius ! you :
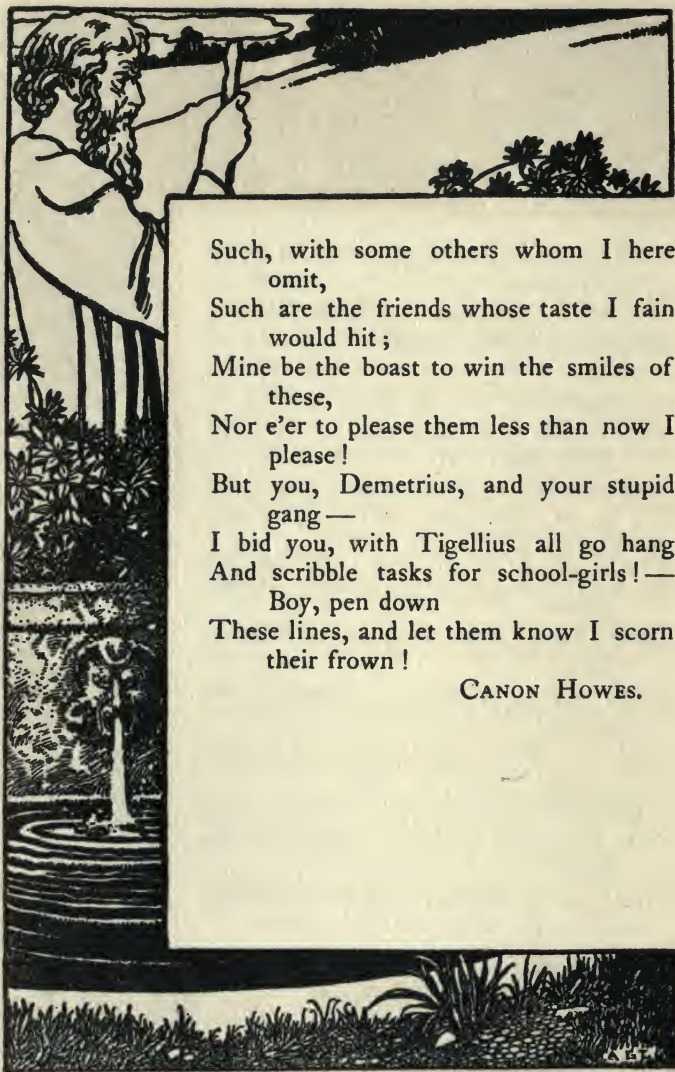
Such, with some others whom I here
  omit,
Such are the friends whose taste I fain
  would hit;
Mine be the boast to win the smiles of
  these,
Nor e'er to please them less than now I
  please!
But you, Demetrius, and your stupid
  gang —
I bid you, with Tigellius all go hang
And scribble tasks for school-girls! —
  Boy, pen down
These lines, and let them know I scorn
  their frown!

<div align="right">CANON HOWES.</div>
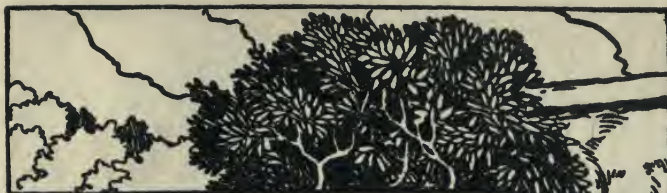
BOOK II.

SATIRE I.

" Sunt, quibus in satira videor nimis acer et ultra."

Horace. THERE are, to whom too poign-
    ant I appear;
Beyond the laws of satire too severe.
My lines are weak, unsinewed, others
    say,
" A man might spin a thousand such a
    day."
What shall I do, Trebatius? *Trebatius.*
    Write no more.
    H. What! Give the dear delight of
    scribbling o'er?
    T. Yes. *H.* Let me die but your
    advice were best.
But sir, I cannot sleep; I cannot
    rest.

T. Swim o'er the Tiber, if you want
   to sleep,
Or the dull sense in t' other bottle steep:
If you must write, to Cæsar tune your
   lays,
Indulge your genius, and your fortune
   raise.
   H. Oh! were I equal to the glorious
      theme,
Bristled with spears his iron war should
   gleam:
A thousand darts should pierce the
   hardy Gaul,
And from his horse the wounded Par-
   thian fall.
   T. Then give his peaceful virtues
      forth to fame;
His fortitude and justice be your theme.
   H. Yes. I will hold the daring
      theme in view,
Perhaps hereafter your advice pursue.
But Cæsar never will your Flaccus
   hear;

A languid panegyric hurts his ear.
Too strongly guarded from the poet's
    lays,
He spurns the flatterer, and his saucy
    praise.
  T. Better even this, than cruelly
    defame,
And point buffoons and villains out by
    name.
Sure to be hated even by those you spare,
Who hate in just proportion as they
    fear.
  H. Tell me, Trebatius, are not all
    mankind
To different pleasures, different whims
    inclined ?
Millonius dances when his head grows
    light,
And the dim lamp shines double to his
    sight.
The twin-born brothers in their sports
    divide ;
Pollux loves boxing ; Castor joys to ride.
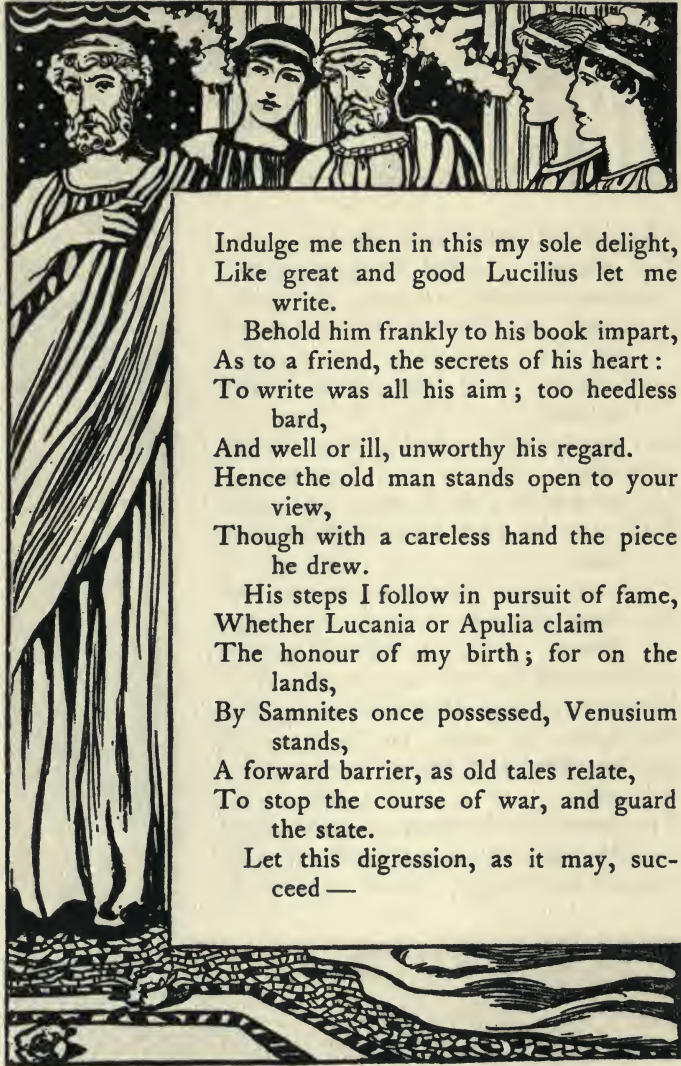
Indulge me then in this my sole delight,
Like great and good Lucilius let me
    write.
    Behold him frankly to his book impart,
As to a friend, the secrets of his heart:
To write was all his aim; too heedless
    bard,
And well or ill, unworthy his regard.
Hence the old man stands open to your
   view,
Though with a careless hand the piece
    he drew.
    His steps I follow in pursuit of fame,
Whether Lucania or Apulia claim
The honour of my birth; for on the
    lands,
By Samnites once possessed, Venusium
    stands,
A forward barrier, as old tales relate,
To stop the course of war, and guard
    the state.
    Let this digression, as it may, suc-
    ceed —

132
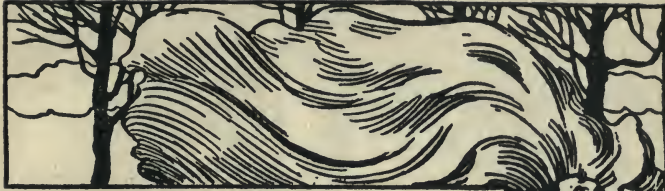
No honest man shall by my satire
    bleed;
It guards me like a sword, and safe it
    lies
Within the sheath, till villains round
    me rise.
    Dread king, and father of the mortal
      race,
Behold me, harmless bard, how fond of
    peace !
And may all kinds of mischief-making
    steel
In rust, eternal rust, thy vengeance feel !
But who provokes me, or attacks my
    fame,
" Better not touch me, friend," I loud
    exclaim ;
His eyes shall weep the folly of his
    tongue,
By laughing crowds in rueful ballad
    sung.
    The informer Cervius threatens with
      the laws ;
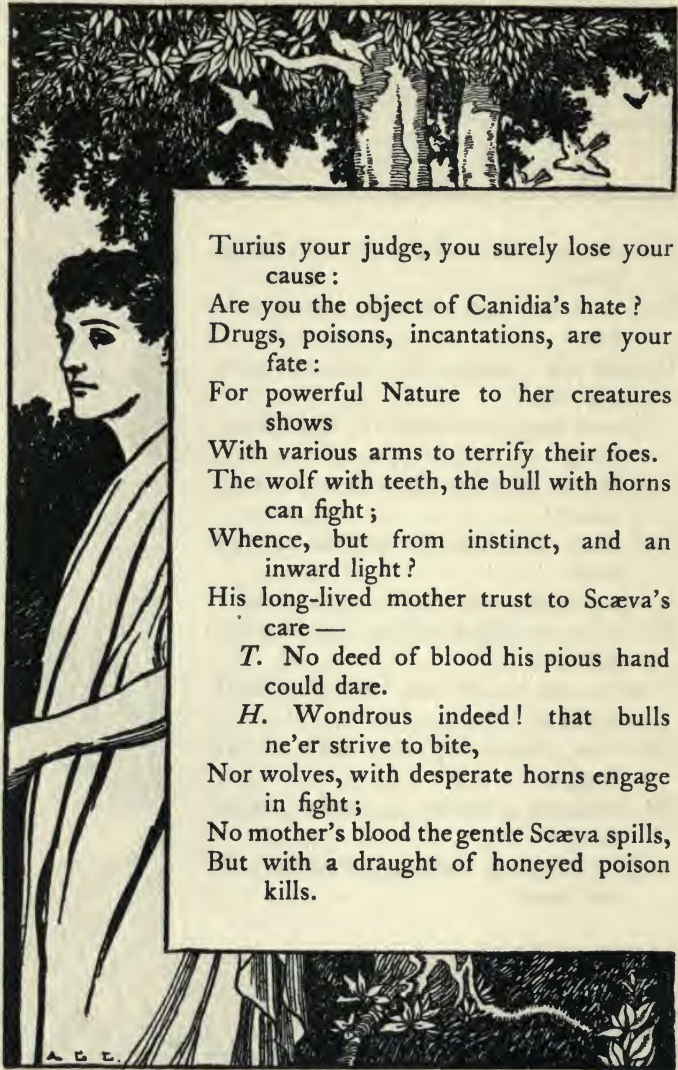
Turius your judge, you surely lose your
cause :
Are you the object of Canidia's hate ?
Drugs, poisons, incantations, are your
fate :
For powerful Nature to her creatures
shows
With various arms to terrify their foes.
The wolf with teeth, the bull with horns
can fight ;
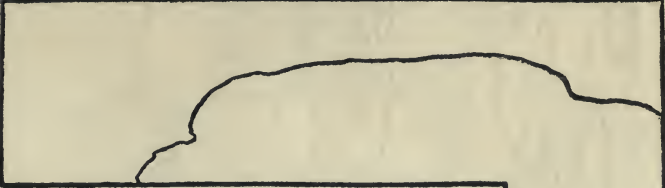Whence, but from instinct, and an
inward light ?
His long-lived mother trust to Scæva's
care —
   T. No deed of blood his pious hand
could dare.
   H. Wondrous indeed ! that bulls
ne'er strive to bite,
Nor wolves, with desperate horns engage
in fight ;
No mother's blood the gentle Scæva spills,
But with a draught of honeyed poison
kills.

Then, whether age my peaceful hours
    attend,
Or death his sable pinions round me
    bend;
Or rich, or poor; at Rome; to exile
    driven;
Whatever lot by powerful fate is given,
Yet write I will.   *T.* O boy, thy fate is
    sped,
And short thy days. Some lord shall
    strike thee dead
With freezing look — *H.* What! in
    his honest page,
When good Lucilius lashed a vicious
    age,
From conscious villains tore the mask
    away,
And stript them naked to the glare of
    day,
Were Lælius or his friend (whose glorious
    name
From conquered Carthage deathless rose
    to fame),

135
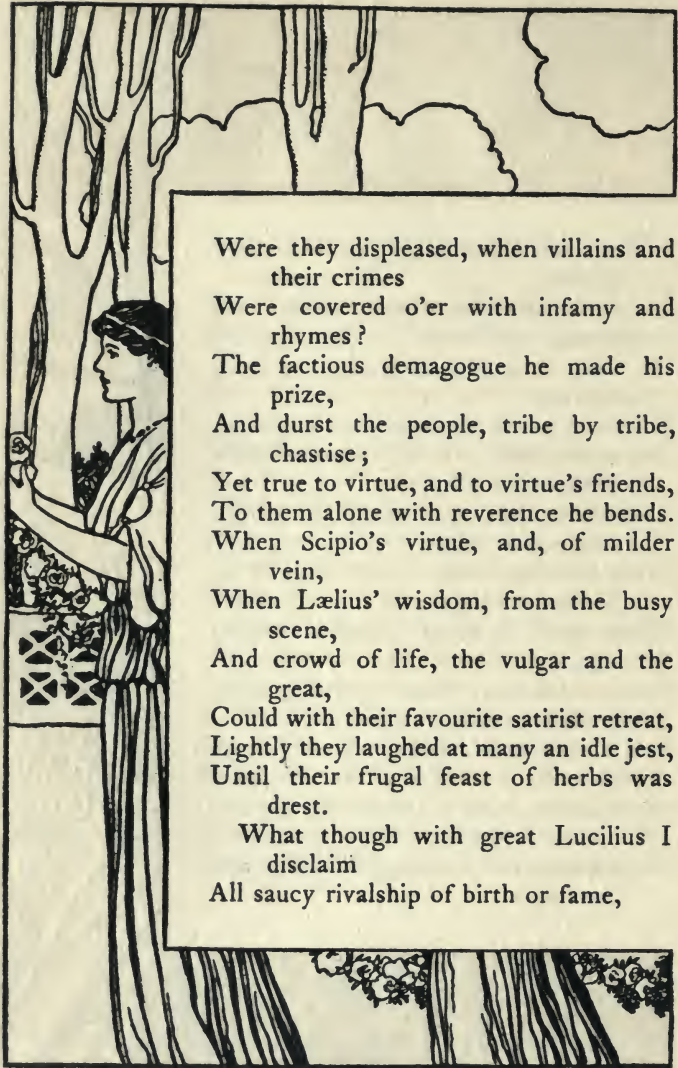
Were they displeased, when villains and
    their crimes
Were covered o'er with infamy and
    rhymes?
The factious demagogue he made his
    prize,
And durst the people, tribe by tribe,
    chastise;
Yet true to virtue, and to virtue's friends,
To them alone with reverence he bends.
When Scipio's virtue, and, of milder
    vein,
When Lælius' wisdom, from the busy
    scene,
And crowd of life, the vulgar and the
    great,
Could with their favourite satirist retreat,
Lightly they laughed at many an idle jest,
Until their frugal feast of herbs was
    drest.
    What though with great Lucilius I
      disclaim
All saucy rivalship of birth or fame,

Spite of herself even Envy must confess
That I the friendship of the great possess,
And, if she dare attempt my honest fame,
Shall break her teeth against my solid
    name.
This is my plea; on this I rest my
    cause —
What says my counsel, learnèd in the
    laws?
  T. Your case is clearer; yet let me
    advise;
For sad mishaps from ignorance arise.
Behold the pains and penalties decreed
To libellers — *H.* To libellers indeed!
But, if with truth his characters he
    draws,
Even Cæsar shall support the poet's
    cause;
The formal process shall be turned to
    sport,
And you dismissed with honour by the
    court.

                  Francis.

137

SATIRE II.

ON FRUGALITY

" Quæ virtus et quanta, boni, sit vivere parvo."

WHAT, and how great the virtue,
    friends, to live
On what the gods with frugal bounty
    give,
(Nor are they mine, but sage Ofellus'
    rules
Of mother-wit, and wise without the
    schools,)
Come learn with me, but learn before ye
    dine,
Ere with luxurious pomp the table shine;
Ere yet its madding splendours are dis-
    played,
That dull the sense, and the weak mind
    mislead.

Yet why before we dine?   I 'll tell ye,
    friends,
A judge, when bribed, but ill to truth
    attends.
  Pursue the chase: the unmanaged
    courser rein :
Or, if the Roman war ill suit thy vein,
To Grecian revels formed, at tennis play,
Or at the manly discus waste the day :
With vigour hurl it through the yielding
    air
(The sport shall make the labour less
    severe) ;
Then, when the loathings that from sur-
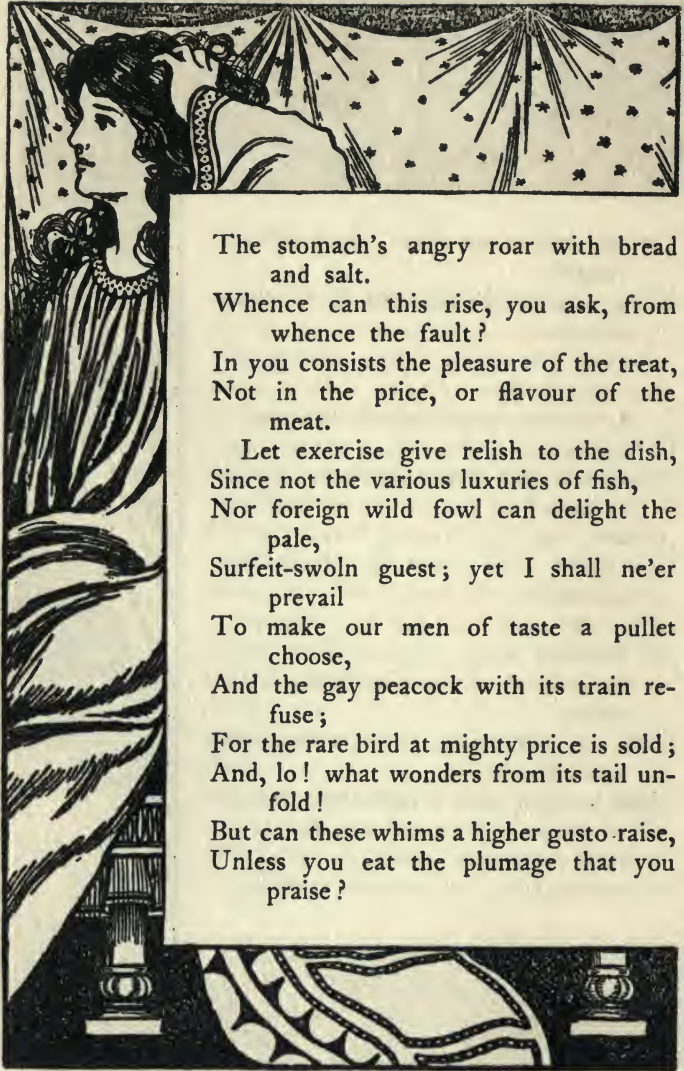   feits rise
Are quelled by toil, a homely meal de-
    spise ;
Then the Falernian grape with pride
    disclaim,
Unless with honey we correct its flame.
  Your butler strolls abroad; the win-
    tered sea
Defends its fish; but you can well allay

The stomach's angry roar with bread
    and salt.
Whence can this rise, you ask, from
    whence the fault?
In you consists the pleasure of the treat,
Not in the price, or flavour of the
    meat.
  Let exercise give relish to the dish,
Since not the various luxuries of fish,
Nor foreign wild fowl can delight the
    pale,
Surfeit-swoln guest; yet I shall ne'er
    prevail
To make our men of taste a pullet
   choose,
And the gay peacock with its train re-
    fuse;
For the rare bird at mighty price is sold;
And, lo! what wonders from its tail un-
    fold!
But can these whims a higher gusto raise,
Unless you eat the plumage that you
    praise?

Or do its glories, when 't is boiled, re-
      main ?
No ; 't is the unequalled beauty of its train
Deludes your eye, and charms you to the
      feast,
For hens and peacocks are alike in taste.
   But say, by what discernment are you
      taught
To know that this voracious pike was
      caught
Where the full river's lenient waters
      glide,
Or where the bridges break the rapid
      tide ;
In the mild ocean, or where Tiber pays
With broader course his tribute to the
      seas ?
   Madly you praise the mullet's three-
      pound weight,
And yet you stew it piecemeal ere you
      eat ;
Your eye deceives you ; wherefore else
      dislike
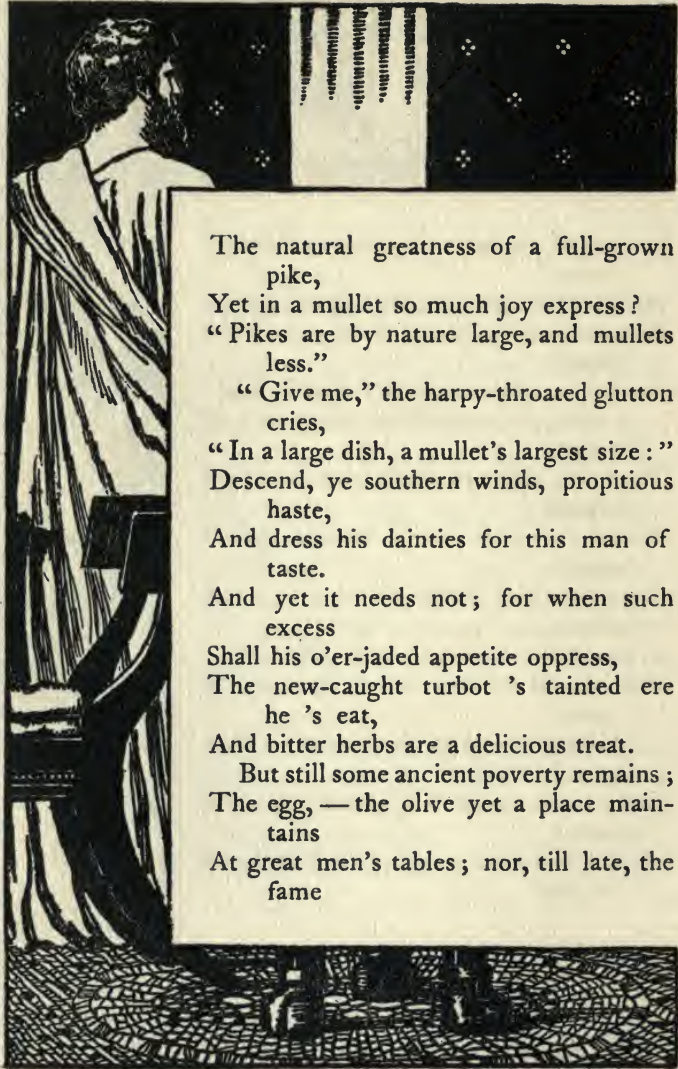
The natural greatness of a full-grown
    pike,
Yet in a mullet so much joy express?
" Pikes are by nature large, and mullets
    less."
   " Give me," the harpy-throated glutton
     cries,
" In a large dish, a mullet's largest size : "
Descend, ye southern winds, propitious
    haste,
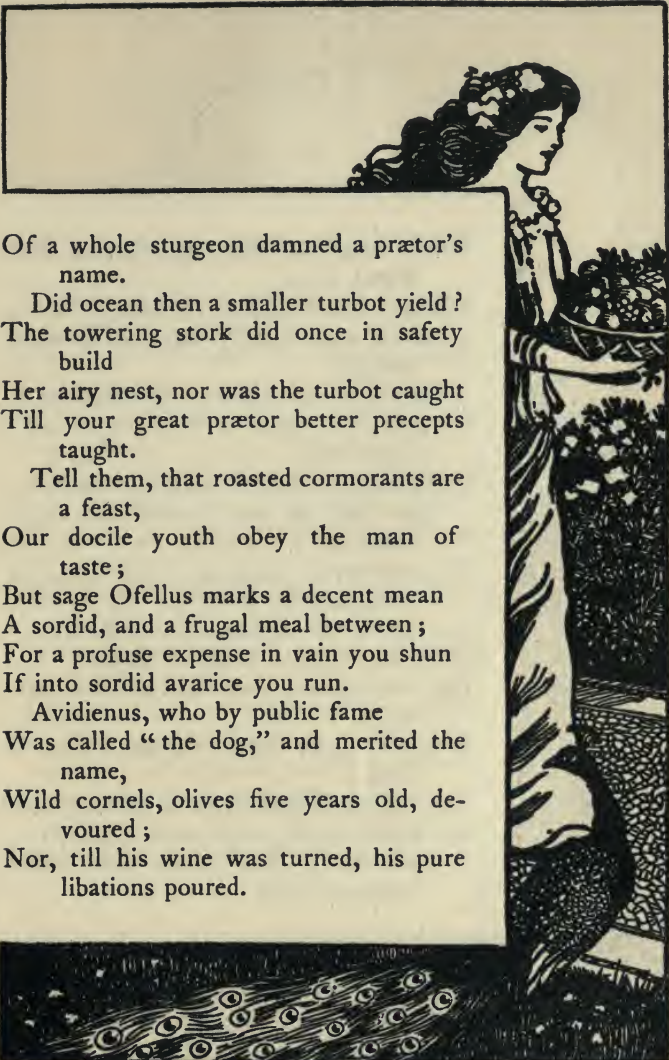And dress his dainties for this man of
    taste.
And yet it needs not; for when such
    excess
Shall his o'er-jaded appetite oppress,
The new-caught turbot 's tainted ere
    he 's eat,
And bitter herbs are a delicious treat.
   But still some ancient poverty remains ;
The egg, — the olive yet a place main-
    tains
At great men's tables; nor, till late, the
    fame

Of a whole sturgeon damned a prætor's
     name.
   Did ocean then a smaller turbot yield?
The towering stork did once in safety
     build
Her airy nest, nor was the turbot caught
Till your great prætor better precepts
     taught.
   Tell them, that roasted cormorants are
     a feast,
Our docile youth obey the man of
     taste;
But sage Ofellus marks a decent mean
A sordid, and a frugal meal between;
For a profuse expense in vain you shun
If into sordid avarice you run.
   Avidienus, who by public fame
Was called "the dog," and merited the
     name,
Wild cornels, olives five years old, de-
     voured;
Nor, till his wine was turned, his pure
     libations poured.

143
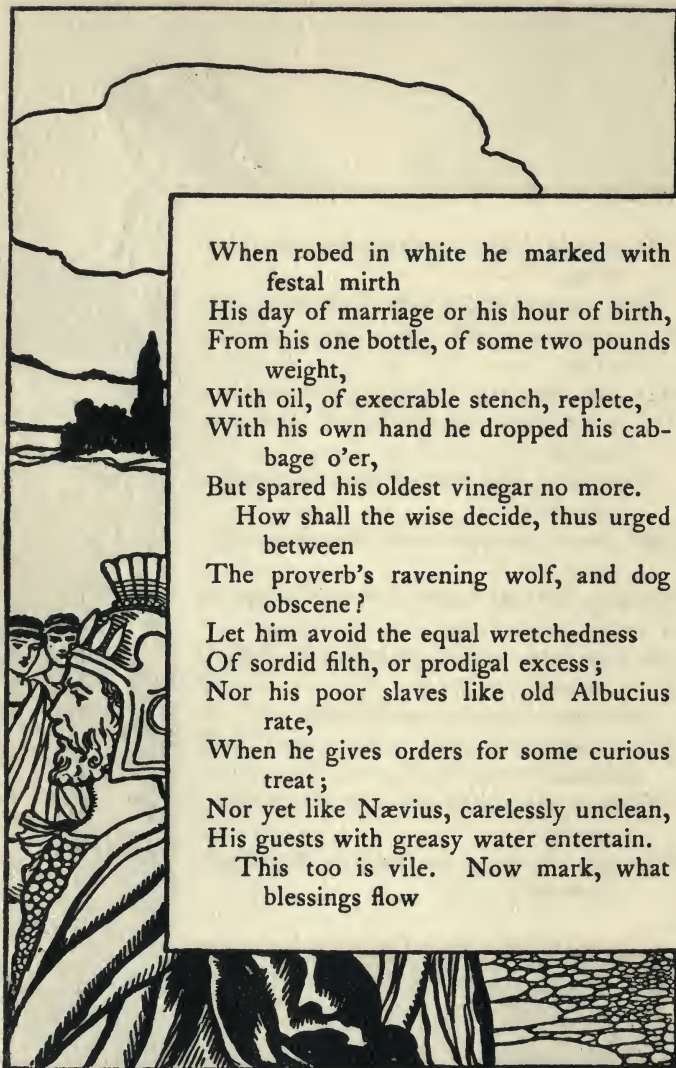
When robed in white he marked with
    festal mirth
His day of marriage or his hour of birth,
From his one bottle, of some two pounds
    weight,
With oil, of execrable stench, replete,
With his own hand he dropped his cab-
    bage o'er,
But spared his oldest vinegar no more.
  How shall the wise decide, thus urged
    between
The proverb's ravening wolf, and dog
    obscene?
Let him avoid the equal wretchedness
Of sordid filth, or prodigal excess;
Nor his poor slaves like old Albucius
    rate,
When he gives orders for some curious
    treat;
Nor yet like Nævius, carelessly unclean,
His guests with greasy water entertain.
  This too is vile. Now mark, what
    blessings flow

144

From temperate meals; and first they
    can bestow
That prime of blessings, health: for
    you 'll confess
That various meats the stomach must
    oppress,
If you reflect how light, how well you
    were
When plain and simple was your cheer-
    ful fare;
But roast, and boiled, when you promis-
    cuous eat,
When fowl and shell-fish in confusion
    meet,
Sweets, turned to choler, with cold phlegm
    engage,
And civil war in the racked stomach
    wage.
   Behold how pale the sated guests arise
From suppers, puzzled with varieties!
The body too, with yesterday's excess
Burthened and tired, shall the pure soul
    depress;
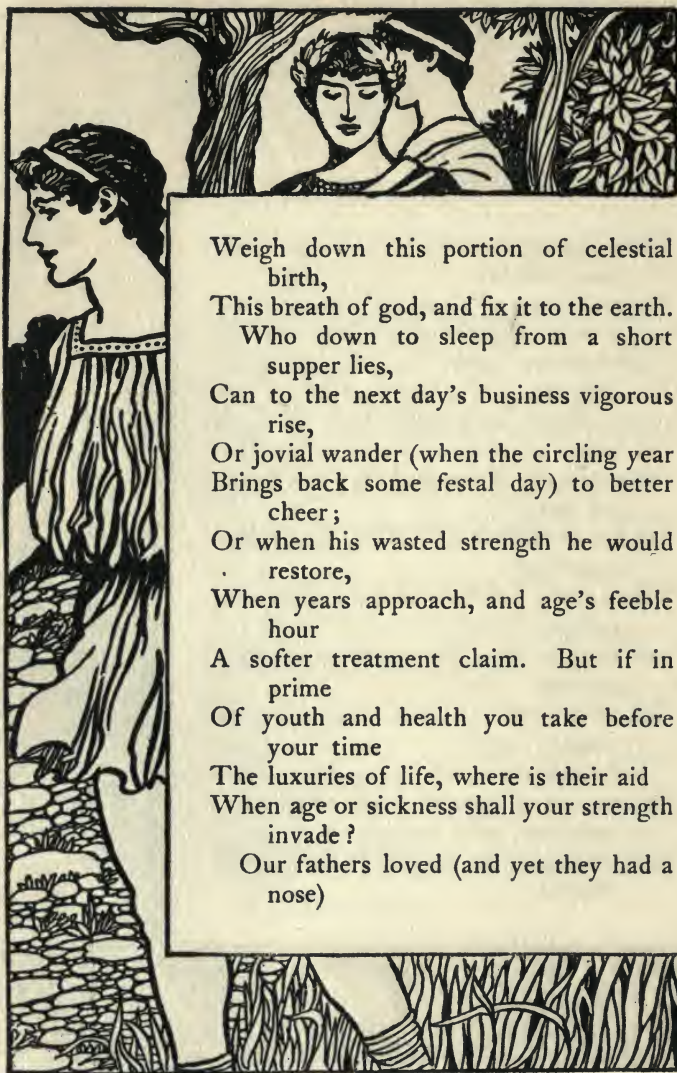
Weigh down this portion of celestial
  birth,
This breath of god, and fix it to the earth.
  Who down to sleep from a short
    supper lies,
Can to the next day's business vigorous
  rise,
Or jovial wander (when the circling year
Brings back some festal day) to better
    cheer;
Or when his wasted strength he would
  .   restore,
When years approach, and age's feeble
    hour
A softer treatment claim. But if in
    prime
Of youth and health you take before
    your time
The luxuries of life, where is their aid
When age or sickness shall your strength
    invade ?
  Our fathers loved (and yet they had a
    nose)

A tainted boar; but I believe they chose
The mouldy fragments with a friend to
      eat,
Rather than eat it whole themselves, and
      sweet.
Oh! that the earth, when vigorous and
      young,
Had borne me this heroic race among!
   Do you the voice of fame with pleas-
      ure hear?
(Sweeter than verse it charms the human
      ear;)
Behold, what infamy and ruin rise
From a large dish, where the large turbot
      lies;
Your friends, your neighbours, all your
      folly hate,
You hate yourself, in vain, and curse
      your fate,
When, though you wish for death, you
      want the pelf
To purchase even a rope to hang your-
      self.
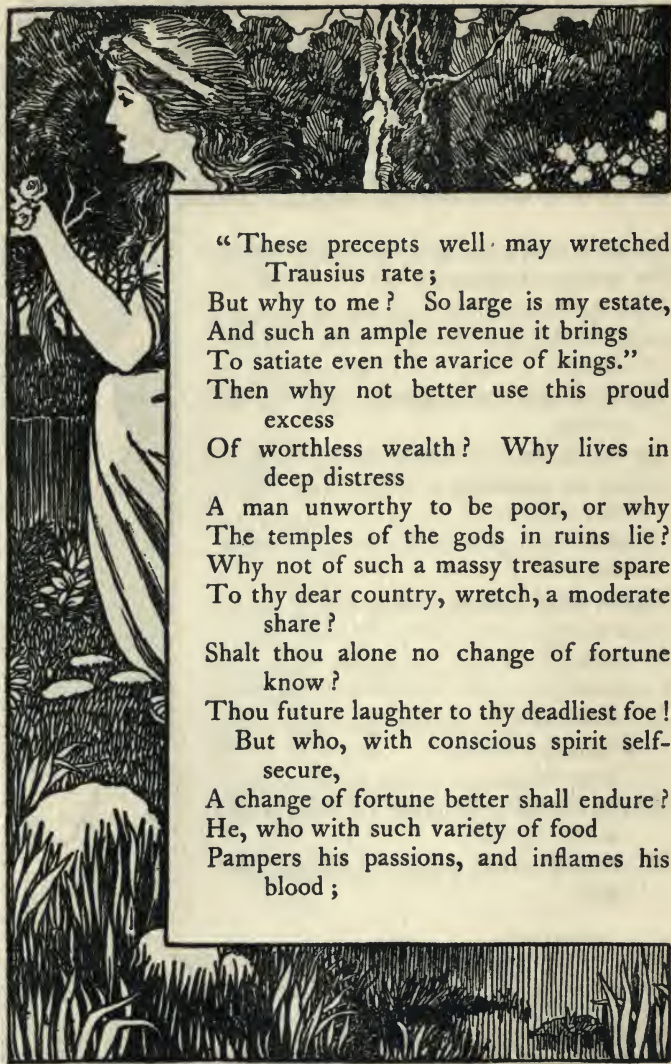
" These precepts well · may wretched
    Trausius rate;
But why to me? So large is my estate,
And such an ample revenue it brings
To satiate even the avarice of kings."
Then why not better use this proud
    excess
Of worthless wealth? Why lives in
    deep distress
A man unworthy to be poor, or why
The temples of the gods in ruins lie?
Why not of such a massy treasure spare
To thy dear country, wretch, a moderate
    share?
Shalt thou alone no change of fortune
    know?
Thou future laughter to thy deadliest foe!
    But who, with conscious spirit self-
    secure,
A change of fortune better shall endure?
He, who with such variety of food
Pampers his passions, and inflames his
    blood;

148
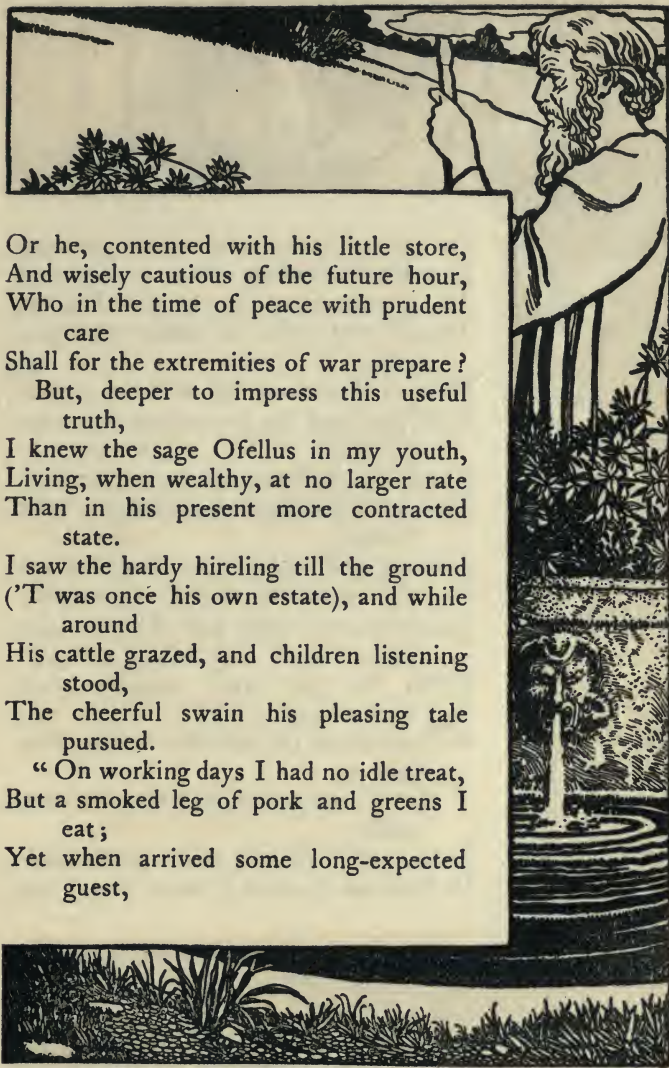
Or he, contented with his little store,
And wisely cautious of the future hour,
Who in the time of peace with prudent
    care
Shall for the extremities of war prepare?
  But, deeper to impress this useful
    truth,
I knew the sage Ofellus in my youth,
Living, when wealthy, at no larger rate
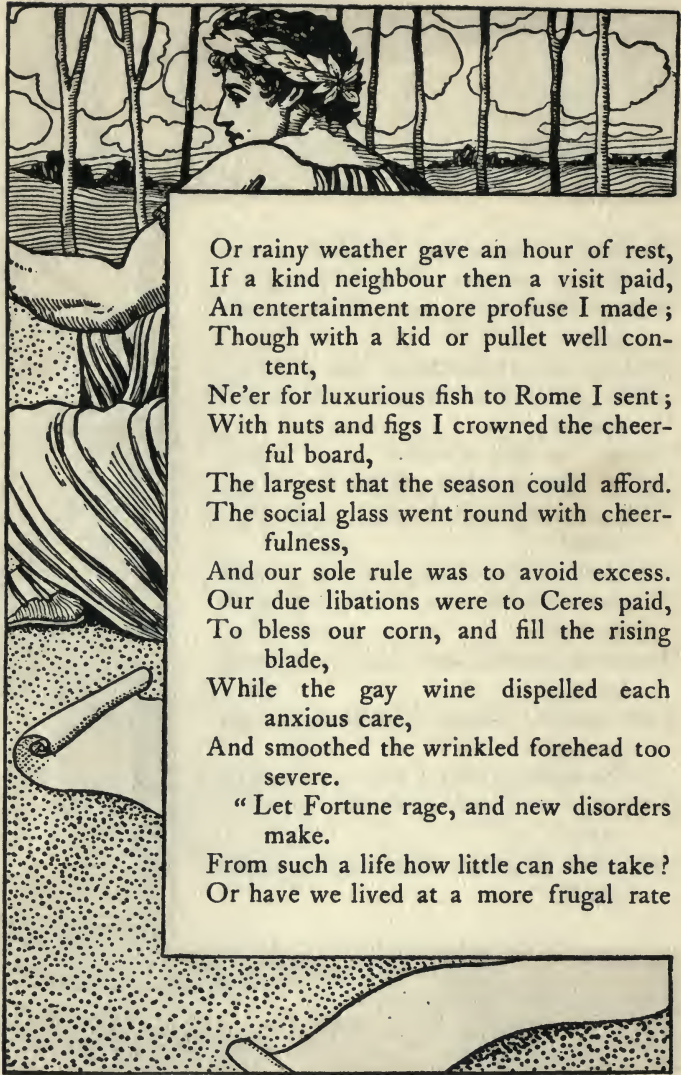Than in his present more contracted
    state.
I saw the hardy hireling till the ground
('T was once his own estate), and while
    around
His cattle grazed, and children listening
    stood,
The cheerful swain his pleasing tale
    pursued.
  " On working days I had no idle treat,
But a smoked leg of pork and greens I
    eat;
Yet when arrived some long-expected
    guest,

Or rainy weather gave an hour of rest,
If a kind neighbour then a visit paid,
An entertainment more profuse I made;
Though with a kid or pullet well content,
Ne'er for luxurious fish to Rome I sent;
With nuts and figs I crowned the cheerful board,
The largest that the season could afford.
The social glass went round with cheerfulness,
And our sole rule was to avoid excess.
Our due libations were to Ceres paid,
To bless our corn, and fill the rising blade,
While the gay wine dispelled each anxious care,
And smoothed the wrinkled forehead too severe.
    "Let Fortune rage, and new disorders make.
From such a life how little can she take?
Or have we lived at a more frugal rate

Since this new stranger seized on our
    estate?
Nature will no perpetual heir assign,
Or make the farm his property or mine.
He turned us out: but follies all his
    own,
Or lawsuits, and their knaveries un-
    known;
Or, all his follies and his lawsuits past,
Some long-lived heir shall turn him out
    at last.
The farm, once mine, now bears Um-
    brenus' name;
The use alone, not property we claim;
Then be not with your present lot
    deprest,
And meet the future with undaunted
    breast."

<div align="right">FRANCIS.</div>

151
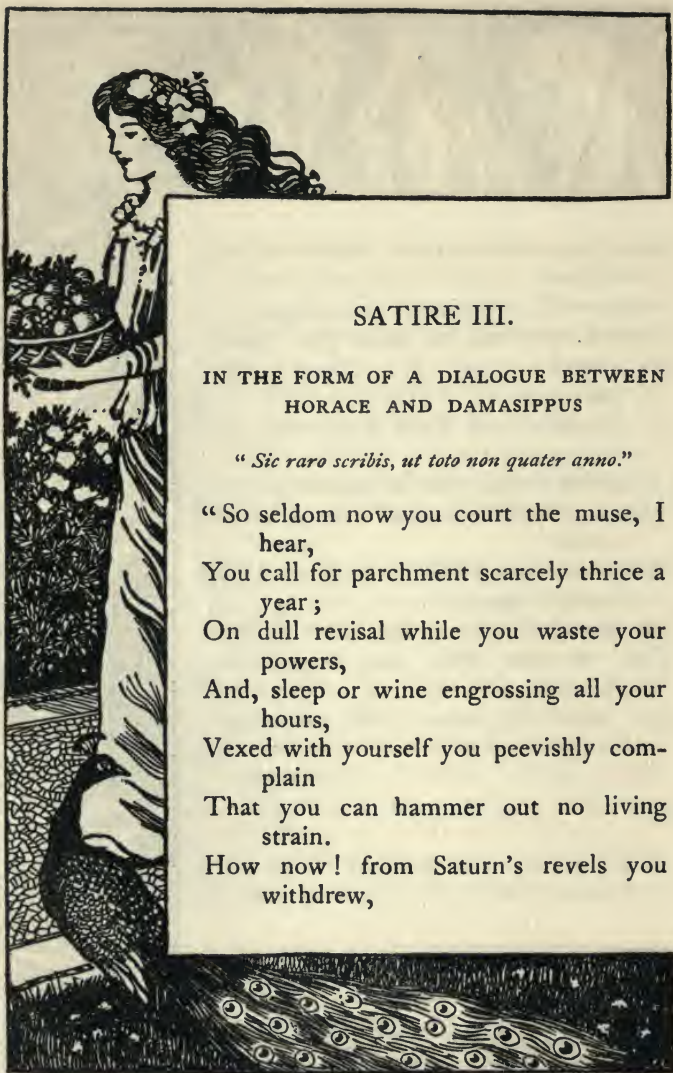
SATIRE III.

IN THE FORM OF A DIALOGUE BETWEEN HORACE AND DAMASIPPUS

" Sic raro scribis, ut toto non quater anno."

" So seldom now you court the muse, I
    hear,
You call for parchment scarcely thrice a
    year ;
On dull revisal while you waste your
    powers,
And, sleep or wine engrossing all your
    hours,
Vexed with yourself you peevishly com-
    plain
That you can hammer out no living
    strain.
How now ! from Saturn's revels you
    withdrew,

As one resolved to carol something new.
Here then, all sober, keep your promise;
 come,
Begin, compose — Alas! you still are
 dumb.
In vain you curse the pen, and in a
 rage
Pour your resentment on the luckless
 page.
Poor innocents! regardless of their
 worth
Sure Gods and Poets frowned upon their
 birth.
Methought your looks bespoke some
 wondrous feat
If e'er you reached your villa's snug
 retreat.
Why else, as if to indulge a studious fit,
Heap Plato's wisdom on Menander's
 wit?
Why take Archilochus, a goodly load,
With Eupolis, companions on the road?
Think you the wrath of envy to appease,
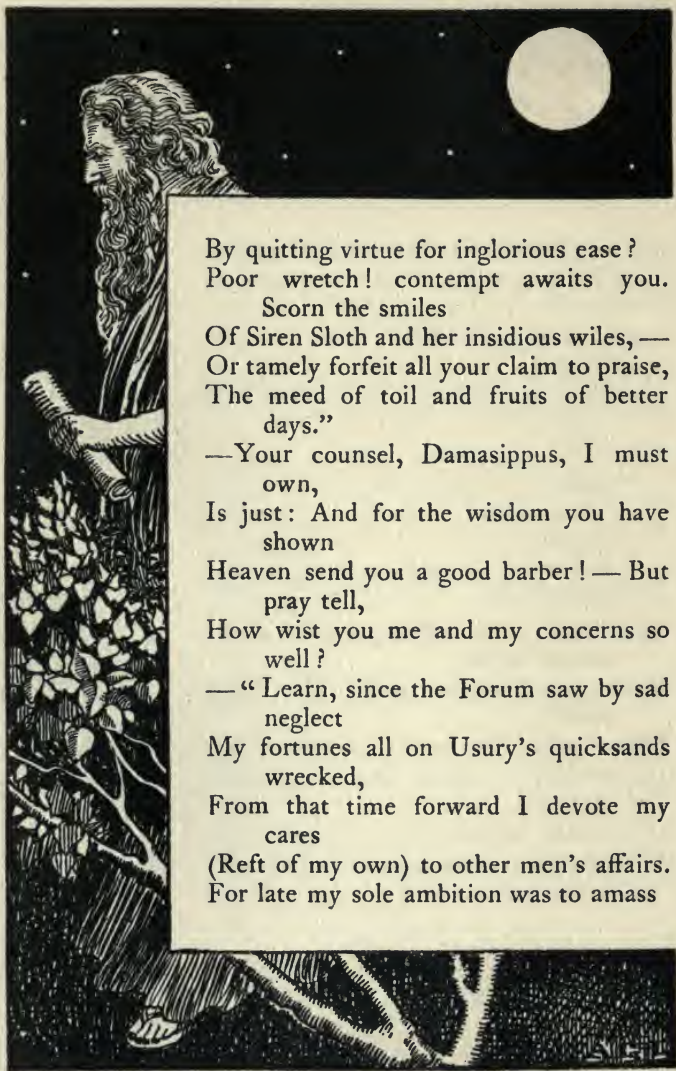
By quitting virtue for inglorious ease?
Poor wretch! contempt awaits you. Scorn the smiles
 Of Siren Sloth and her insidious wiles, —
Or tamely forfeit all your claim to praise,
The meed of toil and fruits of better
  days."
—Your counsel, Damasippus, I must
  own,
Is just: And for the wisdom you have
  shown
Heaven send you a good barber! — But
  pray tell,
How wist you me and my concerns so
  well?
— " Learn, since the Forum saw by sad
  neglect
My fortunes all on Usury's quicksands
  wrecked,
From that time forward I devote my
  cares
(Reft of my own) to other men's affairs.
For late my sole ambition was to amass

Not current gold, but rare Corinthian
   brass;
Proud if I chanced with some old vase
   to meet
In which sly Sisyphus had bathed his
   feet.
Oft I pronounced in all the pride of
   taste
This rudely sculptured, and that coarsely
   cast;
Would name the price with connoisseur-
   like air
To here a *busto*, a *relievo* there;
Or cheapened mansions, parks, and pleas-
   ure-grounds,
And many bargains bought for many
   pounds.
The auction-hunters, when they met me,
   smiled
And pointing cried — See Mercury's fa-
   voured child!"
— I know the mania you so long en-
   dured,
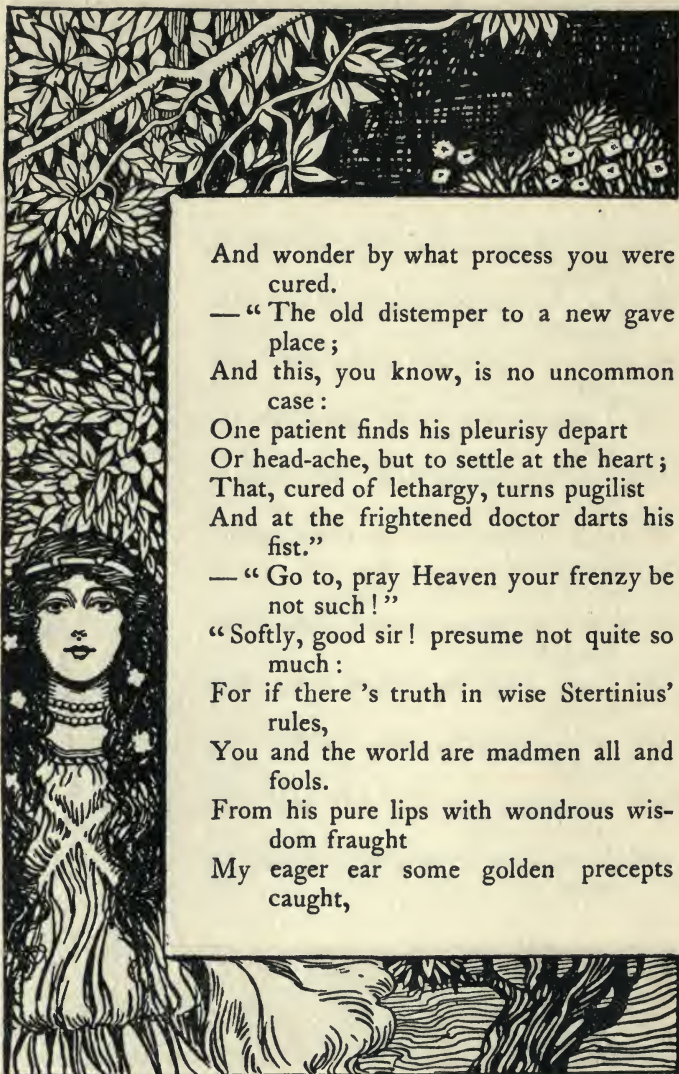
And wonder by what process you were
    cured.
— " The old distemper to a new gave
    place ;
And this, you know, is no uncommon
    case :
One patient finds his pleurisy depart
Or head-ache, but to settle at the heart ;
That, cured of lethargy, turns pugilist
And at the frightened doctor darts his
    fist."
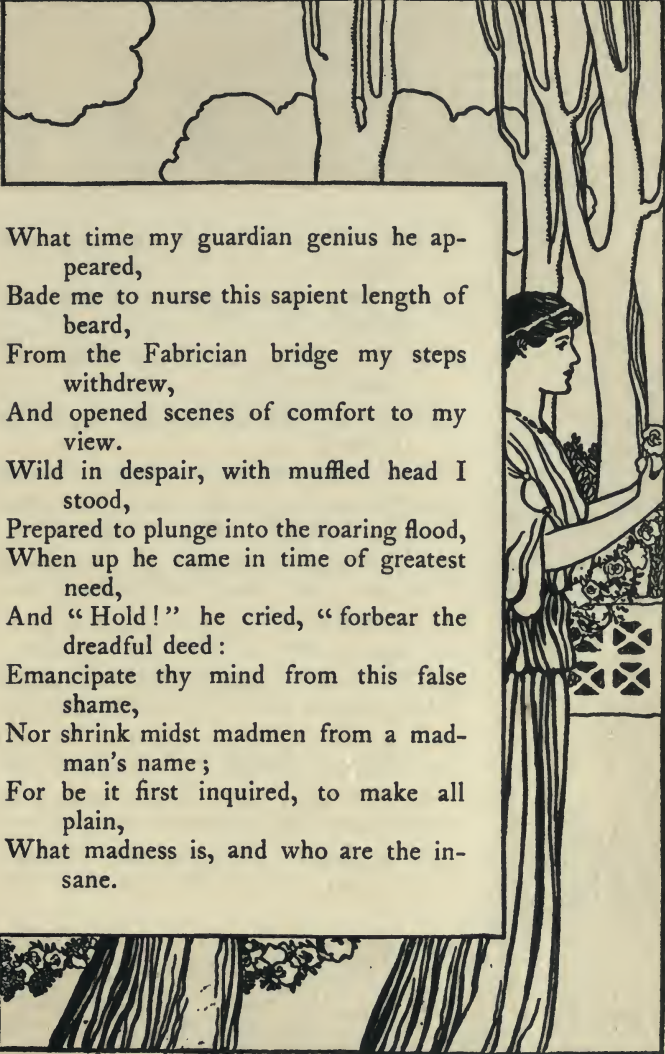— " Go to, pray Heaven your frenzy be
    not such ! "
" Softly, good sir ! presume not quite so
   much :
For if there 's truth in wise Stertinius'
    rules,
You and the world are madmen all and
    fools.
From his pure lips with wondrous wis-
    dom fraught
My eager ear some golden precepts
    caught,

What time my guardian genius he ap-
    peared,
Bade me to nurse this sapient length of
    beard,
From the Fabrician bridge my steps
    withdrew,
And opened scenes of comfort to my
    view.
Wild in despair, with muffled head I
    stood,
Prepared to plunge into the roaring flood,
When up he came in time of greatest
    need,
And " Hold ! " he cried, " forbear the
    dreadful deed :
Emancipate thy mind from this false
    shame,
Nor shrink midst madmen from a mad-
    man's name ;
For be it first inquired, to make all
    plain,
What madness is, and who are the in-
    sane.
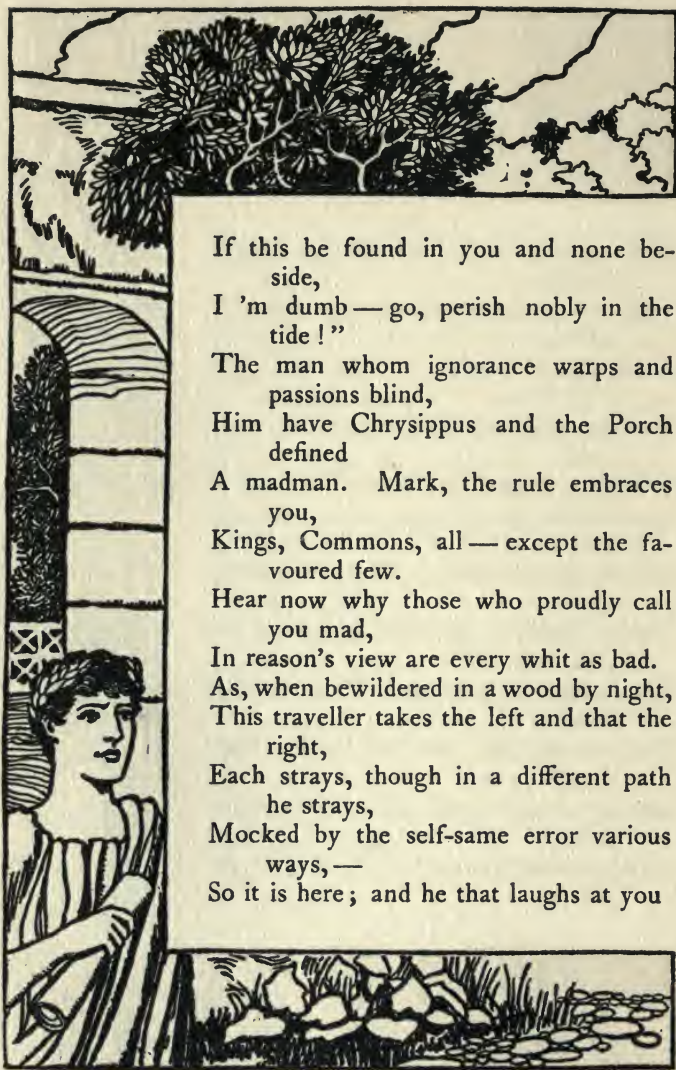
If this be found in you and none be-
  side,
I 'm dumb — go, perish nobly in the
  tide ! ”
The man whom ignorance warps and
  passions blind,
Him have Chrysippus and the Porch
  defined
A madman.   Mark, the rule embraces
  you,
Kings, Commons, all — except the fa-
  voured few.
Hear now why those who proudly call
  you mad,
In reason's view are every whit as bad.
As, when bewildered in a wood by night,
This traveller takes the left and that the
  right,
Each strays, though in a different path
  he strays,
Mocked by the self-same error various
  ways, —
So it is here; and he that laughs at you

May wear the cap; for he is crack-
      brained too.
  See Mania in a thousand forms appear!
One fears where there exists no cause
      for fear,
And in an open field complains he sees
His path opposed by rivers, rocks, and
      trees.
Another maniac of a different turn
Will rush where torrents roll and Ætnas
      burn.
Warned by a mother's, sister's, consort's
      care —
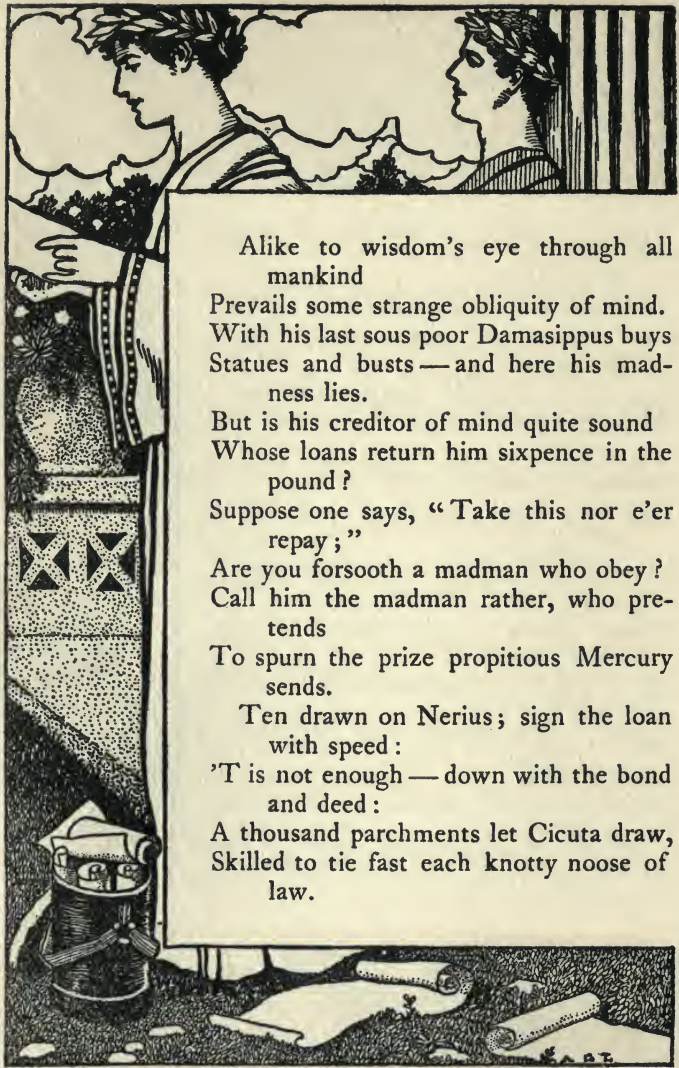" Here yawns a gulf, here frowns a
      rock; beware ! "
He 's deaf as drunken Fufius in the
      play
Who snored the part of slumbering
      Hecuba,
While, backed by thousands, Polydorus
      bawls —
" Awake, dear mother ! 't is thy son that
      calls."

Alike to wisdom's eye through all
    mankind
Prevails some strange obliquity of mind.
With his last sous poor Damasippus buys
Statues and busts — and here his mad-
    ness lies.
But is his creditor of mind quite sound
Whose loans return him sixpence in the
    pound?
Suppose one says, " Take this nor e'er
    repay ; "
Are you forsooth a madman who obey?
Call him the madman rather, who pre-
    tends
To spurn the prize propitious Mercury
    sends.
    Ten drawn on Nerius; sign the loan
        with speed :
'T is not enough — down with the bond
    and deed :
A thousand parchments let Cicuta draw,
Skilled to tie fast each knotty noose of
    law.

Though chains of adamant the wretch
    enthrall,
This cursed Proteus-debtor bursts them
    all;
Laughs in his sleeve when dragged to
    court, and see —
He turns at will to bear, bird, rock, or
    tree !
No more — if to o'erstep self-interest's
    bound
Be mad, while caution proves the reason
    sound,
Strong in his breast the flames of frenzy
    burn
Who lends his money never to return.
    Haste and adjust the mantle's decent
      fold,
All ye that madden with the thirst of
    gold, —
Whose bosoms kindle with ambition's
    fires, —
Whose blood ferments with lechery's
    wild desires, —
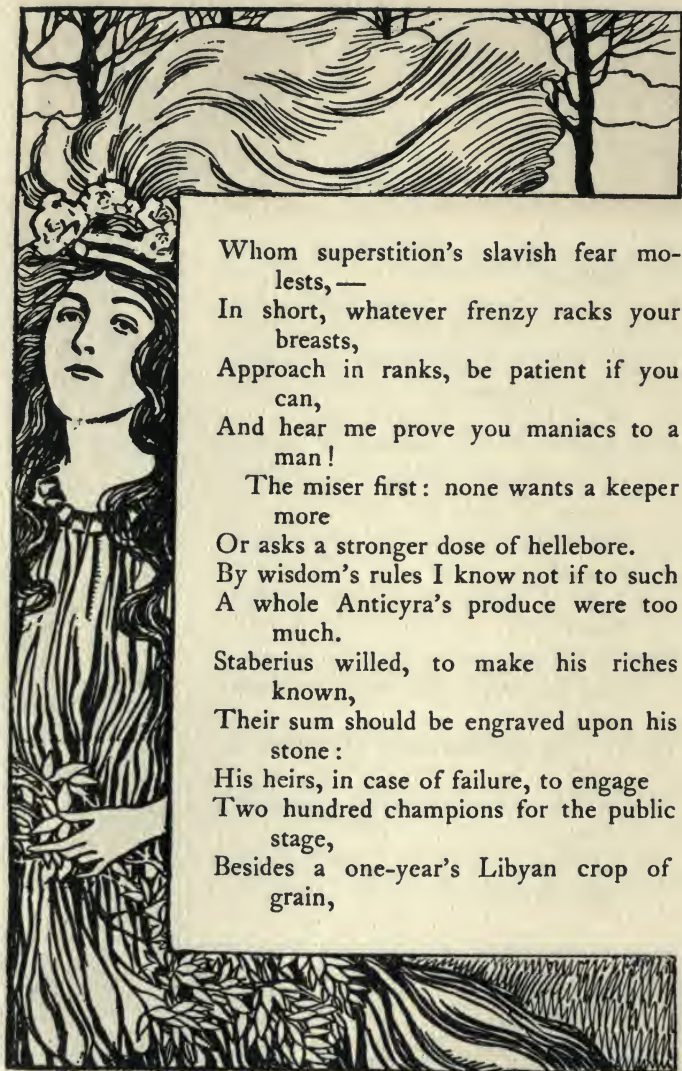
Whom superstition's slavish fear mo-
        lests, ——
In short, whatever frenzy racks your
        breasts,
Approach in ranks, be patient if you
        can,
And hear me prove you maniacs to a
        man !
    The miser first : none wants a keeper
        more
Or asks a stronger dose of hellebore.
By wisdom's rules I know not if to such
A whole Anticyra's produce were too
        much.
Staberius willed, to make his riches
        known,
Their sum should be engraved upon his
        stone :
His heirs, in case of failure, to engage
Two hundred champions for the public
        stage,
Besides a one-year's Libyan crop of
        grain,
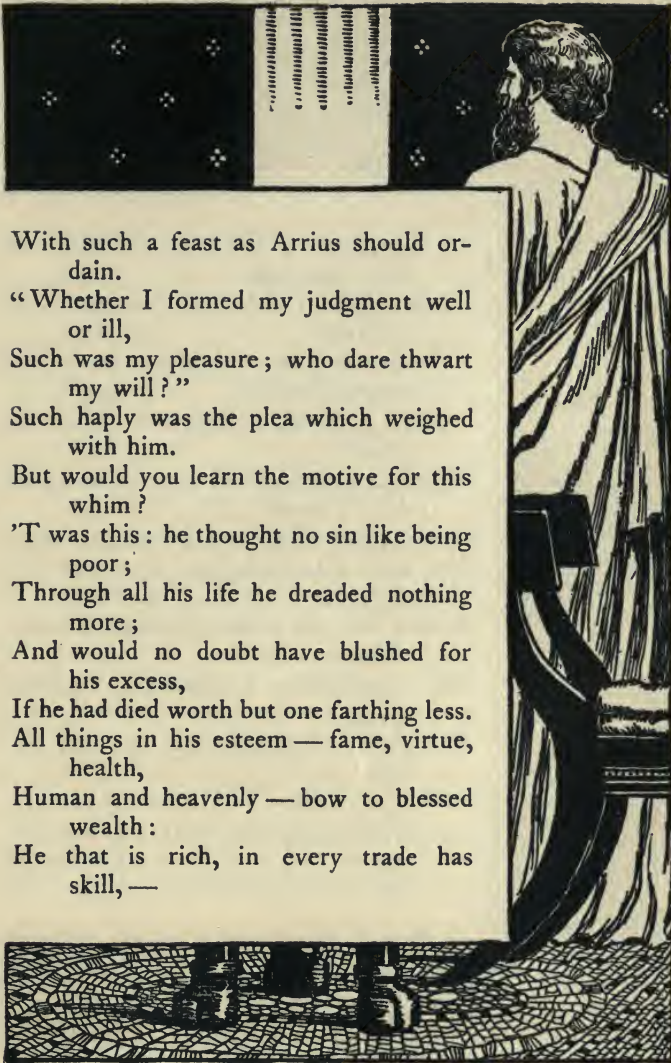
With such a feast as Arrius should or-
  dain.
"Whether I formed my judgment well
  or ill,
Such was my pleasure; who dare thwart
  my will?"
Such haply was the plea which weighed
  with him.
But would you learn the motive for this
  whim?
'T was this: he thought no sin like being
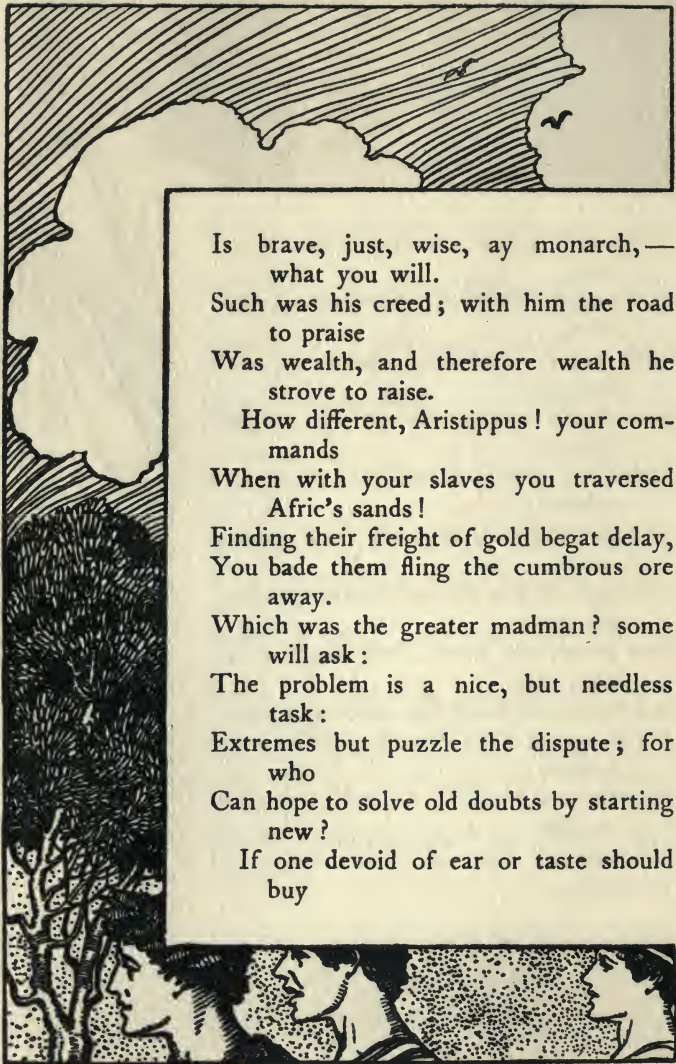 poor;
Through all his life he dreaded nothing
  more;
And would no doubt have blushed for
  his excess,
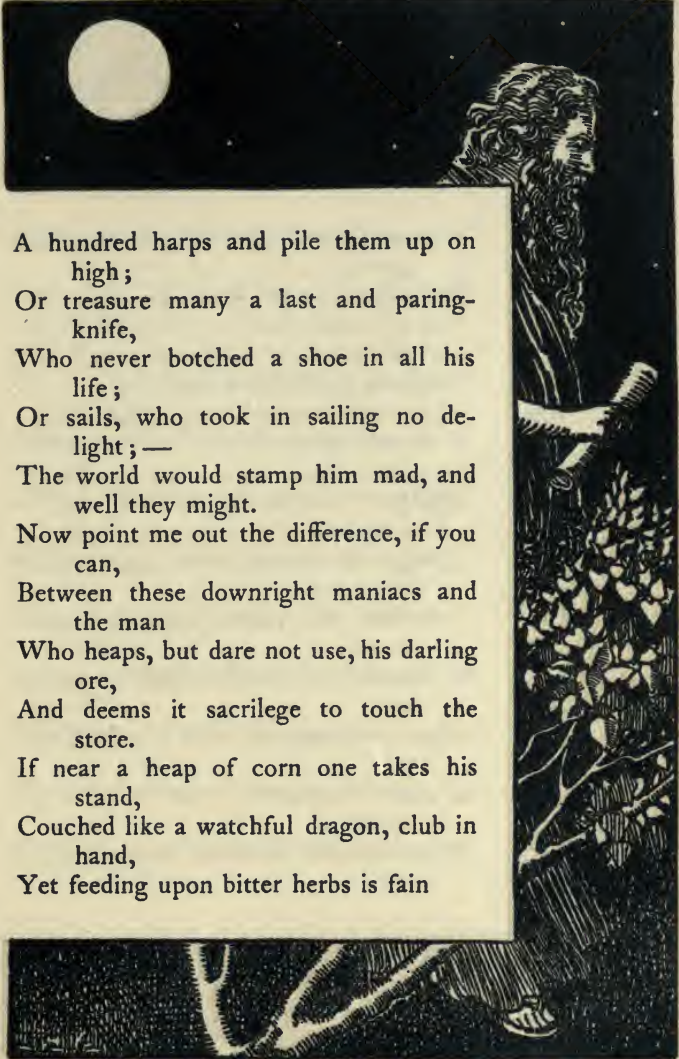If he had died worth but one farthing less.
All things in his esteem — fame, virtue,
  health,
Human and heavenly — bow to blessed
  wealth:
He that is rich, in every trade has
  skill, —

Is brave, just, wise, ay monarch, —
   what you will.
Such was his creed; with him the road
   to praise
Was wealth, and therefore wealth he
   strove to raise.
  How different, Aristippus! your com-
   mands
When with your slaves you traversed
   Afric's sands!
Finding their freight of gold begat delay,
You bade them fling the cumbrous ore
   away.
Which was the greater madman? some
   will ask:
The problem is a nice, but needless
   task:
Extremes but puzzle the dispute; for
   who
Can hope to solve old doubts by starting
   new?
  If one devoid of ear or taste should
   buy

A hundred harps and pile them up on
    high;
Or treasure many a last and paring-
    knife,
Who never botched a shoe in all his
    life;
Or sails, who took in sailing no de-
    light; —
The world would stamp him mad, and
    well they might.
Now point me out the difference, if you
    can,
Between these downright maniacs and
    the man
Who heaps, but dare not use, his darling
    ore,
And deems it sacrilege to touch the
    store.
If near a heap of corn one takes his
    stand,
Couched like a watchful dragon, club in
    hand,
Yet feeding upon bitter herbs is fain

165
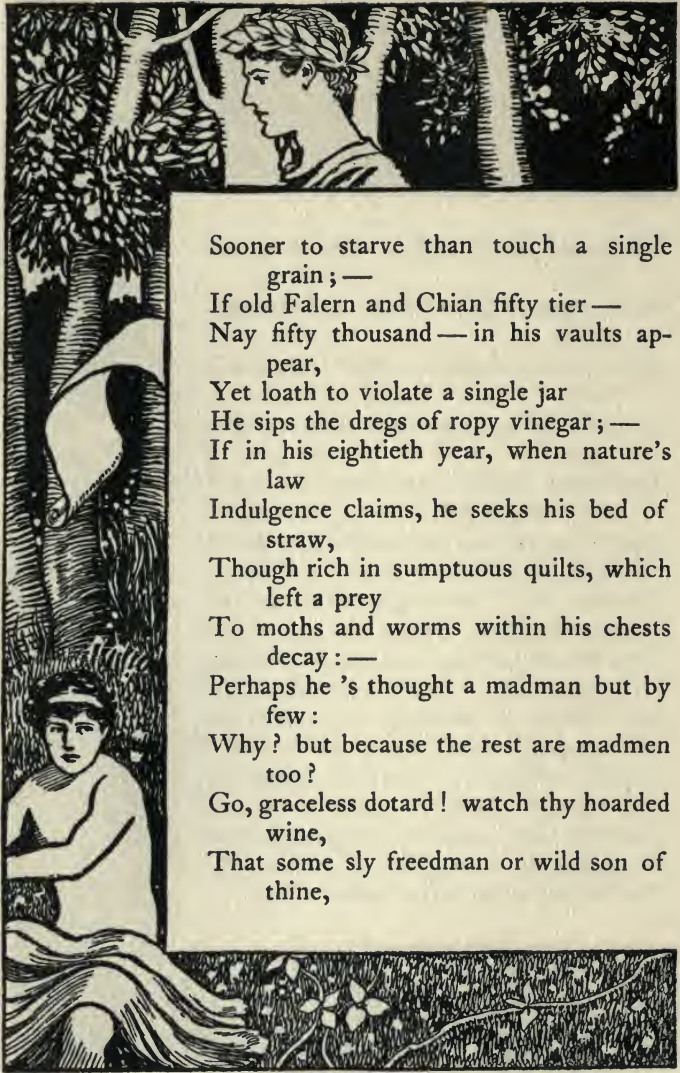
Sooner to starve than touch a single
     grain ; —
If old Falern and Chian fifty tier —
Nay fifty thousand — in his vaults ap-
     pear,
Yet loath to violate a single jar
He sips the dregs of ropy vinegar ; —
If in his eightieth year, when nature's
     law
Indulgence claims, he seeks his bed of
     straw,
Though rich in sumptuous quilts, which
     left a prey
To moths and worms within his chests
     decay : —
Perhaps he 's thought a madman but by
     few :
Why ? but because the rest are madmen
     too ?
Go, graceless dotard ! watch thy hoarded
     wine,
That some sly freedman or wild son of
     thine,

When thy old bones are mouldering in
 the grave,
May drink it out and laugh at him that
 gave !
 'T is penury, I fear, methinks you say :
Go, count how trifling were the charge
 per day
Upon your herbs some sweeter oil to
 shed
And give some unguents to that squalid
 head.
If such a pittance can your wants sup-
 ply,
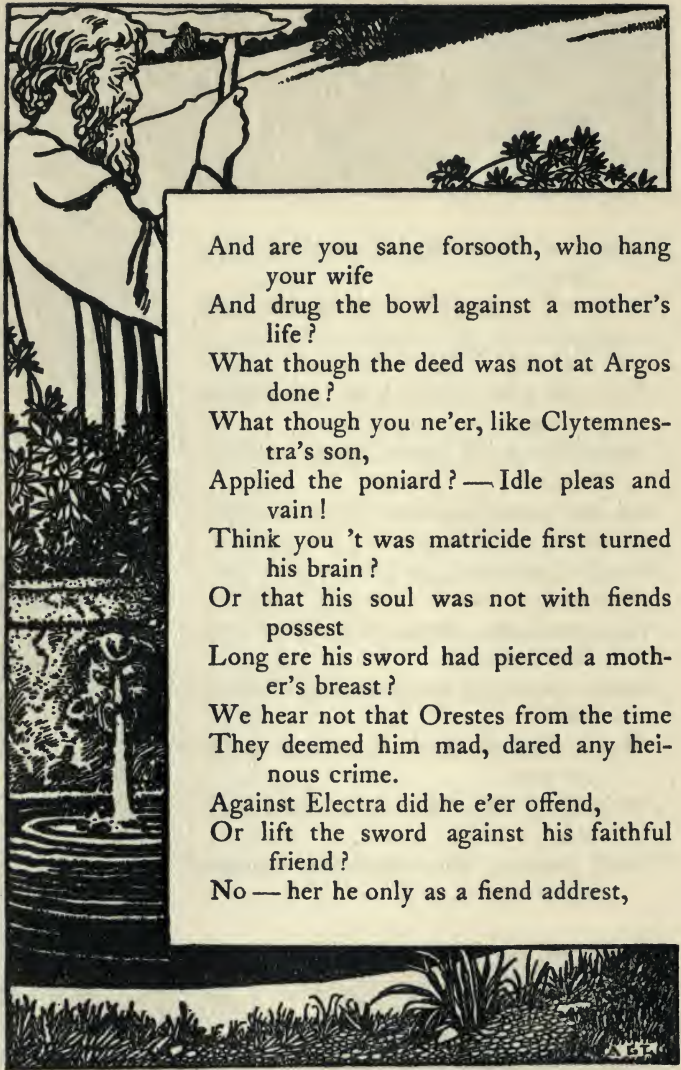Why, madman ! break your oath and
 cheat and lie ?
Should you begin the passing crowd to
 stone
And kill the slaves by purchase made
 your own,
The very rabble whom you chanced to
 meet
Would hoot you for a madman through
 the street.

And are you sane forsooth, who hang your wife
    And drug the bowl against a mother's life?
What though the deed was not at Argos done?
What though you ne'er, like Clytemnestra's son,
Applied the poniard? — Idle pleas and vain!
Think you 't was matricide first turned his brain?
Or that his soul was not with fiends possest
Long ere his sword had pierced a mother's breast?
We hear not that Orestes from the time
They deemed him mad, dared any heinous crime.
Against Electra did he e'er offend,
Or lift the sword against his faithful friend?
No — her he only as a fiend addrest,
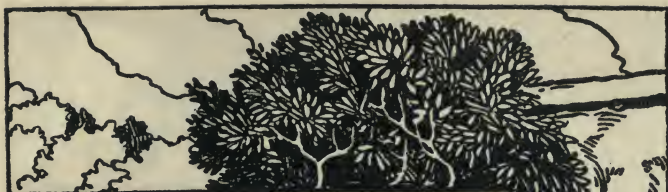
And him what wild delirium might sug-
    gest.
  Opimius, poor amid his hoarded coin,
Who quaffed on common days the lees
    of wine,
And thought it much on festivals to
    share
Small Veian tiff from cheap Campanian
    ware,
So deep a lethargy once chanced to seize
That his glad heir assailed the chests and
    keys.
The doctor, an expert and skilful man,
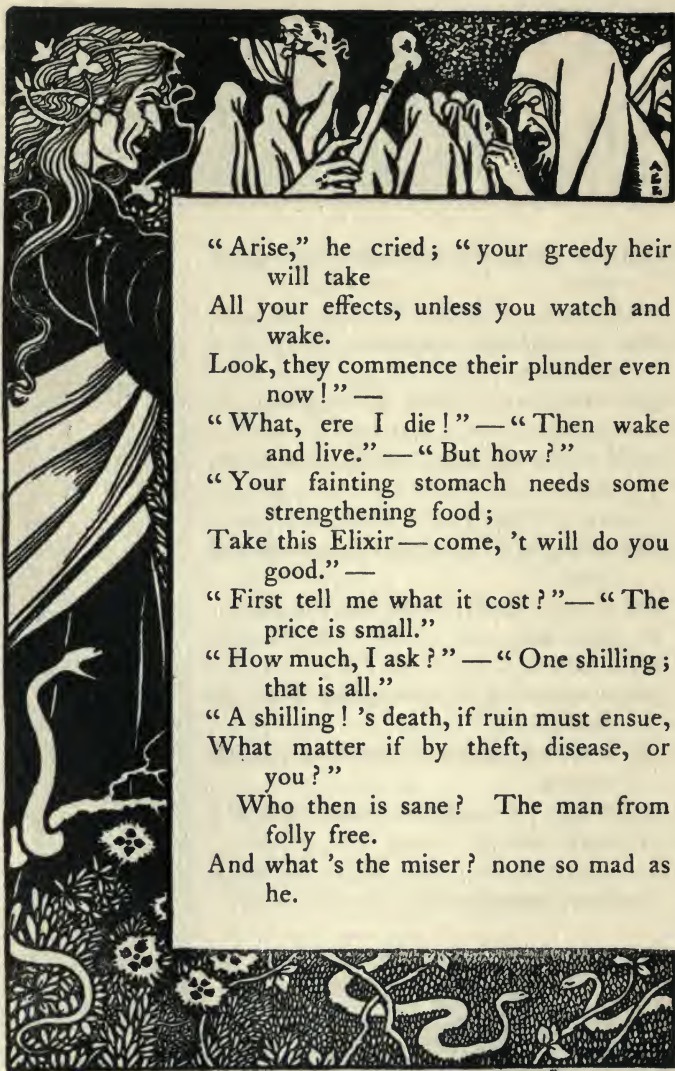To rouse his patient tried the following
    plan:
Large bags of gold were emptied on the
    floor,
And friends employed to come and count
    it o'er.
All things prepared, he raised the sick
    man's head,
And pointing where the glittering heaps
    were spread,

"Arise," he cried; "your greedy heir
　　will take
All your effects, unless you watch and
　　wake.
Look, they commence their plunder even
　　now!" —
"What, ere I die!" — "Then wake
　　and live." — "But how?"
"Your fainting stomach needs some
　　strengthening food;
Take this Elixir — come, 't will do you
　　good." —
"First tell me what it cost?" — "The
　　price is small."
"How much, I ask?" — "One shilling;
　　that is all."
"A shilling! 's death, if ruin must ensue,
What matter if by theft, disease, or
　　you?"
　Who then is sane? The man from
　　folly free.
And what's the miser? none so mad as
　　he.

170

If not a miser, am I straightway sane?
Far from it. — Why, great stoic? — I 'll
    explain.
Craterus declares his patient free from
    gout :
Is he then hearty? can he walk about?
No, he will answer; for there yet remains
A sharp distemper in the side and reins.
You neither cheat nor hoard; so far you
    shine :
Slay to your favouring household-gods a
    swine !
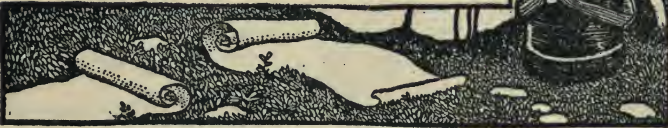But do you thirst for place and power?
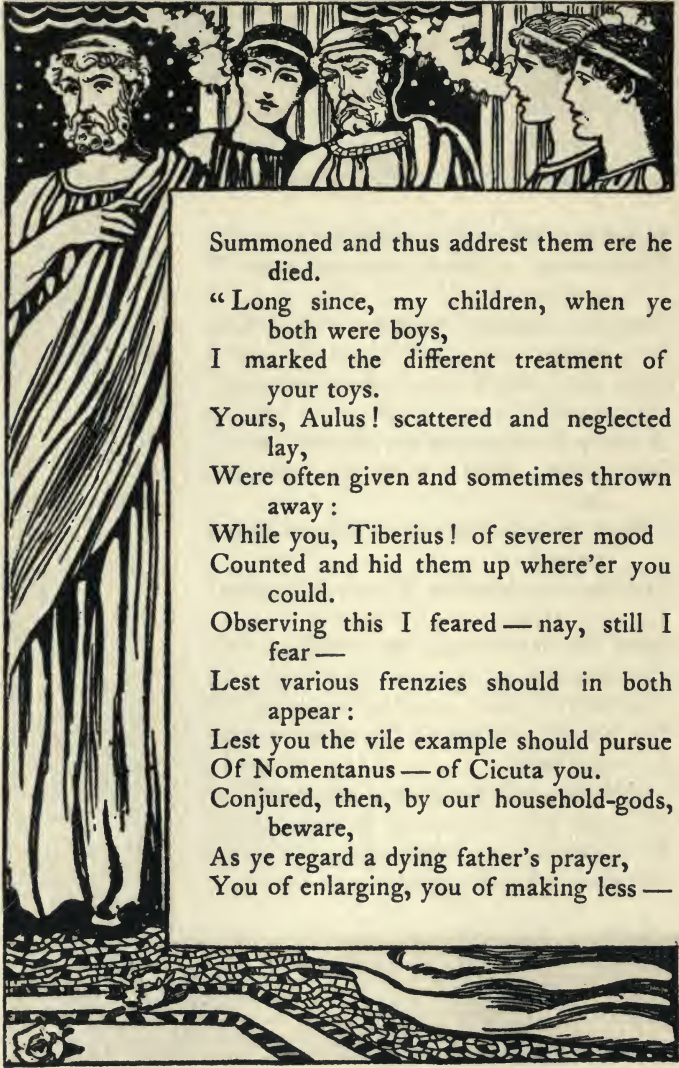   — Away,
Steer for Anticyra without delay :
For whether to the mob you fling your
    pelf
Or hoard it, where 's the difference to
    yourself?
   Oppidius of Canusium, his estate
(A large one, reckoning by the antique
    rate)
Between two sons resolving to divide,

Summoned and thus addrest them ere he
    died.
" Long since, my children, when ye
    both were boys,
I marked the different treatment of
    your toys.
Yours, Aulus! scattered and neglected
    lay,
Were often given and sometimes thrown
    away :
While you, Tiberius! of severer mood
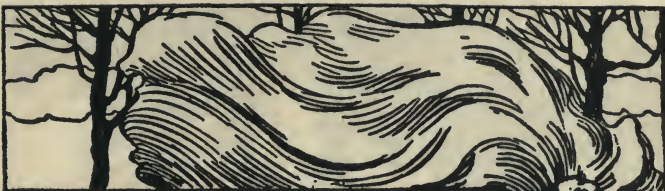Counted and hid them up where'er you
    could.
Observing this I feared — nay, still I
    fear —
Lest various frenzies should in both
    appear :
Lest you the vile example should pursue
Of Nomentanus — of Cicuta you.
Conjured, then, by our household-gods,
    beware,
As ye regard a dying father's prayer,
You of enlarging, you of making less —

172

By sordid avarice or by wild excess —
What seems sufficient in your father's
    eyes,
What sense approves and nature justifies.
But, lest ambition lure you to the great,
Hear on what terms I leave you my
    estate :
Whichever of the twain is Ædile first
Or Prætor, be he outlawed and ac-
    curst ! ''
   Vainglorious fool, thus to consume
    thy means
In scattering largesses of peas and beans,
All for a brazen bust and gaudy train,
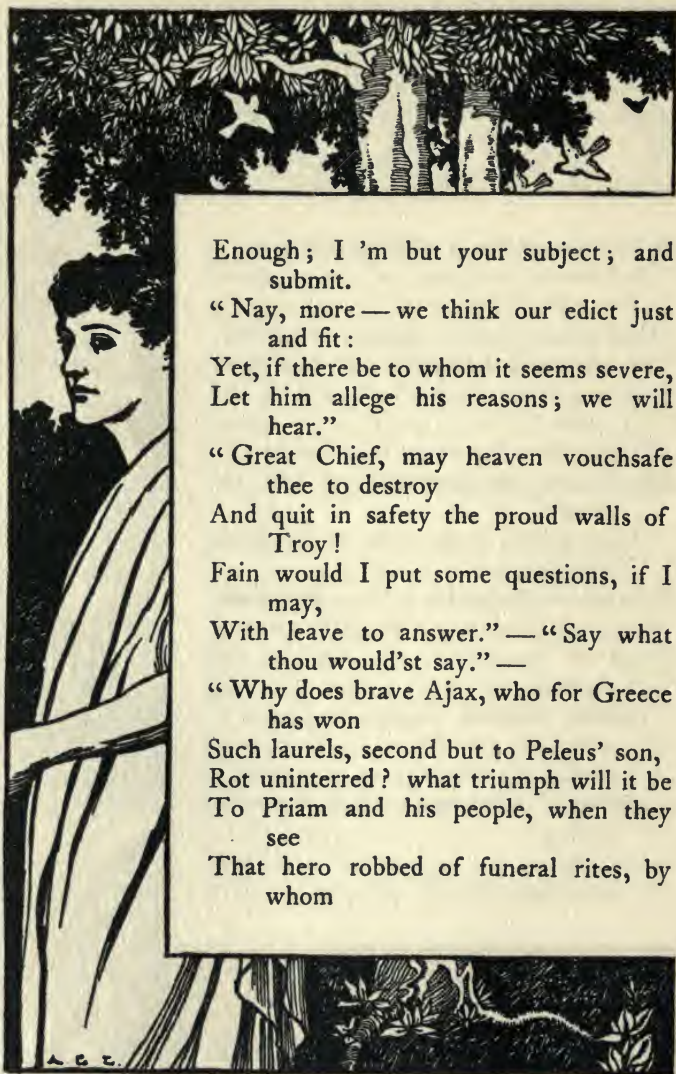Stript of thy house, thy chattels, and
    domain, —
Thinking forsooth Agrippa's praise to
    win,
A would-be lion, though an ass within !
   Whence, Agamemnon, does this order
    spring
That Ajax lie untombed ? — " Obey
    your king ! '' —

Enough; I 'm but your subject; and
    submit.
" Nay, more — we think our edict just
    and fit :
Yet, if there be to whom it seems severe,
Let him allege his reasons; we will
    hear."
" Great Chief, may heaven vouchsafe
    thee to destroy
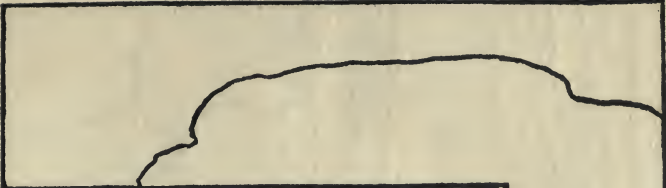And quit in safety the proud walls of
    Troy !
Fain would I put some questions, if I
    may,
With leave to answer." — " Say what
    thou would'st say." —
" Why does brave Ajax, who for Greece
    has won
Such laurels, second but to Peleus' son,
Rot uninterred ? what triumph will it be
To Priam and his people, when they
    see
That hero robbed of funeral rites, by
    whom

So many youth of theirs have lost a
    tomb ! ”
“ Upon our flocks with frantic rage he
    flew,
And dealing slaughter thought 't was us
    he slew.
Here fell myself — here lay Ulysses
   gored —
There Menelaus reeked beneath his
    sword.”
“ When you at Aulis to the altar led
Iphigenia in a heifer's stead,
Sprinkled upon her brow the salted meal,
And to her throat applied the ruthless
    steel,
What shall we say ? Was he with
    frenzy wild,
And are you sane who sacrifice your
    child ?
But after all what harm did Ajax do ?
He killed the sheep and oxen, it is
    true :
He cursed the two Atridæ ; but his wife
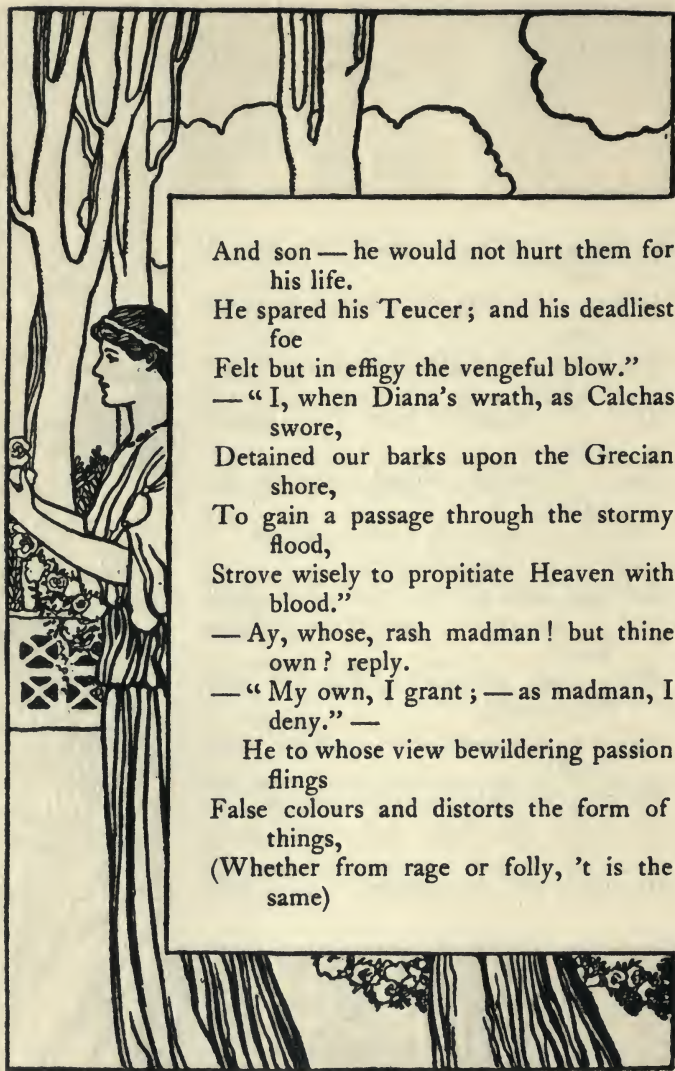
And son — he would not hurt them for
his life.
He spared his Teucer; and his deadliest
foe
Felt but in effigy the vengeful blow."
— "I, when Diana's wrath, as Calchas
swore,
Detained our barks upon the Grecian
shore,
To gain a passage through the stormy
flood,
Strove wisely to propitiate Heaven with
blood."
— Ay, whose, rash madman! but thine
own? reply.
— "My own, I grant; — as madman, I
deny." —
He to whose view bewildering passion
flings
False colours and distorts the form of
things,
(Whether from rage or folly, 't is the
same)

Is frantic, and deserves a madman's
    name.
Was Ajax mad, who what he did scarce
    knew,
And in his mood the harmless cattle slew ?
And, when for empty title's sake you
    sin,
Basely deliberate, is all sound within ?
Does no insaneness in that breast reside
Which pants for sovereignty and swells
    with pride ?
What if some wight should take it in his
    head
To pet a lambkin in a daughter's stead, —
Trinkets, fine clothes, and tiring-maids
    provide,
And destine her some noble lordling's
    bride ; —
Straight his incompetence the law de-
    clares
And names trustees to manage his affairs.
Reverse the picture now, and say that
    one
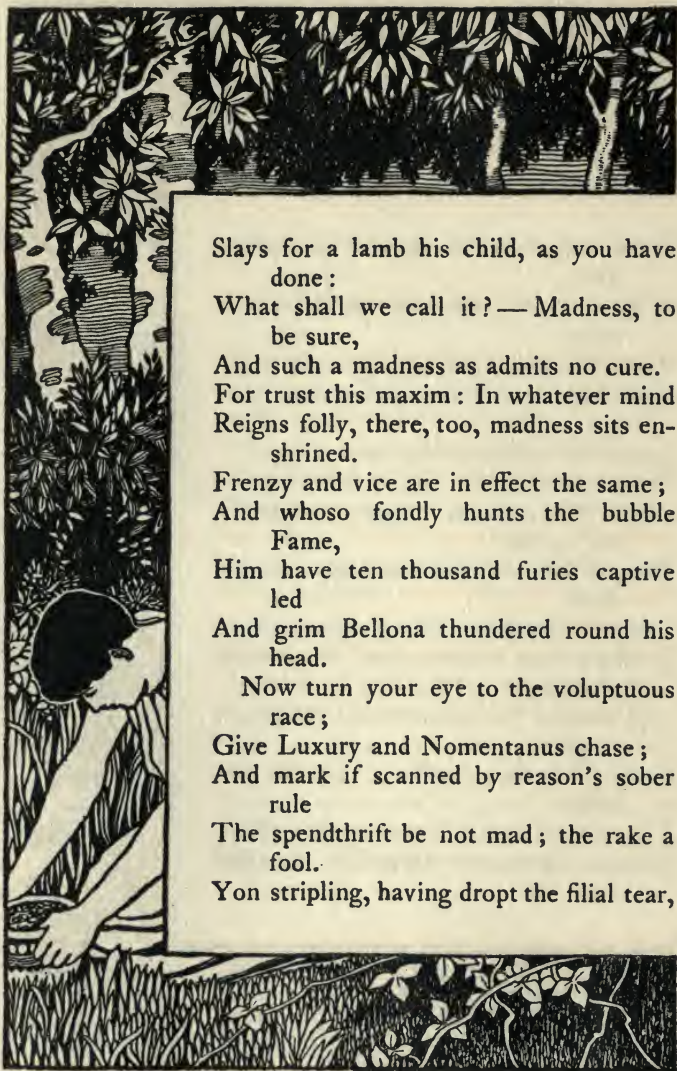
Slays for a lamb his child, as you have
done :
What shall we call it ? — Madness, to
be sure,
And such a madness as admits no cure.
For trust this maxim : In whatever mind
Reigns folly, there, too, madness sits en-
shrined.
Frenzy and vice are in effect the same ;
And whoso fondly hunts the bubble
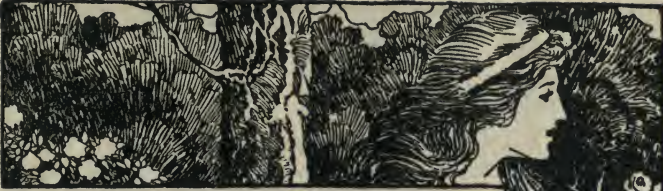Fame,
Him have ten thousand furies captive
led
And grim Bellona thundered round his
head.
  Now turn your eye to the voluptuous
race ;
Give Luxury and Nomentanus chase ;
And mark if scanned by reason's sober
rule
The spendthrift be not mad ; the rake a
fool.
Yon stripling, having dropt the filial tear,

Steps into some ten thousand pounds a
    year.
What does he first ? — He puts his edict
    out,
That fishmongers and fruiterers, *coûte que*
    coûte, —
That all who vend perfumes, choice
    birds, choice meat,
With all the riff-raff of the Tuscan
    street,
Buffoons, pimps, poulterers, to his hall
    repair,
And what ensued, when they assembled
    there ?
Silence proclaimed, amid the full divan,
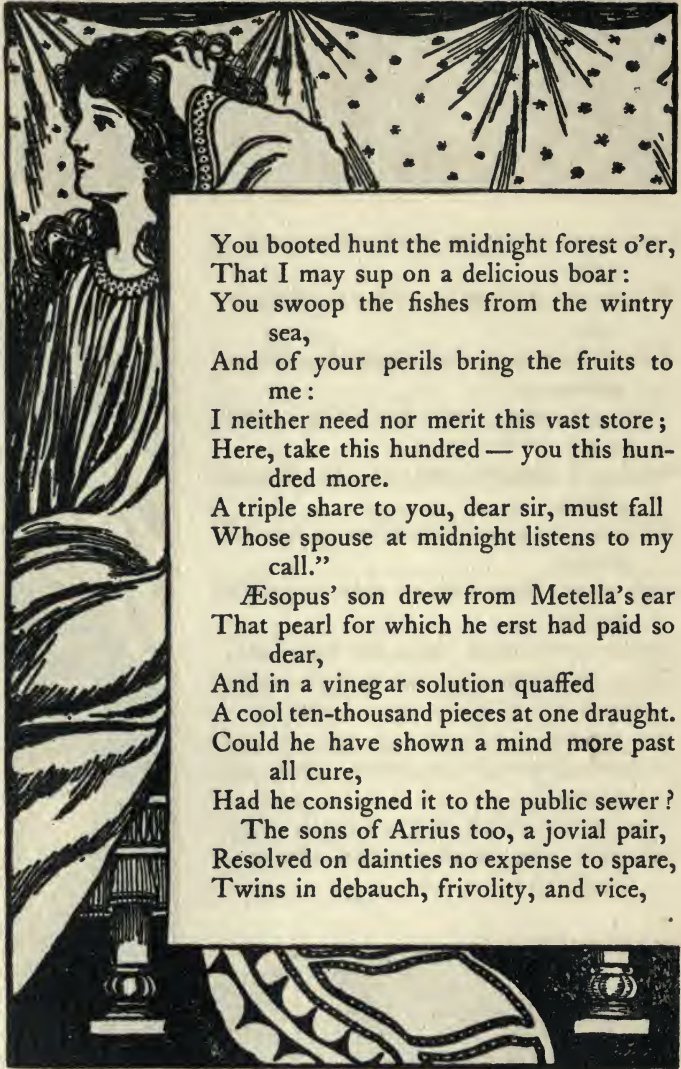The pimp arose, and rising thus began :
" Whate'er belongs to me — whate'er to
    these —
Is yours to-day, to-morrow, when you
    please."
Then did the youth thus graciously reply :
" Friends, you provide me all that gold
    can buy ;

179

You booted hunt the midnight forest o'er,
That I may sup on a delicious boar:
You swoop the fishes from the wintry
    sea,
And of your perils bring the fruits to
    me:
I neither need nor merit this vast store;
Here, take this hundred — you this hun-
    dred more.
A triple share to you, dear sir, must fall
Whose spouse at midnight listens to my
    call."
    Æsopus' son drew from Metella's ear
That pearl for which he erst had paid so
    dear,
And in a vinegar solution quaffed
A cool ten-thousand pieces at one draught.
Could he have shown a mind more past
    all cure,
Had he consigned it to the public sewer?
    The sons of Arrius too, a jovial pair,
Resolved on dainties no expense to spare,
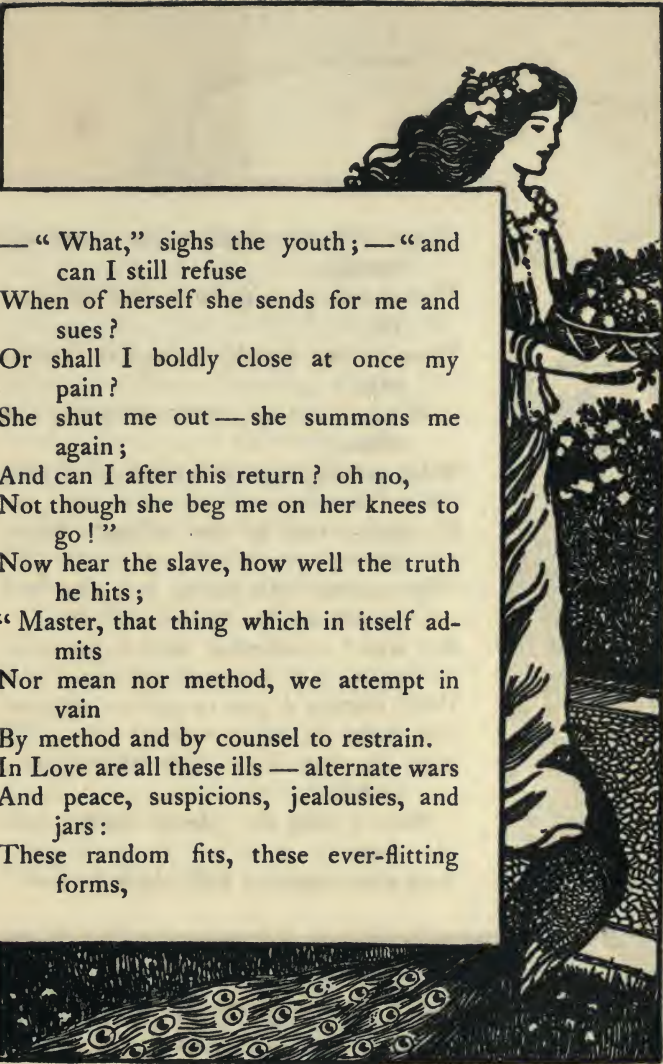Twins in debauch, frivolity, and vice,

Luncheoned on nightingales of monstrous
    price.
How shall we mark all such ? with black-
    ening coal,
As fools and mad — or chalk them sound
    and whole ?
  To yoke a team of mice, build huts of
    sod,
Ride on a switch, and play at ev'n-and-
    odd, —
All this if one should do with bearded
    chin,
Few would deny that madness lurked
    within.
Say now — if sober argument shall prove
These freaks not half so childish as to
    love,
(No matter whether on the play-ground
    rolled
You gambol as you did when four years
    old,
Or for a jilt with foolish tremors
    quake
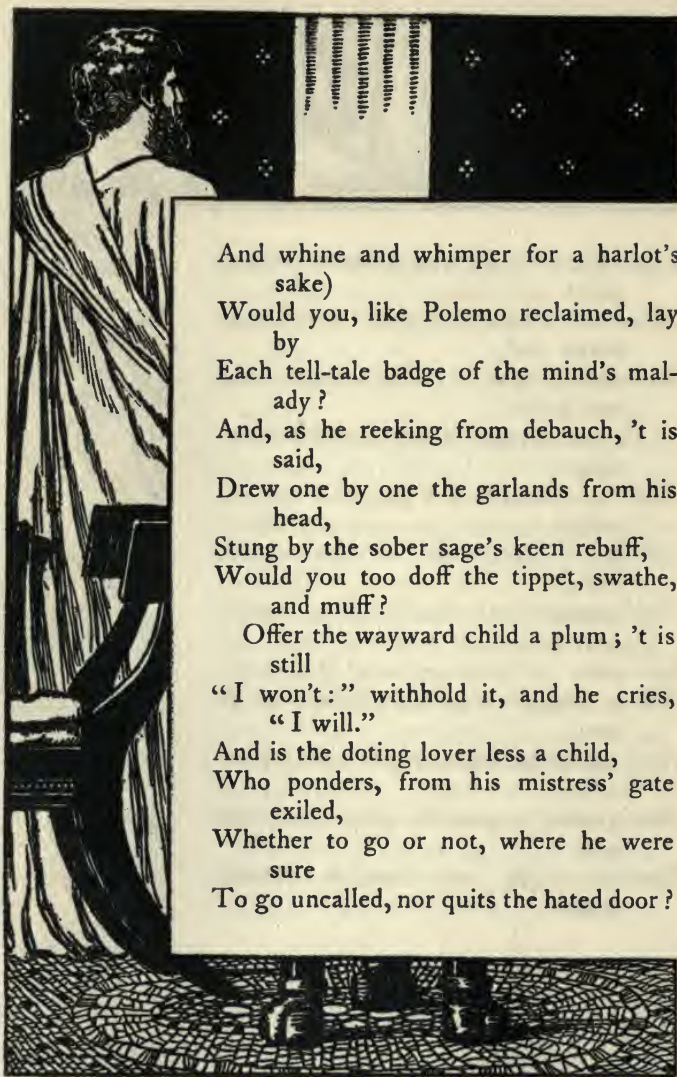
And whine and whimper for a harlot's
    sake)
Would you, like Polemo reclaimed, lay
    by
Each tell-tale badge of the mind's mal-
    ady?
And, as he reeking from debauch, 't is
    said,
Drew one by one the garlands from his
    head,
Stung by the sober sage's keen rebuff,
Would you too doff the tippet, swathe,
    and muff?
   Offer the wayward child a plum; 't is
    still
"I won't:" withhold it, and he cries,
    "I will."
And is the doting lover less a child,
Who ponders, from his mistress' gate
    exiled,
Whether to go or not, where he were
    sure
To go uncalled, nor quits the hated door?

— "What," sighs the youth; — "and
    can I still refuse
When of herself she sends for me and
    sues?
Or shall I boldly close at once my
    pain?
She shut me out — she summons me
    again;
And can I after this return? oh no,
Not though she beg me on her knees to
    go!"
Now hear the slave, how well the truth
    he hits;
"Master, that thing which in itself ad-
    mits
Nor mean nor method, we attempt in
    vain
By method and by counsel to restrain.
In Love are all these ills — alternate wars
And peace, suspicions, jealousies, and
    jars:
These random fits, these ever-flitting
    forms,
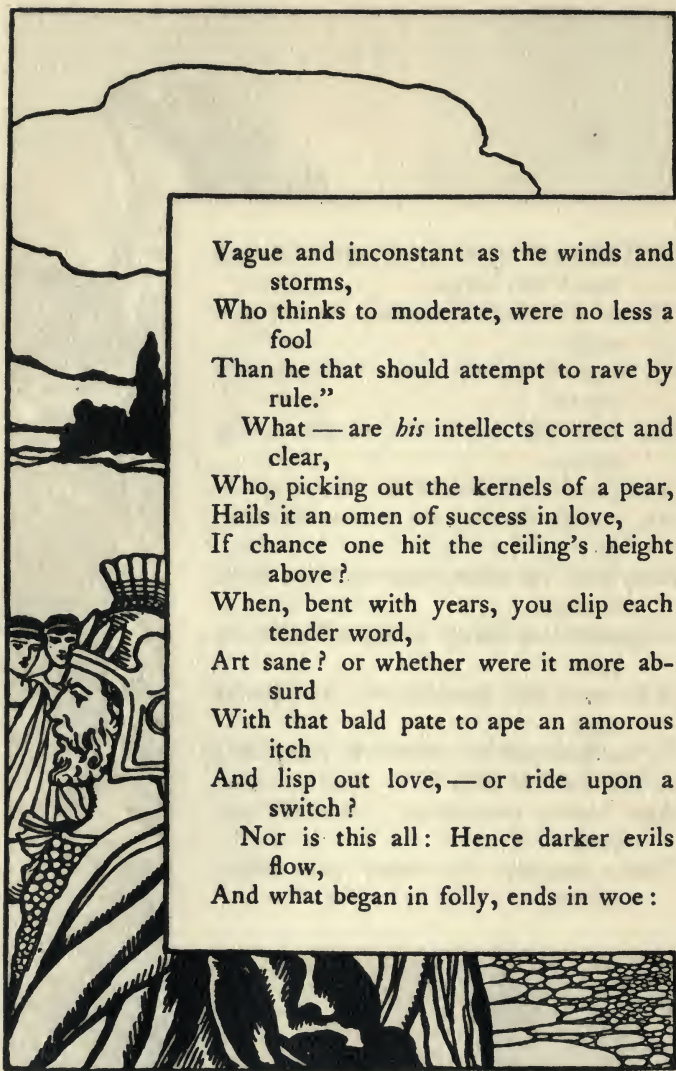
Vague and inconstant as the winds and
    storms,
Who thinks to moderate, were no less a
    fool
Than he that should attempt to rave by
    rule."
  What — are *his* intellects correct and
    clear,
Who, picking out the kernels of a pear,
Hails it an omen of success in love,
If chance one hit the ceiling's height
    above ?
When, bent with years, you clip each
    tender word,
Art sane ? or whether were it more ab-
    surd
With that bald pate to ape an amorous
    itch
And lisp out love, — or ride upon a
    switch ?
  Nor is this all : Hence darker evils
    flow,
And what began in folly, ends in woe :

Oft has suspicion the fond bosom gored
And tempered at love's flame the venge-
    ful sword.
When Marius plunged the knife in Hel-
    las' breast,
Then leaped down headlong, was he not
    possest?
Or else acquitted of disordered sense,
Shall he be guilty found of sin prepense?
Say 't was in malice or in madness
    done,
The terms are tantamount — the thing
    is one.
  I knew a freedman once, advanced in
    age,
Who went, by way of morning pilgrim-
    age,
With clean-washed hands to run from
    street to street,
Bowed to each statue that he chanced to
    meet,
And paying in due form his vows, would
    cry —

" Grant me, ye gods all-powerful, ne'er
    to die ! "—
This fellow one might warrant wind and
    limb,
Not thick of hearing nor of eye-sight dim :
His brain no master but an arrant knave
Would scruple to except, if sold a slave.
Such too must class, by wise Chrysippus'
    rules,
With thee, Menenius ! and thy fellow-
    fools.
" O Jove ! " the mother cries, whose
    sole employ
For five long months has been to nurse
   her boy,
" O Jove ! who, as thy sovereign will
    may please,
Inflictest anguish or reliev'st disease,
If to these weeping eyes thou giv'st to
    see
My lingering little-one from ague free,
On the first solemn fasts thy priests
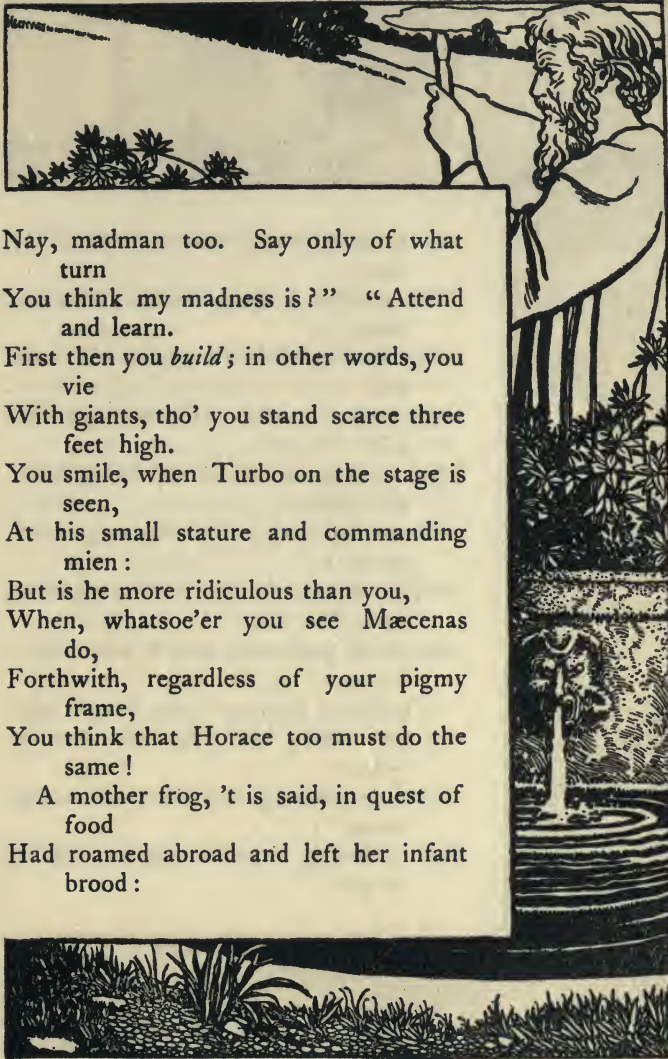   command

Chin-deep in Tiber's current he shall
    stand."
Should chance or med'cine's aid prolong
    his breath
And snatch her fosterling from the jaws
    of death,
Bare on the river's brink she makes him
    sit,
Then pulls him in, renews his ague-
    fit,
And stamps his doom. — What mania
    have we here?
What but the frenzy of religious fear?
  So spake the sage Stertinius good and
    great,
The eighth wise man and wisest of the
    eight:
Such arms in self-defence he bade me
    wield,
And drive each rude assailant from the
   field.
Who calls me mad, now hears as much
    in turn;
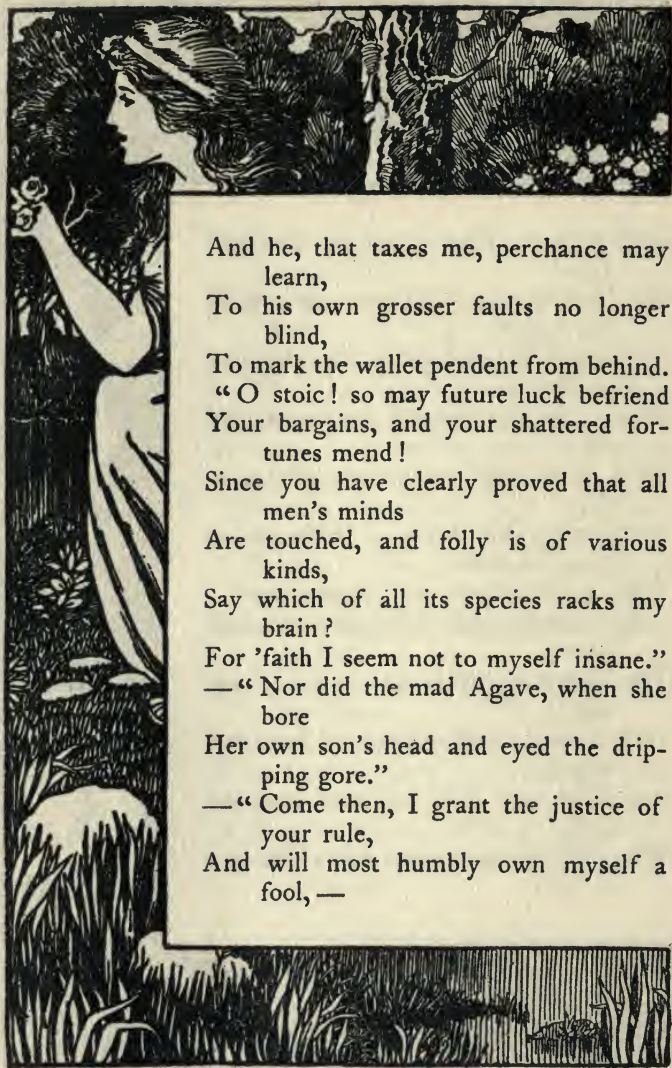
And he, that taxes me, perchance may
  learn,
To his own grosser faults no longer
  blind,
To mark the wallet pendent from behind.
" O stoic ! so may future luck befriend
Your bargains, and your shattered for-
  tunes mend !
Since you have clearly proved that all
  men's minds
Are touched, and folly is of various
  kinds,
Say which of all its species racks my
  brain ?
For 'faith I seem not to myself insane."
— " Nor did the mad Agave, when she
  bore
Her own son's head and eyed the drip-
  ping gore."
— " Come then, I grant the justice of
  your rule,
And will most humbly own myself a
  fool, —

Nay, madman too. Say only of what
    turn
You think my madness is ?" "Attend
    and learn.
First then you *build*; in other words, you
    vie
With giants, tho' you stand scarce three
    feet high.
You smile, when Turbo on the stage is
    seen,
At his small stature and commanding
    mien :
But is he more ridiculous than you,
When, whatsoe'er you see Mæcenas
    do,
Forthwith, regardless of your pigmy
    frame,
You think that Horace too must do the
    same !
  A mother frog, 't is said, in quest of
    food
Had roamed abroad and left her infant
    brood :
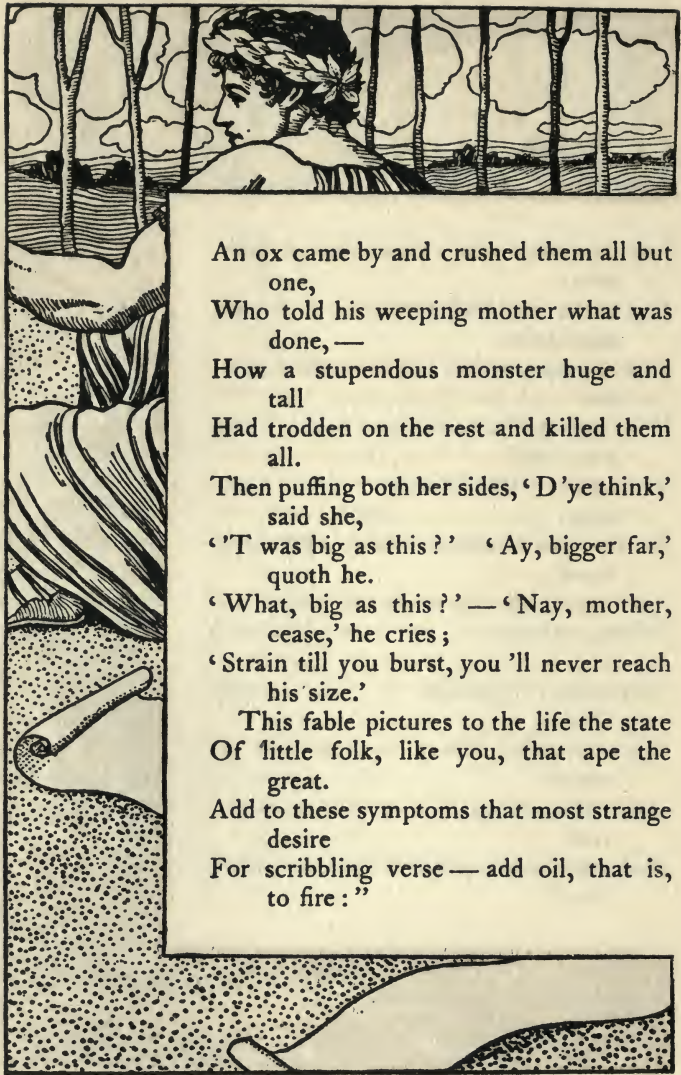
An ox came by and crushed them all but
    one,
Who told his weeping mother what was
    done, —
How a stupendous monster huge and
    tall
Had trodden on the rest and killed them
    all.
Then puffing both her sides, ' D 'ye think,'
    said she,
' 'T was big as this ? '   ' Ay, bigger far,'
    quoth he.
' What, big as this ? ' — ' Nay, mother,
    cease,' he cries ;
' Strain till you burst, you 'll never reach
    his size.'
   This fable pictures to the life the state
Of little folk, like you, that ape the
    great.
Add to these symptoms that most strange
    desire
For scribbling verse — add oil, that is,
    to fire : ''

For when was poet known that had his
    wits ? —
— " Hold, hold " — I mention not your
    raving fits,
That horrid aptitude to fume and fret —
— " Good Damasippus, have you not
    done yet ? " —
— " Your style of living far above your
    sphere — "
— " Pray, saucy stoic, cease to interfere
In my concerns." — " And then your
    lewd excess "
— O spare, thou greater madman, spare
    a less !

<div align="right">HOWES.</div>
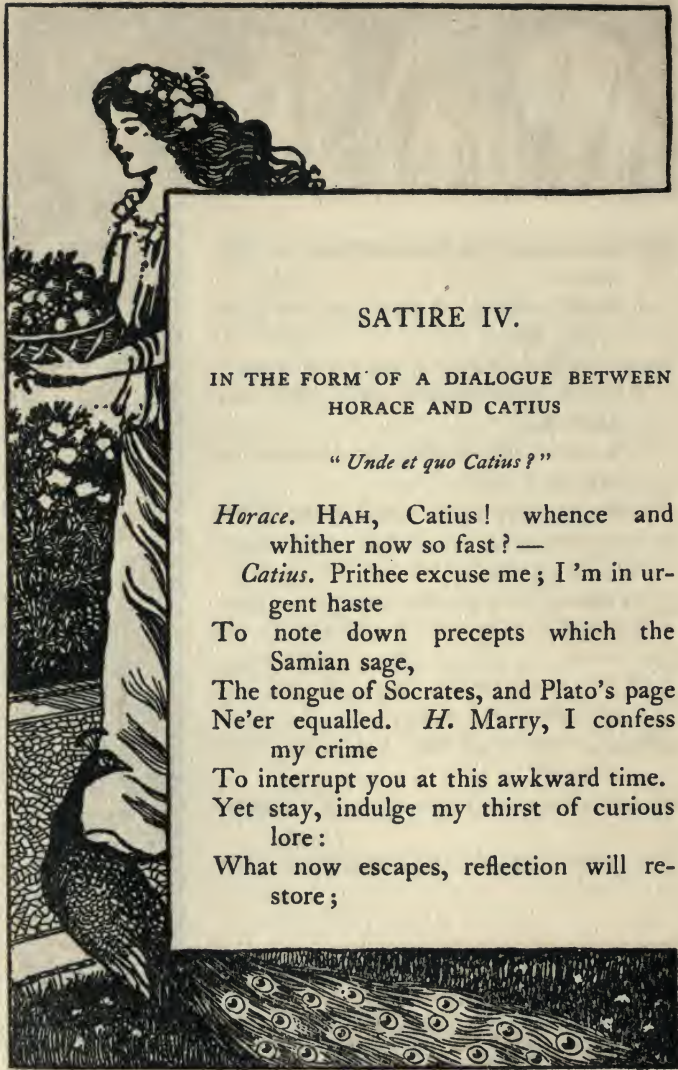
SATIRE IV.

IN THE FORM OF A DIALOGUE BETWEEN
HORACE AND CATIUS

" Unde et quo Catius ? "

Horace. HAH, Catius! whence and
 whither now so fast ? —
 Catius. Prithee excuse me ; I 'm in ur-
 gent haste
To note down precepts which the
 Samian sage,
The tongue of Socrates, and Plato's page
Ne'er equalled. *H.* Marry, I confess
 my crime
To interrupt you at this awkward time.
Yet stay, indulge my thirst of curious
 lore :
What now escapes, reflection will re-
 store ;

For, be the system relative to art
Or nature, *you* have always both by
    heart.
    C. But then I 'd fain substantiate, ere
      't is fled,
This skein of doctrine spun of slenderest
    thread.
    H. And who is he from whom the
      doctrine came?
Roman or sojourner? and what 's his
    name?
    C. Go to — I 'll try and tell you, if I
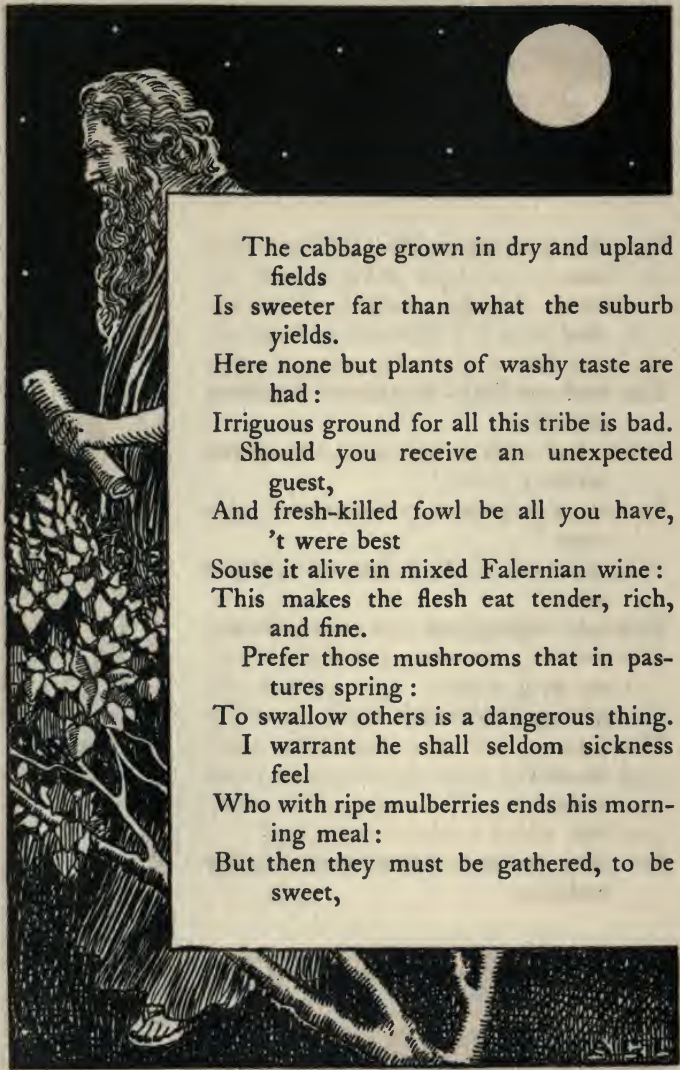   can,
The rules themselves : no matter for the
    man.
    The long-shaped eggs should be
      preferred to round :
Their juice is richer, and they more
    abound
In nutriment. This rule will never
    fail,
For they inclose the embryo of the
    male.

The cabbage grown in dry and upland
    fields
Is sweeter far than what the suburb
    yields.
Here none but plants of washy taste are
    had :
Irriguous ground for all this tribe is bad.
    Should you receive an unexpected
      guest,
And fresh-killed fowl be all you have,
    't were best
Souse it alive in mixed Falernian wine :
This makes the flesh eat tender, rich,
    and fine.
    Prefer those mushrooms that in pas-
      tures spring :
To swallow others is a dangerous thing.
    I warrant he shall seldom sickness
      feel
Who with ripe mulberries ends his morn-
    ing meal :
But then they must be gathered, to be
    sweet,
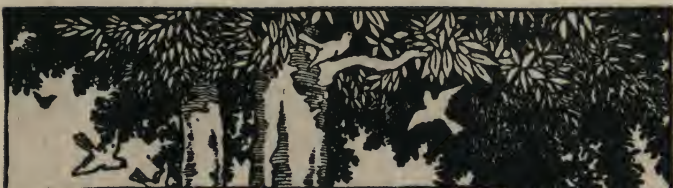
Ere the sun sheds his full meridian
   heat.
   Aufidius for his morning beverage
      used
Honey in strong Falernian wine infused;
But here methinks he showed his want
      of brains:
Drink less austere best suits the empty
      veins.
And he with greater prudence will pro-
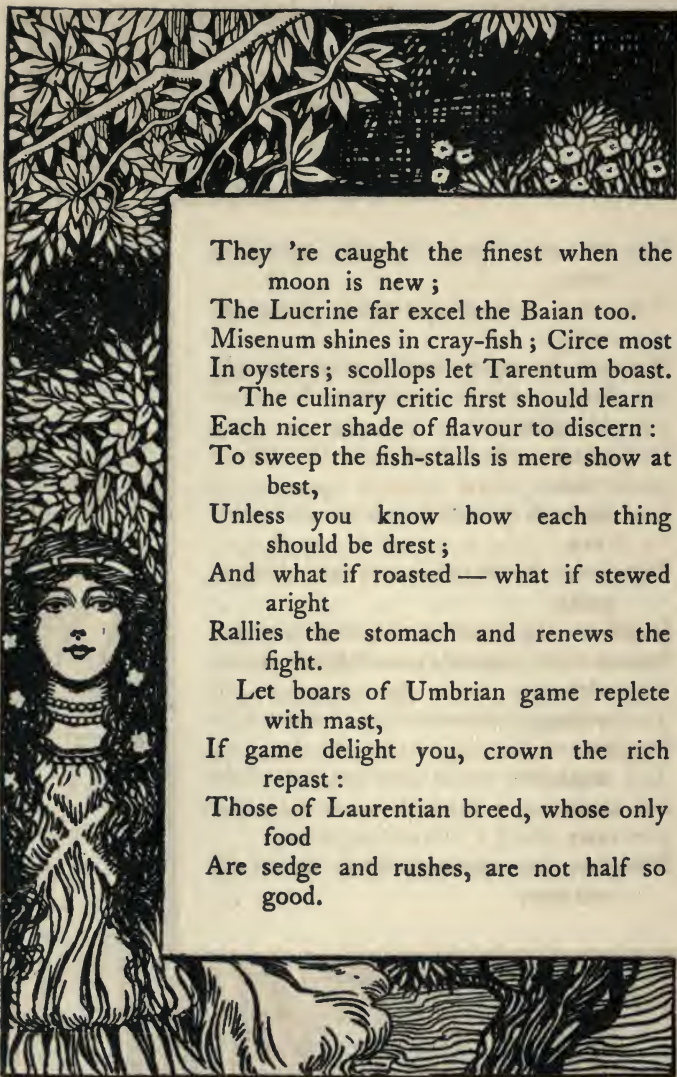   ceed
Who wets his wizzard first with lenient
      mead.
If nature lingers, in one mess combine
Dwarf-sorrel, muscles, and white Coan
      wine;
To the clogged stomach 't will restore its
      play
And wash the crude obstructions clean
      away.
Shell-fish afford a lubricating slime!
But then you must observe both place
      and time.

They 're caught the finest when the
    moon is new ;
The Lucrine far excel the Baian too.
Misenum shines in cray-fish ; Circe most
In oysters ; scollops let Tarentum boast.
  The culinary critic first should learn
Each nicer shade of flavour to discern :
To sweep the fish-stalls is mere show at
    best,
Unless you know how each thing
    should be drest ;
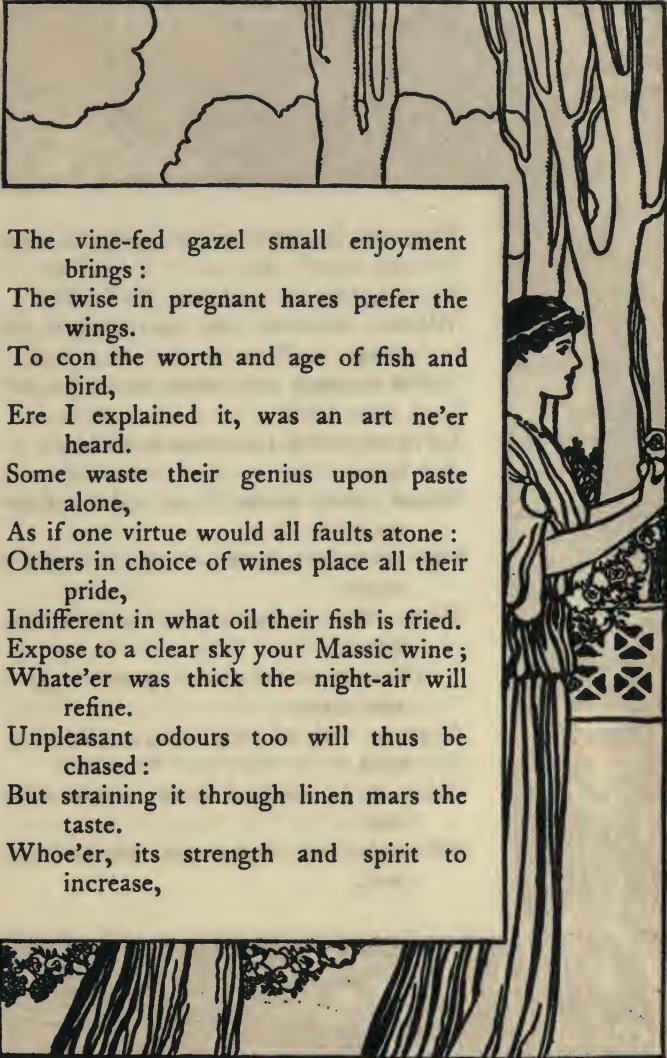And what if roasted — what if stewed
    aright
Rallies the stomach and renews the
    fight.
 Let boars of Umbrian game replete
    with mast,
If game delight you, crown the rich
    repast :
Those of Laurentian breed, whose only
    food
Are sedge and rushes, are not half so
    good.

The vine-fed gazel small enjoyment
    brings :
The wise in pregnant hares prefer the
    wings.
To con the worth and age of fish and
    bird,
Ere I explained it, was an art ne'er
    heard.
Some waste their genius upon paste
    alone,
As if one virtue would all faults atone :
Others in choice of wines place all their
    pride,
Indifferent in what oil their fish is fried.
Expose to a clear sky your Massic wine ;
Whate'er was thick the night-air will
    refine.
Unpleasant odours too will thus be
    chased :
But straining it through linen mars the
    taste.
Whoe'er, its strength and spirit to
    increase,
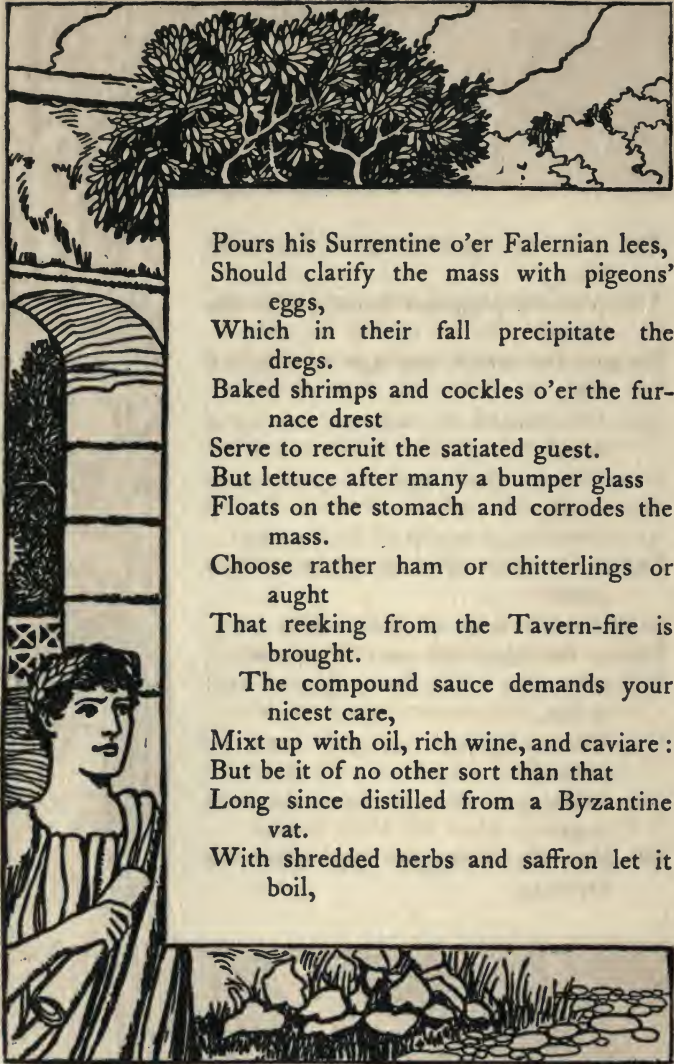
Pours his Surrentine o'er Falernian lees,
Should clarify the mass with pigeons'
eggs,
Which in their fall precipitate the
dregs.
Baked shrimps and cockles o'er the fur-
nace drest
Serve to recruit the satiated guest.
But lettuce after many a bumper glass
Floats on the stomach and corrodes the
mass.
Choose rather ham or chitterlings or
aught
That reeking from the Tavern-fire is
brought.
   The compound sauce demands your
nicest care,
Mixt up with oil, rich wine, and caviare :
But be it of no other sort than that
Long since distilled from a Byzantine
vat.
With shredded herbs and saffron let it
boil,

And when it cools, pour in Venafrian
    oil.
Tiburtine pears to Picene yield in juice,
In look superior, but less fit for use.
For grapes Venaculan big jars provide,
But dry the Alban at your chimney's
    side.
This grape with apples, brine, and Coan
    lees,
(Add salt and sifted pepper, if you
    please)
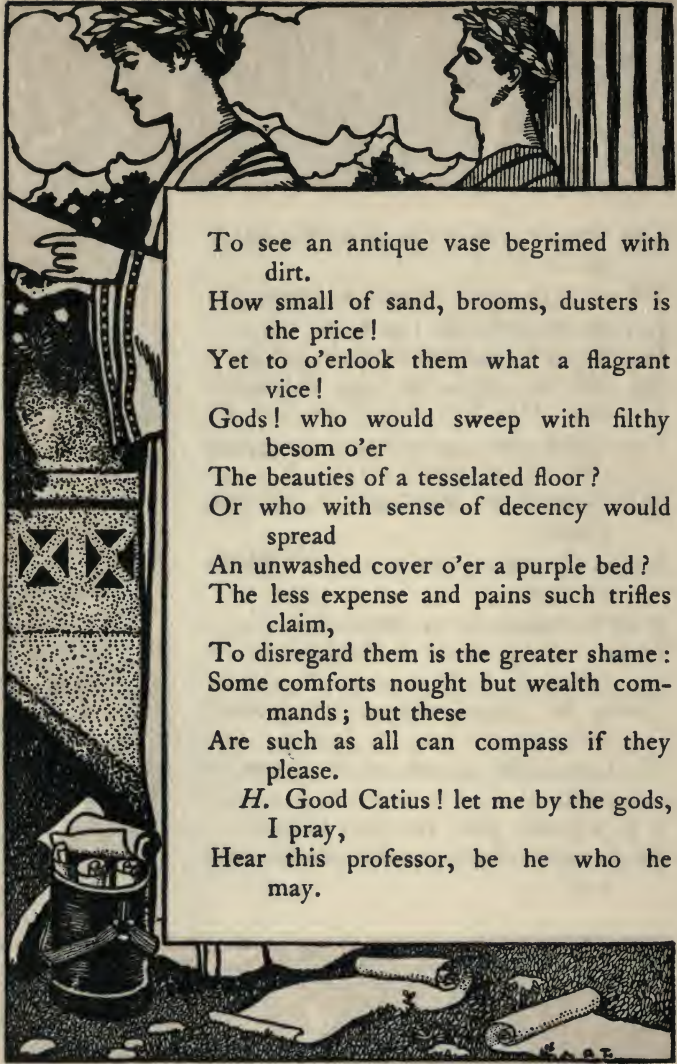Round the main dish in separate plates
    to stew
Is an invention to my genius due.
Fools, having spent a fortune for a
    fish,
Cramp its circumference in a scanty
    dish.
'T is apt foul nausea in the guest to
    raise,
If by a greasy glass the slave betrays
His lickorish thefts : nor is the eye less
    hurt

199

To see an antique vase begrimed with dirt.

How small of sand, brooms, dusters is the price!

Yet to o'erlook them what a flagrant vice!

Gods! who would sweep with filthy besom o'er

The beauties of a tesselated floor?

Or who with sense of decency would spread

An unwashed cover o'er a purple bed?

The less expense and pains such trifles claim,

To disregard them is the greater shame:

Some comforts nought but wealth commands; but these

Are such as all can compass if they please.

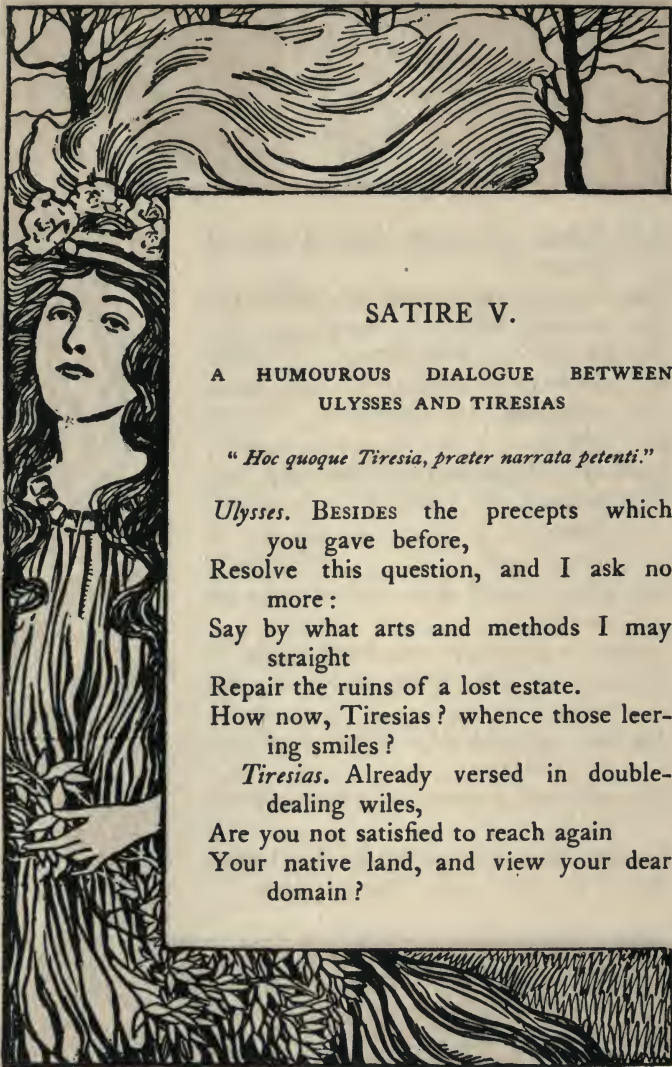   *H.* Good Catius! let me by the gods, I pray,

Hear this professor, be he who he may.

200

For though you have his lectures at
  command,
Yet through your mouth it comes but
  second-hand.
Besides there 's something in his look,
  his air,
Far more than you that know him are
  aware.
I, by the love of sacred science led,
Would quaff her waters at the fountain-
  head.

                                HOWES.

SATIRE V.

A HUMOUROUS DIALOGUE BETWEEN
ULYSSES AND TIRESIAS

" *Hoc quoque Tiresia, præter narrata petenti.*"

Ulysses. BESIDES the precepts which
    you gave before,
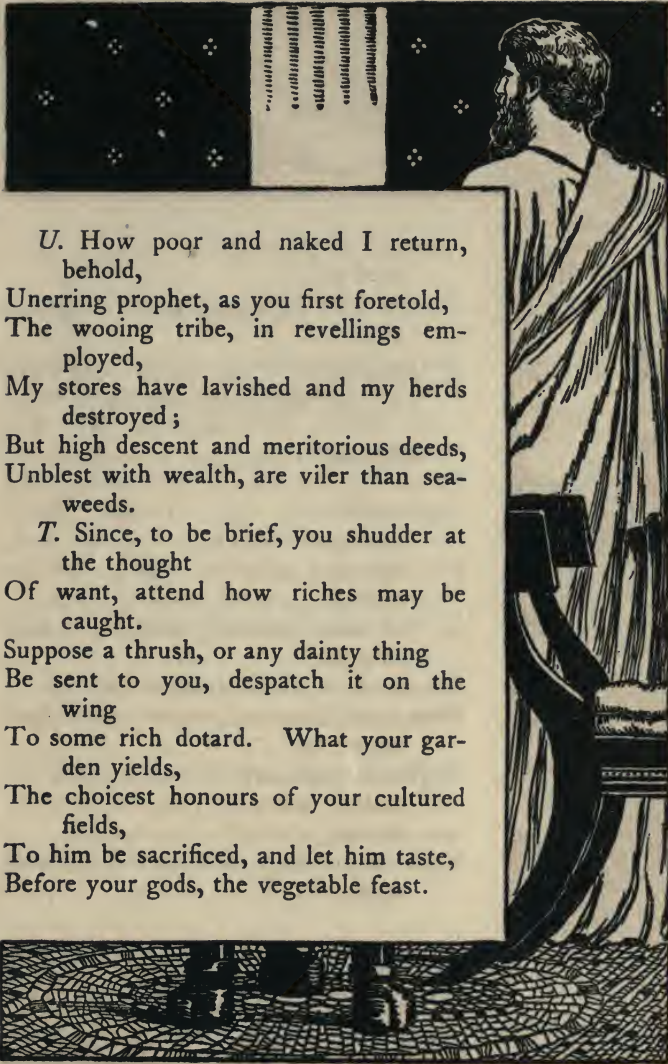Resolve this question, and I ask no
    more :
Say by what arts and methods I may
    straight
Repair the ruins of a lost estate.
How now, Tiresias ? whence those leer-
    ing smiles ?
   Tiresias. Already versed in double-
    dealing wiles,
Are you not satisfied to reach again
Your native land, and view your dear
    domain ?

202

U. How poor and naked I return,
  behold,
Unerring prophet, as you first foretold,
The wooing tribe, in revellings em-
  ployed,
My stores have lavished and my herds
  destroyed;
But high descent and meritorious deeds,
Unblest with wealth, are viler than sea-
  weeds.
  T. Since, to be brief, you shudder at
    the thought
Of want, attend how riches may be
  caught.
Suppose a thrush, or any dainty thing
Be sent to you, despatch it on the
  wing
To some rich dotard. What your gar-
  den yields,
The choicest honours of your cultured
  fields,
To him be sacrificed, and let him taste,
Before your gods, the vegetable feast.

203
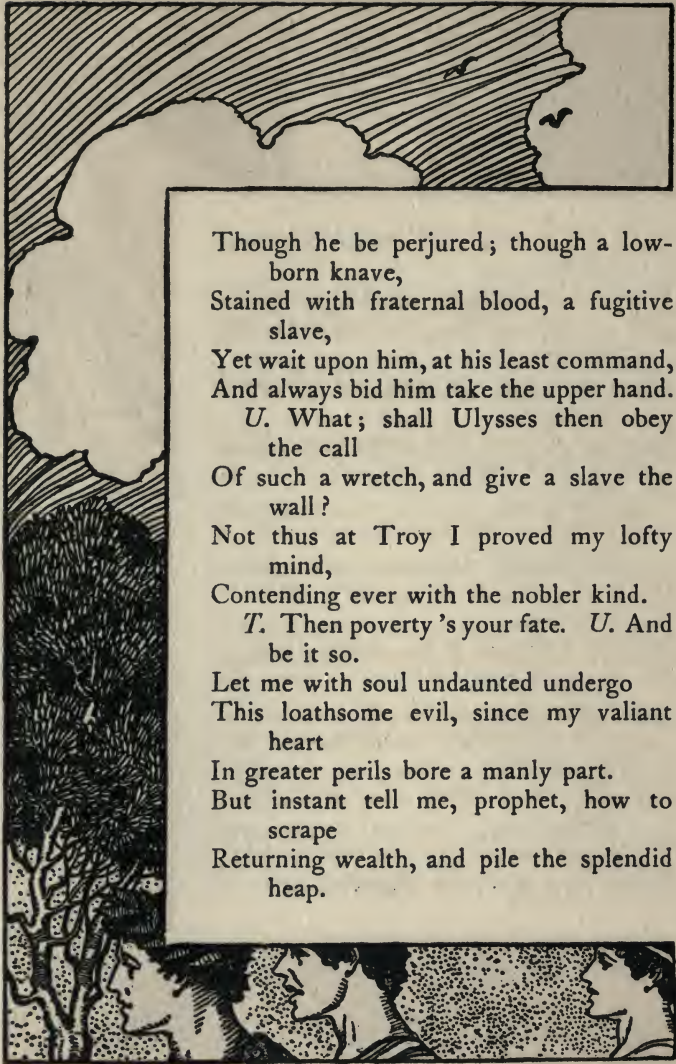
Though he be perjured; though a low-
    born knave,
Stained with fraternal blood, a fugitive
    slave,
Yet wait upon him, at his least command,
And always bid him take the upper hand.
    U. What; shall Ulysses then obey
      the call
Of such a wretch, and give a slave the
    wall?
Not thus at Troy I proved my lofty
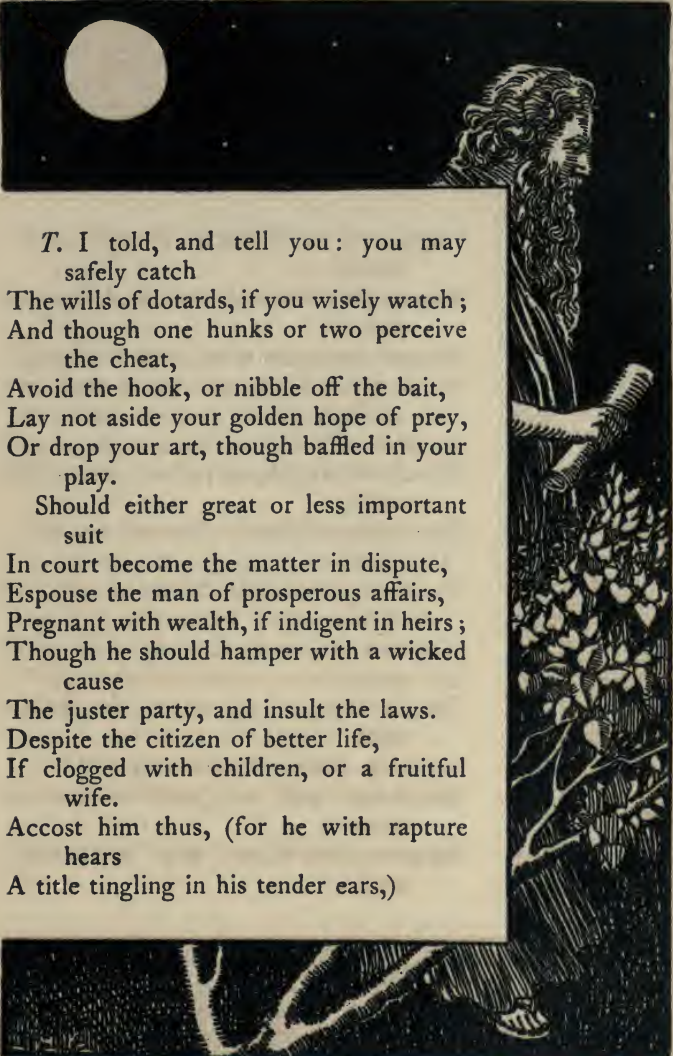   mind,
Contending ever with the nobler kind.
    T. Then poverty's your fate. *U.* And
      be it so.
Let me with soul undaunted undergo
This loathsome evil, since my valiant
    heart
In greater perils bore a manly part.
But instant tell me, prophet, how to
    scrape
Returning wealth, and pile the splendid
    heap.

T. I told, and tell you: you may safely catch
  The wills of dotards, if you wisely watch;
And though one hunks or two perceive the cheat,
Avoid the hook, or nibble off the bait,
Lay not aside your golden hope of prey,
Or drop your art, though baffled in your play.
  Should either great or less important suit
In court become the matter in dispute,
Espouse the man of prosperous affairs,
Pregnant with wealth, if indigent in heirs;
Though he should hamper with a wicked cause
The juster party, and insult the laws.
Despite the citizen of better life,
If clogged with children, or a fruitful wife.
Accost him thus, (for he with rapture hears
A title tingling in his tender ears,)
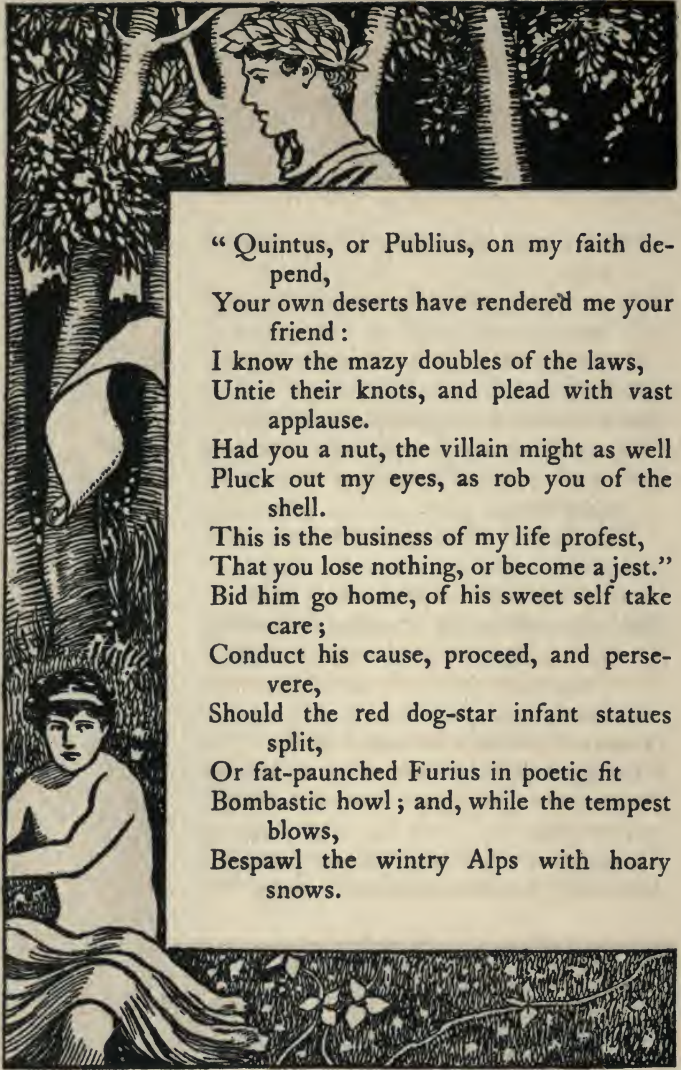
"Quintus, or Publius, on my faith de-
     pend,
Your own deserts have rendere'd me your
     friend :
I know the mazy doubles of the laws,
Untie their knots, and plead with vast
     applause.
Had you a nut, the villain might as well
Pluck out my eyes, as rob you of the
     shell.
This is the business of my life profest,
That you lose nothing, or become a jest."
Bid him go home, of his sweet self take
     care ;
Conduct his cause, proceed, and perse-
     vere,
Should the red dog-star infant statues
     split,
Or fat-paunched Furius in poetic fit
Bombastic howl ; and, while the tempest
     blows,
Bespawl the wintry Alps with hoary
     snows.

Some person then, who happens to be
    nigh,
Shall pull your client by the sleeve, and
    cry,
" See with what patience he pursues your
    ends !
Was ever man so active for his friends ? "
Thus gudgeons daily shall swim in apace,
And stock your fish-ponds with a fresh
    increase.
    This lesson also well deserves your
    care,
If any man should have a sickly heir,
And large estate, lest you yourself betray
By making none but bachelors your prey,
With winning ease the pleasing bane
    instil,
In hopes to stand the second in his will ;
Then if the boy by some disaster hurled,
Should take his journey to the nether
    world,
Your name in full reversion may supply
The void ; for seldom fails this lucky die.

207
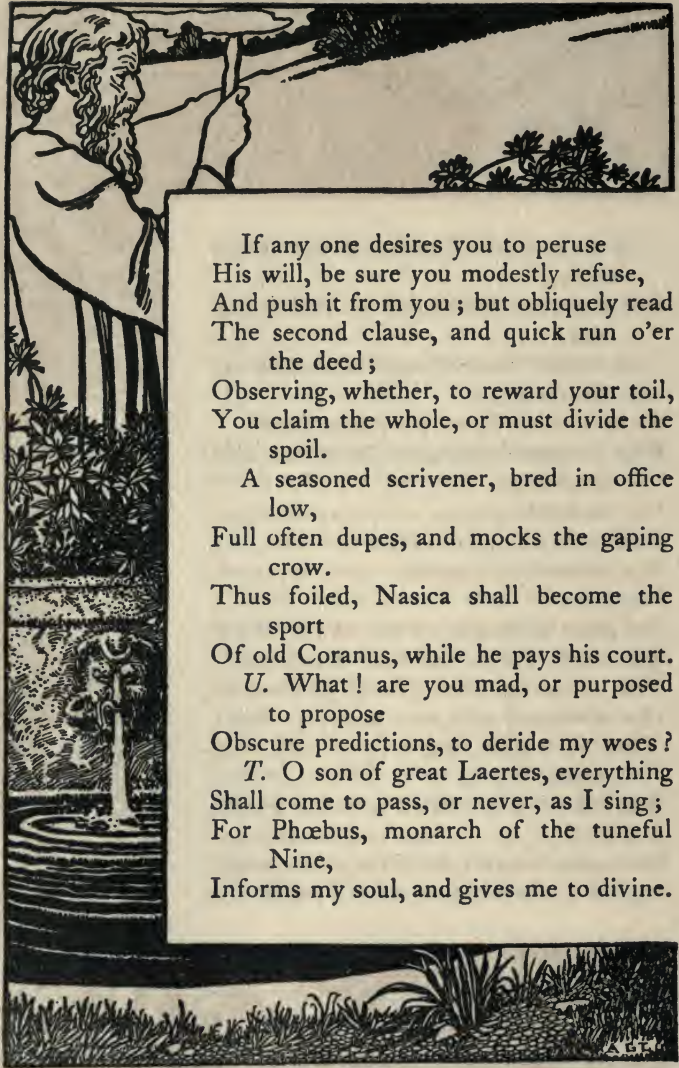
If any one desires you to peruse
His will, be sure you modestly refuse,
And push it from you; but obliquely read
The second clause, and quick run o'er
    the deed;
Observing, whether, to reward your toil,
You claim the whole, or must divide the
    spoil.
  A seasoned scrivener, bred in office
    low,
Full often dupes, and mocks the gaping
    crow.
Thus foiled, Nasica shall become the
    sport
Of old Coranus, while he pays his court.
  U. What! are you mad, or purposed
    to propose
Obscure predictions, to deride my woes?
  T. O son of great Laertes, everything
Shall come to pass, or never, as I sing;
For Phœbus, monarch of the tuneful
    Nine,
Informs my soul, and gives me to divine.

U. But, good Tiresias, if you please, reveal
What means the sequel of that mystic tale.
   T. What time a youth, who shall sublimely trace
From famed Æneas his heroic race,
The Parthian's dread, triumphant shall maintain
His boundless empire over land and main;
Nasica, loath to reimburse his coin,
His blooming daughter shall discreetly join
To stout Coranus, who shall slily smoke
The harpy's aim, and turn it to a joke,
The son-in law shall gravely give the sire
His witnessed will, and presently desire
That he would read it: coyly he complies,
And silent cons it with attentive eyes;
But finds, alas! to him and his forlorn
No legacy bequeathed—except to mourn.
   Add to these precepts, if a crafty lass,
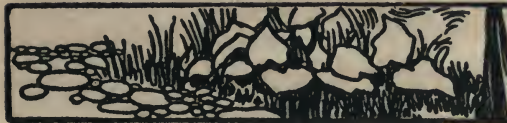
Or freedman manage a delirious ass,
Be their ally; their faith applaud, that
    you,
When absent, may receive as much in
    lieu;
'T is good to take these outworks to his
    pelf,
But best to storm the citadel itself.
  Writes he vile verses in a frantic vein?
Augment his madness, and approve the
    strain;
Loves he a lass? then, with a cheerful
    glee
Give to his arms your own Penelope.
    U. Can you suppose, a dame so
        chaste, so pure,
Could e'er be tempted to the guilty lure,
Whom all the suitors amorously strove,
In vain, to stagger in her plighted love?
    T. The youth too sparing of their
   presents came;
They loved the banquet rather than the
    dame;

And thus your prudent, honourable
    spouse,
It seems, was faithful to her nuptial
    vows.
But had she once indulged the dotard's
    glee,
Smacked her old cull, and shared the
    spoil with thee,
She never after could be terrified,
Sagacious beagle, from the reeking hide.
    I 'll tell a tale, well worthy to be told,
A fact that happened, and I then was
    old :
A hag at Thebes, a wicked one, no
    doubt,
Was thus, according to her will, lugged
    out,
Stiff to the pile.   Upon his naked back
Her heir sustained the well-anointed pack.
She, likely, took this crotchet in her
    head,
That she might slip, if possible, when
    dead,
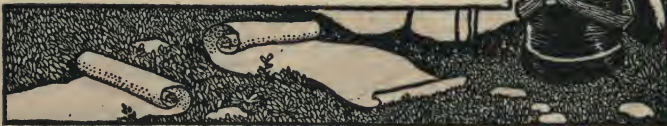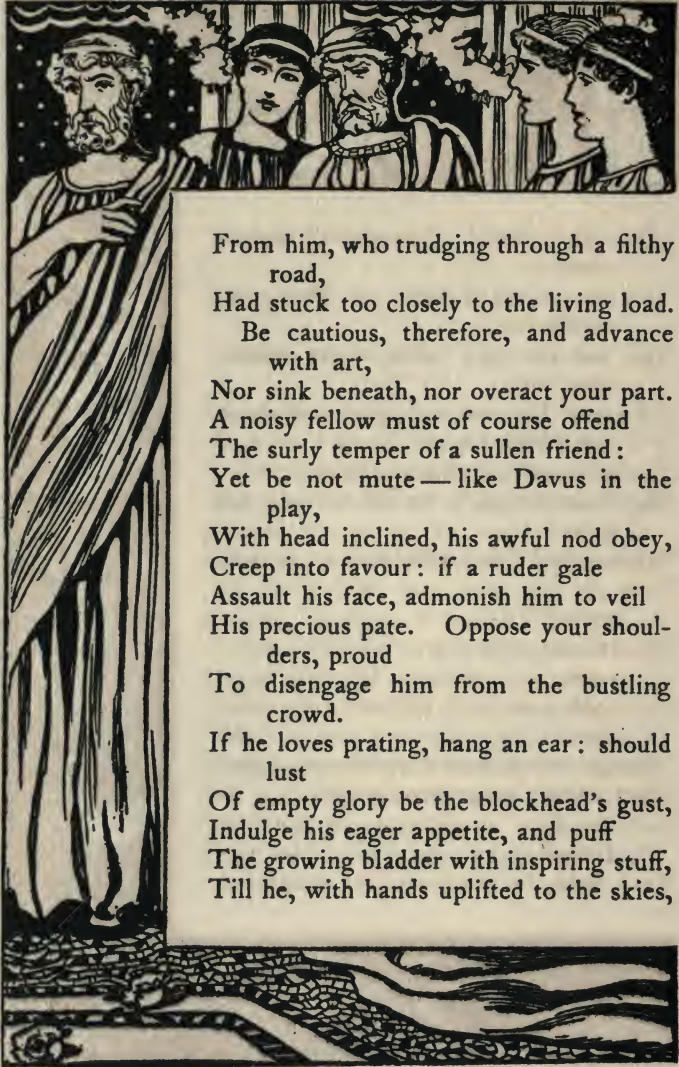
From him, who trudging through a filthy
   road,
Had stuck too closely to the living load.
   Be cautious, therefore, and advance
      with art,
Nor sink beneath, nor overact your part.
A noisy fellow must of course offend
The surly temper of a sullen friend:
Yet be not mute — like Davus in the
   play,
With head inclined, his awful nod obey,
Creep into favour: if a ruder gale
Assault his face, admonish him to veil
His precious pate.   Oppose your shoul-
   ders, proud
To disengage him from the bustling
   crowd.
If he loves prating, hang an ear: should
   lust
Of empty glory be the blockhead's gust,
Indulge his eager appetite, and puff
The growing bladder with inspiring stuff,
Till he, with hands uplifted to the skies,

" Enough! enough!" in glutted rapture
        cries.
   When he shall free you from your
        servile fear,
And tedious toil; when broad awake,
        you hear,
" To good Ulysses, my right trusty slave,
A fourth division of my lands I leave : "
" Is then (as void of consolation, roar)
My dearest friend, my Dama now no
        more ?
Where shall I find another man so just,
Firm in his love, and faithful to his
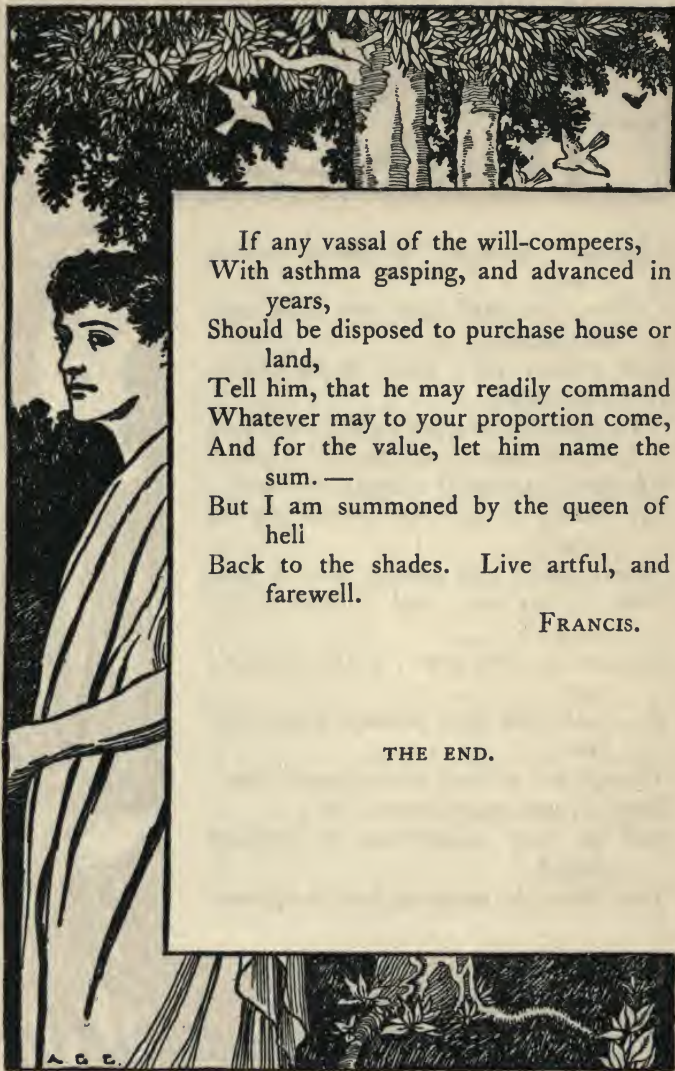   trust ? "
Squeeze out some tears : 't is fit in such a
        case
To cloak your joys beneath a mournful
        face.
Though left to your discretionary care,
Erect a tomb magnificently fair,
And let your neighbours, to proclaim
        abroad
Your fame, the pompous funeral applaud.

213

If any vassal of the will-compeers,
With asthma gasping, and advanced in
  years,
Should be disposed to purchase house or
  land,
Tell him, that he may readily command
Whatever may to your proportion come,
And for the value, let him name the
  sum. —
But I am summoned by the queen of
  hell
Back to the shades.   Live artful, and
  farewell.

<div style="text-align:right">FRANCIS.</div>

THE END.

14 DAY USE
RETURN TO DESK FROM WHICH BORROWED

LOAN DEPT.

This book is due on the last date stamped below, or
on the date to which renewed.
Renewed books are subject to immediate recall.